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RECONSTRUCTION AND DISFRANCHISEMENT.

With the paper on The Undoing of Reconstruction, in the present issue of the Atlantic, its series of articles upon the reconstruction period comes to a close. The theme of these papers seems to us so important, and their bearing upon our immediate political future so significant, that we venture to remind our readers of some of the truths suggested by these studies of a troubled epoch.

The frankness of the authors of the reconstruction articles has been noticeable. Representing many sections of the country and many varieties of political opinion, they were asked to review the conditions upon which the Southern states were readmitted to the Union after the close of the Civil War. Some of the writers, like ex-Secretary Herbert and ex-Governor Chamberlain, fought in the war, and played a personal part in the events that followed it. Mr. McCall, the biographer of Thaddeus Stevens, had had occasion to make a careful study of the congressional side of the reconstruction controversy. Mr. Thomas Nelson Page had already illustrated, in his chosen art of fiction, the temper of the Southern people during reconstruction times. Mr. William Garrott Brown and Mr. Phelps had utilized unusual opportunities for studying particular phases of the period in different sections of the South. Professor Du Bois, who wrote upon The Freedmen's Bureau, had won a reputation among economists for his careful statistical studies of his race. Professor Woodrow Wilson, who began the series, and Professor Dunning, who now closes it, are historians known for their luminous presentation of the vexed questions involved in the reconstruction policy. All of these writers had, of course, the fullest liberty to express their personal opinions. More than thirty years have passed since the legislation of 1870 completed the formal processes of reconstruction, and in spite of the passionate political feelings involved in every step of that procedure, the Atlantic articles have been written both dispassionately and, we believe, with entire candor. Many political motives, hitherto more or less veiled, have been laid bare, but there has been no attempt by the authors of these papers to palliate the errors committed by both North and South, in that confused and trying hour of our national history. They have recognized that we are living in a new age, and that Americans, united by a new national spirit, can now discuss with calmness the mistakes made a generation ago.

The most grave of these errors was the indiscriminate bestowal of the franchise upon the newly liberated slaves. The extent to which partisan purposes entered into the adoption of this policy will always be disputed. Mr. McCall has presented the accepted views of Northern Republicans in upholding the measure as a political necessity. Necessary to the immediate security of a great and victorious party it may have been; certainly, it was in part a sincere, idealistic effort to render abstract justice to

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a race that had been deeply wronged. But it is apparent enough to-day that the sudden gift of the ballot to men wholly unprepared to use it wisely was a most dangerous policy, however well intentioned it may have been. It is equally apparent that, in so far as partisan motive was dominant in the transaction, partisanship has paid the penalty. The "solid South" is still solid. Reconstruction, particularly in its earlier phases, brought such widespread demoralization to the Southern states that its economic losses are comparable to those of the Civil War. In fact, the whole scheme of reconstruction, so skillfully and in part nobly planned, so boldly carried out, has broken down. Professor Dunning traces for us the various stages that have characterized the systematic undoing of that which was supposed to have been done once for all. He shows precisely how it has come about that in the South to-day "the negroes enjoy practically no political rights; the Republican party is but the shadow of a name; and the influence of the negroes in political affairs is nil." The constitutional conventions in session during the past summer, in various Southern states, have had for their chief and openly avowed purpose the elimination of the negro from politics, or, in Professor Dunning's phrase, making the political equality of the negro "as extinct in law as it has long been in fact." The final stage of the long reconstruction controversy seems to close, singularly enough, in the reversal of the very process which marked its inception. Reconstruction began with enfranchisement; it is ending with disfranchisement.

Who are left to mourn over this withdrawal of political rights from the negro? There are at least four classes who regret it: (1.) Intelligent leaders of that race, who recognize that in the breakdown of negro popular suffrage the industrious, property-holding, educated black is likely to suffer the same disability as the ignorant and vicious. This is the intention and the practical result of much of the disfranchising legislation already consummated, however adroitly the fact may be concealed. (2.) Active friends of the negro at the North, spiritual descendants of the abolitionists, — men and women who have never wearied, and surely will never weary, in their efforts to uplift the blacks. These people are giving largely for negro education, of both the industrial and academic type. Though comparatively few in numbers, they command considerable influence, and they resent the forced closure of any avenue that opens the way for negro self-respect and training in self-government. (3.) Some Republicans of the old sort, like those of Iowa lately assembled in convention, who are still faithful to the doctrine of equal rights, and opposed to "all legislation designed to accomplish the disfranchisement of citizens upon lines of race, color, or station in life." (4.) And a good many persons, North and South, of all parties and no party, who believe that the experiment of republican government in this country is secure only in so far as its fundamental principle of self-government by the masses is allowed unimpeded scope.

Who rejoice over the enforced retirement of the negro from politics? There are assuredly four classes here: (1.) A horde of ignorant "poor whites," mostly of pure "Anglo-Saxon" stock, who are being outstripped in the march of civilization even by the negroes, and who imagine that a "grandfather clause" will save them from the consequences of illiteracy and degeneracy. They are the most pitiable and the most dangerous element in our composite national life. (2.) Southern Democratic politicians. (3.) The majority of the Southern people, of whom it should be said that they understand the Southern negro as no Northerners can, and who are at least as kindly disposed toward him as the masses

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of the Northern people. (4.) A good many persons, again of all parties and no party, who secretly rejoice at any expression of the racial superiority of the Anglo-Saxon; who believe, not in a democratic government, in which all citizens shall participate upon precisely the same terms, but in a "strong" or "white man's" government. These people are Americans by accident of birth, but politically they are Europeans, aristocrats and reactionists.

Between these friends and foes of disfranchisement stands a vast body of indifferentists. Some of the indifference is found, it is true, among well-wishers of the colored people, who think that as long as their economical and industrial rights are assured the blacks had better "keep out of politics;" forgetting how closely, in an industrial democracy like our own, political and industrial rights are bound together. The masses of the North belong also to the indifferent class. Northern political feeling upon the negro question, to be effective, must be fused by one of those furnace-glows of moral passion such as was felt forty years ago. Our temporary coldness to the moral issues involved in politics, combined with that world-wide reaction against democracy which has been noted by many recent Atlantic writers, makes it unlikely that any considerable portion of the Northern public will at present seriously bestir themselves in the negro's behalf.

Nor can he look for help to either of the two great national parties. The leaders of the party of emancipation and reconstruction have apparently decided that it is inexpedient to interfere with what is taking place in the South. Occasional state conventions, like that of Iowa, already referred to, will doubtless reaffirm the historic Republican position with regard to equal rights, and the next national platform will probably contain an unexceptionable and smoothly planed plank of the same texture. There the matter will end. The Democratic party, demoralized at best and absolutely dependent upon the Southern vote, can offer no hope to the negro. The spectacle of Southern Democrats passing resolutions asserting the right of Filipinos to self-government, and at the same instant refusing self-government to men of dark-skinned race in America, was one of the broad jokes of the last campaign. Indeed, it must be confessed that our present national insistence upon our right to administer the affairs of other races, in our newly acquired territory, makes it extremely embarrassing for either party to urge a literal obedience to the Fifteenth Amendment in the South. Whatever blessings our acquisition of foreign territory may bring in the future, its influence upon equal rights in the United States has already proved malign. It has strengthened the hands of the enemies of negro progress, and has postponed further than ever the realization of perfect equality of political privilege. If the stronger and cleverer race is free to impose its will upon "new-caught, sullen peoples" on the other side of the globe, why not in South Carolina and Mississippi? The advocates of the "shotgun policy" are quite as sincere, and we are inclined to think quite as unselfish, as the advocates of "benevolent assimilation." The two phrases are, in fact, two names for the same thing: government by force, — the absolute determination by one race of the extent of political privilege to be enjoyed by another. There is a great deal to be said for this theory of government, in cases where a civilized people have assumed control of an uncivilized people, and at present it has more friends than at any other time since the close of the Napoleonic wars. But it is not a theory which bodes good to the full manhood of the American negro.

What, then, must be the immediate programme and the ultimate hope of those who believe, as the Atlantic does, in the old-fashioned American doctrine

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of political equality, irrespective of race or color or station? The short cut to equality, attempted by giving the negro the ballot before he was qualified to use it, has proved disastrous. It has confused the issue, and cast doubt upon the principle of equality itself. The long way around must now be tried, — the painfully slow but certain path that leads through labor and education and mutual understanding and unimagined patience to the goal of full political privilege. A comprehension of the actual status of the American negro is one step toward the ultimate solution of the race question. The Atlantic will shortly announce a group of papers, to be published during 1902, dealing with disfranchisement and other aspects of the relations of whites and blacks in the South. These articles will be written by representative Southerners, by leaders of the negro race, and by impartial students of American social conditions. The presentation of such a group of papers is the chief service which a monthly magazine can render to any public cause, and yet we may be allowed to point out here what we believe to be the surest ground for hope in the final victory of equal rights.

That hope lies in the good sense of the South. It is obvious that she is being left to herself, to settle the question of disfranchisement in her own way. Terribly destructive of the public respect for law as is her unhindered violation of the letter and spirit of the Constitution, disheartening as it is to see some blatant and brutal Tillman take up again the old cry of "Down with the niggers!" all this may be preferable, in the long view, to another epoch of forcible intervention. The South must learn by her own blunders, as she has had to do ere now. Thrown upon her own responsibility, and freed from the jealous fear of Northern interference, there is ground for confidence that she will yet follow her innate sense of justice and of honor. Under normal conditions, she possesses these characteristics to as high a degree as any portion of the Union. Grossly unfair and cruel as the conduct of Southern politicians toward the negro has often been, it is no worse treatment than Northern politicians would have given him, under similar temptation. Remorselessly as the "color line" is drawn in the Southern states, it is scarcely less rigid in the North, save in this one matter of the ballot.

At all events, the South is justified in the inference that the country is now willing, for one reason or another, to give her a chance to show her real temper. Southern whites are already making manly confession of the evil that has been wrought upon themselves, no less than upon the blacks, by the systematic falsification of election returns. They are doubtless right in believing that open, avowed suppression of the negro vote — if that vote is to be eliminated — is better for all concerned than a scheme of fraud and chicanery. But some degree of chicanery there must be in each of these new legal devices for contravening the express purpose of the Fifteenth Amendment, and we believe that Southerners will one day take a still more manly and American position, and admit to all the privileges of citizenship any man who proves himself worthy of it. This will require sacrifice of sentiment and tradition. Many years are likely to pass, and possibly many generations, before such a result is attained. But we believe there is too much potential intelligence in the South, and too much love of fair play, permanently to refuse the ballot to colored men of education and property who have attested their value to the community.

Apply to both races equally whatever qualifications for the exercise of the franchise or for holding office each state may see fit to impose: that is the only demand which can wisely be made upon the South. We think she will ultimately grant it, not only because it is the bid-

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ding of good sense and of good faith, but also because any other course will mean her moral suicide. To fall back upon a "grandfather clause" — to refuse the ballot to a colored farmer or artisan of intelligence and property, and grant it to some illiterate pauper because he is white — is to put a premium upon the ignorance of one race, and a discount upon the progress of the other. The Southern negroes, in spite of every shortcoming and disadvantage, are slowly, but surely, making headway. Every consideration, whether of economics or of humanity, demands that they should have an open road. They will do the traveling.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page closed his survey of reconstruction, in the preceding number of this magazine, with these admirable words: "That intelligence, virtue, and force of character will eventually rule is as certain in the states of the South as it is elsewhere; and everywhere it is as certain as the operation of the law of gravitation. Whatever people wish to rule in those states must possess these qualities." His tacit assumption, no doubt, is that it will be the whites who are to exhibit these dominant qualities. Yet we imagine that Booker Washington would wish no better motto for the encouragement of his people than those words of Mr. Page. For "intelligence, virtue, and force of character" are not the endowment of the Anglo-Saxon exclusively. Their roots sink deeper than those of racial peculiarity into the soil of our common humanity. The race that does not bring them to flower is indeed doomed; and whatever race develops intelligence, virtue, and force by ceaseless moral effort will in due season reap the reward. But in such a noble strife as this each race may help the other. It has hitherto been the curse of the South that she has contained two races living in abnormal relations toward each other. Yet it is not impossible that, remaining, in the terms of Booker Washington's famous sentence, "in all things purely social as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress," these races may ultimately give not only a signal example of mutual service, but unexpected reinforcement to the old faith that the plain people, of whatever blood or creed, are capable of governing themselves.

THE UNDOING OF RECONSTRUCTION.

In July of 1870, when the law declaring Georgia entitled to representation in Congress was finally enacted, the process of reconstruction was, from the technical point of view, complete. Each of the states which had seceded from the Union had been "made over" by the creation of a new political people, in which the freedmen constituted an important element, and the organization of a new government, in the working of which the participation of the blacks on equal terms with the whites was put under substantial guarantees. The leading motive of the reconstruction had been, at the inception of the process, to insure to the freedmen an effective protection of their civil rights, — of life, liberty, and property. In the course of the process, the chief stress came to be laid on the endowment of the blacks with full political rights, — with the electoral franchise and eligibility to office. And by the time the process was complete, a very important, if not the most important part had been played by the desire and the purpose to secure to the Republican party the permanent control

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of several Southern states in which hitherto such a political organization had been unknown. This last motive had a plausible and widely accepted justification in the view that the rights of the negro and the "results of the war" in general would be secure only if the national government should remain indefinitely in Republican hands, and that therefore the strengthening of the party was a primary dictate of patriotism.

Through the operation of these various motives, successive and simultaneous, the completion of the reconstruction showed the following situation: (1) the negroes were in the enjoyment of equal political rights with the whites; (2) the Republican party was in vigorous life in all the Southern states, and in firm control of many of them; and (3) the negroes exercised an influence in political affairs out of all relation to their intelligence or property, and, since so many of the whites were disfranchised, excessive even in proportion to their numbers. At the present day, in the same states, the negroes enjoy practically no political rights; the Republican party is but the shadow of a name; and the influence of the negroes in political affairs is nil. This contrast suggests what has been involved in the undoing of reconstruction.

Before the last state was restored to the Union the process was well under way through which the resumption of control by the whites was to be effected. The tendency in this direction was greatly promoted by conditions within the Republican party itself. Two years of supremacy in those states which had been restored in 1868 had revealed unmistakable evidences of moral and political weakness in the governments. The personnel of the party was declining in character through the return to the North of the more substantial of the carpet-baggers, who found Southern conditions, both social and industrial, far from what they had anticipated, and through the very frequent instances in which the "scalawags" ran to open disgrace. Along with this deterioration in the white element of the party, the negroes who rose to prominence and leadership were very frequently of a type which acquired and practiced the tricks and knavery rather than the useful arts of politics, and the vicious courses of these negroes strongly confirmed the prejudices of the whites. But at the same time that the incapacity of the party in power to administer any government was becoming demonstrable, the problems with which it was required to cope were made by its adversaries such as would have taxed the capacity of the most efficient statesmen the world could produce. Between 1868 and 1870, when the cessation of the national military authority left the new state governments to stand by their own strength, there developed that widespread series of disorders with which the name of the Ku Klux is associated. While these were at their height the Republican party was ousted from control in five of the old rebel states, — Tennessee, North Carolina, Texas, Georgia, and Virginia. The inference was at once drawn that the whites of the South were pursuing a deliberate policy of overthrowing the negro party by violence. No attention was paid to the claim that the manifest inefficiency and viciousness of the Republican governments afforded a partial, if not a wholly adequate explanation of their overthrow. Not even the relative quiet and order that followed the triumph of the whites in these states were recognized as justifying the new régime. The North was deeply moved by what it considered evidence of a new attack on its cherished ideals of liberty and equality, and when the Fifteenth Amendment had become part of the Constitution, Congress passed the Enforcement Acts and the laws for the federal control of elections. To the forces making for the resumption of white government

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in the South was thus opposed that same apparently irresistible power which had originally overthrown it.

That the Ku Klux movement was to some extent the expression of a purpose not to submit to the political domination of the blacks is doubtless true. But many other motives were at work in the disorders, and the purely political antithesis of the races was not so clear in the origin and development of the movement as in connection with the efforts of the state governments to suppress it. Thousands of respectable whites, who viewed the Ku Klux outrages with horror, turned with equal horror from the projects of the governments to quell the disturbances by a negro militia. Here was the crux of the race issue. Respectable whites would not serve with the blacks in the militia; the Republican state governments would not — and indeed, from the very nature of the case, could not — exclude the blacks from the military service; the mere suggestion of employing the blacks alone in such service turned every white into practically a sympathizer with the Ku Klux: and thus the government was paralyzed at the foundation of its authority. It was demonstrated again and again that the appearance of a body of negroes under arms, whether authorized by law or not, had for its most certain result an affray, if not a pitched battle, with armed whites, in which the negroes almost invariably got the worst of it.

On the assumption, then, that the white state governments in the South were unwilling, and the black governments were unable, to protect the negro in his rights, Congress inaugurated the policy of the "Force Acts." The primary aim was to protect the right to vote, but ultimately the purely civil rights, and even the so-called "social rights," were included in the legislation. By the act of 1870, a long series of minutely specified offenses, involving violence, intimidation, and fraud, with the effect or even the intention of denying equal rights to any citizens of the United States, were made crimes and misdemeanors, and were thus brought under the jurisdiction of the federal courts. Great activity was at once displayed by the United States district attorneys throughout the South, and hundreds of indictments were brought in; but convictions were few. The whites opposed to the process of the federal courts, supported by federal troops, no such undisguised resistance as had often been employed against state officers backed by a posse comitatus or a militia company of negroes. But every advantage was taken of legal technicalities; in the regions where the Ku Klux were strong, juries and witnesses were almost invariably influenced by sympathy or terror to favor the accused; and the huge disproportion between the number of arrests and the number of convictions was skillfully employed to sustain the claim that the federal officers were using the law as the cover for a systematic intimidation and oppression of the whites. As the effect of this first act seemed to be rather an increase than a decrease in the disorders of the South, Congress passed in the following year a more drastic law. This, known commonly as the Ku Klux Act, healed many technical defects in the earlier law; reformulated in most precise and far-reaching terms the conspiracy clause, which was especially designed to cover Ku Klux methods; and, finally, authorized the President, for a limited time, to suspend the writ of habeas corpus, and employ military force in the suppression of violence and crime in any given district. In addition to the punitive system thus established, Congress at the same time instituted a rigorous preventive system through the Federal Elections Laws. By acts of 1871 and 1872, every polling place, in any election for Congressmen, might be manned by officials appointed by the federal courts, with extensive

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powers for the detection of fraud, and with authority to employ the federal troops in the repression of violence.

Through the vigorous policy thus instituted by the national government the movement toward the resumption of control by the whites in the South met with a marked though temporary check. The number of convictions obtained under the Ku Klux Act was not large, and President Grant resorted in but a single instance — that of certain counties in South Carolina, in the autumn of 1871 — to the extraordinary powers conferred upon him. But the moral effect of what was done was very great, and the evidence that the whole power of the national government could and would be exerted on the side of the blacks produced a salutary change in method among the whites. The extreme and violent element was reduced to quiescence, and haste was made more slowly. No additional state was redeemed by the whites until 1874. Meanwhile, the wholesale removal of political disabilities by Congress in 1872 brought many of the old and respected Southern politicians again into public life, with a corresponding improvement in the quality of Democratic leadership. More deference began to be paid to the Northern sentiment hostile to the Grant administration which had been revealed in the presidential campaign of 1872, and the policy of the Southern whites was directed especially so as to bring odium upon the use of the military forces in the states yet to be wrested from black control.

It was upon the support of the federal troops that the whole existence of the remaining black governments in the South came gradually to depend. Between 1872 and 1876 the Republican party split in each of the states in which it still retained control, and the fusion of one faction with the Democrats gave rise to disputed elections, general disorder, and appeals by the radical Republicans to the President for aid in suppressing domestic violence. Alabama and Arkansas emerged from the turmoil in 1874 with the whites triumphant; and the federal troops, after performing useful service in keeping the factions from serious bloodshed, ceased to figure in politics. But in Louisiana and South Carolina the radical factions retained power exclusively through the presence of the troops, who were employed in the former state to reconstitute both the legislature and the executive at the bidding of one of the claimants of the gubernatorial office. The very extraordinary proceedings in New Orleans greatly emphasized the unfavorable feeling at the North toward "governments resting on bayonets;" and when, upon the approach of the state election of 1875 in Mississippi, the radical governor applied for troops to preserve order, President Grant rather tartly refused to furnish them. The result was the overthrow of black government in that state. Though strenuously denied at the time, it was no deep secret that the great negro majority in the state was overcome in this campaign by a quiet but general exertion of every possible form of pressure to keep the blacks from the polls. The extravagance and corruption of the state administration had become so intolerable to the whites that questionable means of terminating it were admitted by even the most honorable without question. There was relatively little "Ku-Kluxing" or open violence, but in countless ways the negroes were impressed with the idea that there would be peril for them in voting. "Intimidation" was the word that had vogue at the time, in describing such methods, and intimidation was illegal. But if a party of white men, with ropes conspicuous on their saddlebows, rode up to a polling place and announced that hanging would begin in fifteen minutes, though without any more definite reference to anybody, and a group of blacks who had assembled to vote heard the remark and

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promptly disappeared, votes were lost, but a conviction on a charge of intimidation was difficult. Or if an untraceable rumor that trouble was impending over the blacks was followed by the mysterious appearance of bodies of horsemen on the roads at midnight, firing guns and yelling at nobody in particular, votes again were lost, but no crime or misdemeanor could be brought home to any one. Devices like these were familiar in the South, but on this occasion they were accompanied by many other evidences of a purpose on the part of the whites to carry their point at all hazards. The negroes, though numerically much in excess of the whites, were very definitely demoralized by the aggressiveness and unanimity of the latter, and in the ultimate test of race strength the weaker gave way.

The "Mississippi plan" was enthusiastically applied in the remaining three states, Louisiana, South Carolina, and Florida, in the elections of 1876. Here, however, the presence of the federal troops and of all the paraphernalia of the Federal Elections Laws materially stiffened the courage of the negroes, and the result of the state election became closely involved in the controversy over the presidential count. The Southern Democratic leaders fully appreciated the opportunity of their position in this controversy, and, through one of those bargains without words which are common in great crises, the inauguration of President Hayes was followed by the withdrawal of the troops from the support of the last radical governments, and the peaceful lapse of the whole South into the control of the whites.

With these events of 1877 the first period in the undoing of reconstruction came to an end. The second period, lasting till 1890, presented conditions so different from the first as entirely to transform the methods by which the process was continued. Two, indeed, of the three elements which have been mentioned as summing up reconstruction still characterized the situation: the negroes were precisely equal in rights with the other race, and the Republican party was a powerful organization in the South. As to the third element, the disproportionate political influence of the blacks, a change had been effected, and their power had been so reduced as to correspond much more closely to their general social significance. In the movement against the still enduring features of reconstruction the control of the state governments by the whites was of course a new condition of the utmost importance, but not less vital was the party complexion of the national government. From 1875 to 1889 neither of the great parties was at any one time in effective control of both the presidency and the two houses of Congress. As a consequence, no partisan legislation could be enacted. Though the state of affairs in the South was for years a party issue of the first magnitude, the legislative deadlock had for its general result a policy of non-interference by the national government, and the whites were left to work out in their own way the ends they had in view. Some time was necessary, however, to overcome the influence of the two bodies of legislation already on the national statute book, — the Force Acts and the Federal Elections Laws.

During the Hayes administration the latter laws were the subject of a prolonged and violent contest between the Democratic houses and the Republican President. The Democrats put great stress on the terror and intimidation of the whites and the violation of freemen's rights due to the presence of federal officials at the polls, and of federal troops near them. The Republicans insisted that these officials and troops were essential to enable the negroes to vote and to have their votes counted. As a matter of fact, neither of these contentions was of the highest significance so far as the

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South was concerned. The whites, once in control of the state electoral machinery, readily devised means of evading or neutralizing the influence of the federal officers. But the patronage in the hands of the administration party under these laws was enormous. The power to appoint supervisors and deputy marshals at election time was a tower of strength, from the point of view of direct votes and of indirect influence. Accordingly, the attack of the Democrats upon the laws was actuated mainly by the purpose of breaking down the Republican party organization in the South. The attack was successful in Mr. Hayes's time only to the extent that no appropriation was made for the payment of the supervisors and deputy marshals for their services in the elections of 1880. The system of federal supervision remained, but gradually lost all significance save as a biennial sign that the Republican party still survived, and when Mr. Cleveland became President even this relation to its original character disappeared.

The Force Acts experienced a similar decline during the period we are considering. In 1875, just before the Republicans lost control of Congress, they passed, as a sort of memorial to Charles Sumner, who had long urged its adoption, a Supplementary Civil Rights Bill, which made criminal, and put under the jurisdiction of the federal courts, any denial of equality to negroes in respect to accommodations in theatres, railway cars, hotels, and other such places. This was not regarded by the most thoughtful Republicans as a very judicious piece of legislation; but it was perceived that, with the Democrats about to control the House of Representatives, there was not likely to be a further opportunity for action in aid of the blacks, and so the act was permitted to go through and take its chances of good. Already, however, the courts had manifested a disposition to question the constitutionality of the most drastic provisions of the earlier Enforcement Acts. It has been said above that indictments under these acts had been many, but convictions few. Punishments were fewer still; for skillful counsel were ready to test the profound legal questions involved in the legislation, and numbers of cases crept slowly up on appeal to the Supreme Court. In 1875, this tribunal threw out an indictment under which a band of whites who had broken up a negro meeting in Louisiana had been convicted of conspiring to prevent negroes from assembling for lawful purposes and from carrying arms; for the right to assemble and the right to bear arms, the court declared, pertained to citizenship of a state, not of the United States, and therefore redress for interference with these rights must be sought in the courts of the state. In the same year, in the case of United States *v.* Reese, two sections of the Enforcement Act of 1870 were declared unconstitutional, as involving the exercise by the United States of powers in excess of those granted by the Fifteenth Amendment. It was not, however, till 1882 that the bottom was taken wholly out of the Ku Klux Act. In the case of United States *v.* Harris the conspiracy clause in its entirety was declared unconstitutional. This was a case from Tennessee, in which a band of whites had taken a negro away from the officers of the law and maltreated him. The court held that, under the last three amendments to the Constitution, Congress was authorized to guarantee equality in civil rights against violation by a state through its officers or agents, but not against violation by private individuals. Where assault or murder or other crime was committed by a private individual, even if the purpose was to deprive citizens of rights on the ground of race, the jurisdiction, and the exclusive jurisdiction, was in the state courts. And because the conspiracy clause brought such offenses into the jurisdiction of the United States it was unconstitutional and

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void. This decision finally disposed of the theory that the failure of a state to protect the negroes in their equal rights could be regarded as a positive denial of such rights, and hence could justify the United States in interfering. It left the blacks practically at the mercy of white public sentiment in the South. A year later, in 1883, the court summarily disposed of the act of 1875 by declaring that the rights which it endeavored to guarantee were not strictly civil rights at all, but rather social rights, and that in either case the federal government had nothing to do with them. The act was therefore held unconstitutional.

Thus passed the most characteristic features of the great system through which the Republicans had sought to prevent, by normal action of the courts, independently of changes in public opinion and political majorities, the undoing of reconstruction. Side by side with the removal of the preventives, the Southern whites had made enormous positive advances in the suppression of the other race. In a very general way, the process in this period, as contrasted with the earlier, may be said to have rested, in last resort, on legislation and fraud rather than on intimidation and force. The statute books of the states, especially of those in which negro rule had lasted the longest, abounded in provisions for partisan — that is, race — advantage. These were at once devoted as remorselessly to the extinction of black preponderance as they had been before to the repression of the whites. Moreover, by revision of the constitutions and by sweeping modifications of the laws, many strongholds of the old régime were destroyed. Yet, with all that could be done in this way, the fact remained that in many localities the negroes so greatly outnumbered the whites as to render the political ascendency of the latter impossible, except through some radical changes in the laws touching the suffrage and the elections; and in respect to these two points the sensitiveness of Northern feeling rendered open and decided action highly inexpedient. Before 1880 the anticipation, and after that year the realization, of a "solid South" played a prominent part in national politics. The permanence of white dominion in the South seemed, in view of the past, to depend as much on the exclusion of the Republicans from power at Washington as on the maintenance of white power at the state capitals. Under all the circumstances, therefore, extralegal devices had still to be used in the "black belt."

The state legislation which contributed to confirm white control included many ingenious and exaggerated applications of the gerrymander and the prescription of various electoral regulations that were designedly too intricate for the average negro intelligence. In Mississippi appeared the "shoestring district," three hundred miles long and about twenty wide, including within its boundaries nearly all the densest black communities of the state. In South Carolina, the requirement that, with eight or more ballot boxes before him, the voter must select the proper one for each ballot, in order to insure its being counted, furnished an effective means of neutralizing the ignorant black vote; for though the negroes, unable to read the lettering on the boxes, might acquire, by proper coaching, the power to discriminate among them by their relative positions, a moment's work by the whites in transposing the boxes would render useless an hour's laborious instruction. For the efficient working of this method of suppression, it was indispensable, however, that the officers of election should be whites. This suggests at once the enormous advantage gained by securing control of the state government. In the hot days of negro supremacy the electoral machinery had been ruthlessly used for partisan purposes, and when conditions were reversed the practice was by no means

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abandoned. It was, indeed, through their exclusive and carefully maintained control of the voting and the count that the whites found the best opportunities for illegal methods.

Because of these opportunities the resort to bulldozing and other violence steadily decreased. It penetrated gradually to the consciousness of the most brutal white politicians that the whipping or murder of a negro, no matter for what cause, was likely to become at once the occasion of a great outcry at the North, while by an unobtrusive manipulation of the balloting or the count very encouraging results could be obtained with little or no commotion. Hence that long series of practices, in the regions where the blacks were numerous, that give so grotesque a character to the testimony in the contested-election cases in Congress, and to the reminiscences of candid Southerners. Polling places were established at points so remote from the densest black communities that a journey of from twenty to forty miles was necessary in order to vote; and where the roads were interrupted by ferries, the resolute negroes who attempted to make the journey were very likely to find the boats laid up for repairs. The number of polling places was kept so small as to make rapid voting indispensable to a full vote; and then the whites, by challenges and carefully premeditated quarrels among themselves, would amuse the blacks and consume time, till only enough remained for their own votes to be cast. The situation of the polls was changed without notice to the negroes, or, conversely, the report of a change was industriously circulated when none had been made. Open bribery on a large scale was too common to excite comment. One rather ingenious scheme is recorded which presents a variation on the old theme. In several of the states a poll-tax receipt was required as a qualification for voting. In an important local election, one faction had assured itself of the negro vote by a generous outlay in the payment of the tax for a large number of the blacks. The other faction, alarmed at the prospect of almost certain defeat, availed itself of the opportunity presented by the providential advent of a circus in the neighborhood, and the posters announced that poll-tax receipts would be accepted for admission. As a result, the audience at the circus was notable in respect to numbers, but the negro vote at the election was insignificant.

But exploitation of the poverty, ignorance, credulity, and general childishness of the blacks was supplemented, on occasion, by deliberate and high-handed fraud. Stuffing of the boxes with illegal ballots, and manipulation of the figures in making the count, were developed into serious arts. At the acme of the development undoubtedly stood the tissue ballot. There was in those days no prescription of uniformity in size and general character of the ballots. Hence miniature ballots of tissue paper were secretly prepared and distributed to trusted voters, who, folding as many, sometimes, as fifteen of the small tickets within one of the ordinary large tickets, passed the whole, without detection, into the box. Not till the box was opened were the tissue tickets discovered. Then, because the number of ballots exceeded the number of voters as indicated by the polling list, it became necessary, under the law, for the excess to be drawn out by a blindfolded man before the count began. So some one's eyes were solemnly bandaged, and he was set to drawing out ballots, on the theory that he could not distinguish those of one party from those of the other. The result is not hard to guess. In one case given by the Senate investigating committee, through whose action on the elections of 1878, in South Carolina, the theory and practice of the tissue ballot were revealed to an astonished world, the figures were as follows: —

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Number of ballots in box	1163
Names on polling list	620
Excess drawn out	543
Tissue ballots left to be counted . .	464

Not the least interesting feature of this episode was the explanation given by the white committee, of the existence of the great mass of tissue ballots. They were prepared, it was said, in order to enable the blacks who wished to vote the Democratic ticket to do so secretly, and thus to escape the ostracism and other social penalties which would be meted out to them by the majority of their race.

Under the pressure applied by all these various methods upon the negroes, the black vote slowly disappeared. And with it the Republican party faded into insignificance. In the presidential election of 1884 the total vote in South Carolina was, in round numbers, 91,000, as compared with 182,000 in 1876. In Mississippi the corresponding decrease was from 164,000 to 120,000; in Louisiana, from 160,000 to 108,000. The Republican party organization was maintained almost exclusively through the holders of federal offices in the postal and revenue service. When, in 1885, a Democratic administration assumed power, this basis for continued existence was very seriously weakened, and the decline of the party was much accelerated. Save for a few judicial positions held over from early appointments, the national offices, like those of the states, were hopelessly removed from the reach of any Republican's ambition. A comparison of the congressional delegation from the states of the defunct Confederacy in the Forty-First Congress (1869–71) with that in the Fifty-First (1889–91) is eloquent of the transformation that the two decades had wrought: in the former, twenty out of the twenty-two Senators were Republican, and forty-four out of fifty-eight Representatives; in the latter, there were no Republican Senators, and but three Representatives.

Summarily, then, it may be said that the second period in the undoing of reconstruction ends with the political equality of the negroes still recognized in law, though not in fact, and with the Republican party, for all practical purposes, extinct in the South. The third period has had for its task the termination of equal rights in law as well as in fact.

The decline of negro suffrage and of the Republican party in the South was the topic of much discussion in national politics and figured in the party platforms throughout the period from 1876 to 1888; but owing to the deadlock in the party control of the national legislature the discussion remained academic in character, and the issue was supplanted in public interest by the questions of tariff, currency, and monopoly. By the elections of 1888, however, the Republicans secured not only the presidency, but also a majority in each house of Congress. The deadlock of thirteen years was broken, and at once an effort was made to resume the policy of the Enforcement Acts. A bill was brought in that was designed to make real the federal control of elections. The old acts for this purpose were, indeed, still on the statute book, but their operation was farcical; the new project, while maintaining the general lines of the old, would have imposed serious restraints on the influences that repressed the negro vote, and would have infused some vitality into the moribund Republican party in the South. It was quickly demonstrated, however, that the time for this procedure had gone by. The bill received perfunctory support in the House of Representatives, where it passed by the regular party majority, but in the Senate it was rather contemptuously set aside by Republican votes. Public sentiment in the North, outside of Congress, manifested considerable hostility to the project, and its adoption as a party measure probably played a rôle in the tre-

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mendous reaction which swept the Republicans out of power in the House in 1890, and gave to the Democrats in 1892 the control of both houses of Congress and the presidency as well. The response of the Democrats to the futile project of their adversaries was prompt and decisive. In February, 1894, an act became law which repealed all existing statutes that provided for federal supervision of elections. Thus the last vestige disappeared of the system through which the political equality of the blacks had received direct support from the national government.

In the meantime, a process had been instituted in the Southern states that has given the most distinctive character to the last period in the undoing of reconstruction. The generation-long discussions of the political conditions in the South have evoked a variety of explanations by the whites of the disappearance of the black vote. These different explanations have of course all been current at all times since reconstruction was completed, and have embodied different degrees of plausibility and truth in different places. But it may fairly be said that in each of the three periods into which the undoing of reconstruction falls one particular view has been dominant and characteristic. In the first period, that of the Ku Klux and the Mississippi plan, it was generally maintained by the whites that the black vote was not suppressed, and that there was no political motive behind the disturbances that occurred. The victims of murder, bulldozing, and other violence were represented as of bad character and socially dangerous, and their treatment as merely incident to their own illegal and violent acts, and expressive of the tendency to self-help instead of judicial procedure, which had always been manifest in Southern life, and had been aggravated by the demoralization of war time. After 1877, when the falling off in the Republican vote became so conspicuous, the phenomenon was explained by the assertion that the negroes had seen the light, and had become Democrats. Mr. Lamar gravely maintained, in a famous controversy with Mr. Blaine, that the original Republican theory as to the educative influence of the ballot had been proved correct by the fact that the enfranchised race had come to recognize that their true interests lay with the Democratic party; the Republicans were estopped, he contended, by their own doctrine from finding fault with the result. A corollary of this idea that the negroes were Democrats was generally adopted later in the period, to the effect that, since there was practically no opposition to the democracy, the negroes had lost interest in politics. They had got on the road to economic prosperity, and were too busy with their farms and their growing bank accounts to care for other things.

Whatever of soundness there may have been in any of these explanations, all have been superseded, during the last decade, by another, which, starting with the candid avowal that the whites are determined to rule, concedes that the elimination of the blacks from politics has been effected by intimidation, fraud, and any other means, legal or illegal, that would promote the desired end. This admission has been accompanied by expressions of sincere regret that illegal means were necessary, and by a general movement toward clothing with the forms of law the disfranchisement which has been made a fact without them. In 1890, just when the Republicans in Congress were pushing their project for renewing the federal control of elections, Mississippi made the first step in the new direction. Her constitution was so revised as to provide that, to be a qualified elector, a citizen must produce evidence of having paid his taxes (including a poll tax) for the past two years, and must, in addition, "be able to read any section in the constitution of

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this state, or . . . be able to understand the same when read to him, or give a reasonable interpretation thereof." Much might be said in favor of such an alternative intelligence qualification in the abstract: the mere ability to read is far from conclusive of intellectual capacity. But the peculiar form of this particular provision was confessedly adopted, not from any consideration of its abstract excellence, but in order to vest in the election officers the power to disfranchise illiterate blacks without disfranchising illiterate whites. In practice, the white must be stupid indeed who cannot satisfy the official demand for a "reasonable interpretation," while the negro who can satisfy it must be a miracle of brilliancy.

Mississippi's bold and undisguised attack on negro suffrage excited much attention. In the South it met with practically unanimous approval among thoughtful and conscientious men, who had been distressed by the false position in which they had long been placed. And at the North, public opinion, accepting with a certain satirical complacency the confession of the Southerners that their earlier explanations of conditions had been false, acknowledged in turn that its views as to the political capacity of the blacks had been irrational, and manifested no disposition for a new crusade in favor of negro equality. The action of Mississippi raised certain questions of constitutional law which had to be tested before her solution of the race problem could be regarded as final. Like all the other seceded states, save Tennessee, she had been readmitted to representation in Congress, after reconstruction, on the express condition that her constitution should never be so amended as to disfranchise any who were entitled to vote under the existing provisions. The new amendment was a most explicit violation of this condition. Further, so far as the new clause could be shown to be directed against the negroes as a race, it was in contravention of the Fifteenth Amendment. These legal points had been elaborately discussed in the state convention, and the opinion had been adopted that, since neither race, color, nor previous condition of servitude was made the basis of discrimination in the suffrage, the Fifteenth Amendment had no application, and that the prohibition to modify the constitution was entirely beyond the powers of Congress, and was therefore void. When the Supreme Court of the United States was required to consider the new clause of Mississippi's constitution, it adopted the views of the convention on these points, and sustained the validity of the enactment. There was still one contingency that the whites had to face in carrying out the new policy. By the Fourteenth Amendment it is provided that if a state restricts the franchise her representation in Congress shall be proportionately reduced. There was a strong sentiment in Mississippi, as there is throughout the South, that a reduction of representation would not be an intolerable price to pay for the legitimate extinction of negro suffrage. But loss of Congressmen was by no means longed for, and the possibility of such a thing was very carefully considered. The phrasing of the franchise clause may not have been actually determined with reference to this matter; but it is obvious that the application of the Fourteenth Amendment is, to say the least, not facilitated by the form used.

The action of Mississippi in 1890 throws a rather interesting light on the value of political prophecy, even when ventured upon by the most experienced and able politicians. Eleven years earlier, Mr. Blaine, writing of the possibility of disfranchisement by educational and property tests, declared: "But no Southern state will do this, and for two reasons: first, they will in no event consent to a reduction of representative strength; and, second, they could not make any disfranchisement of the negro that would not at the same time disfranchise an im-

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mense number of whites." How sadly Mr. Blaine misconceived the spirit and underrated the ingenuity of the Southerners Mississippi made clear to everybody. Five years later South Carolina dealt no less unkindly with Mr. Lamar, who at the same time with Mr. Blaine had dipped a little into prophecy on the other side. "Whenever," he said, — "and the time is not far distant, — political issues arise which divide the white men of the South, the negro will divide, too. . . . The white race, divided politically, will want him to divide." Incidentally to the conditions which produced the Populist party, the whites of South Carolina, in the years succeeding 1890, became divided into two intensely hostile factions. The weaker manifested a purpose to draw on the negroes for support, and began to expose some of the devices by which the blacks had been prevented from voting. The situation had arisen which Mr. Lamar had foreseen, but the result was as far as possible from fulfilling his prediction. Instead of competing with its rival for the black vote, the stronger faction, headed by Mr. Tillman, promptly took the ground that South Carolina must have a "white man's government," and put into effect the new Mississippi plan. A constitutional amendment was adopted in 1895 which applied the "understanding clause" for two years, and after that required of every elector either the ability to read and write or the ownership of property to the amount of three hundred dollars. In the convention which framed this amendment, the sentiment of the whites revealed very clearly, not only through its content, but especially through the frank and emphatic form in which it was expressed, that the aspirations of the negro to equality in political rights would never again receive the faintest recognition.

Since the action of South Carolina, two other states, Louisiana and North Carolina, have excluded the blacks from the suffrage by analogous constitutional amendments; and in two others still, Alabama and Virginia, conventions are considering the subject as this article goes to press (August, 1901). By Louisiana, however, a new method was devised for exempting the whites from the effect of the property and intelligence tests. The hereditary principle was introduced into the franchise by the provision that the right to vote should belong, regardless of education or property, to every one whose father or grandfather possessed the right on January 1, 1867. This "grandfather clause" has been adopted by North Carolina, also, and, in a modified form and for a very limited time, by the convention in Alabama. The basis for the hereditary right in this latter state has been found, not in the possession of the franchise by the ancestor, but in the fact of his having been a soldier in any war save that with Spain. As compared with the Mississippi device for evading the Fifteenth Amendment, the "grandfather clause" has the merit of incorporating the discrimination in favor of the whites in the written law rather than referring it to the discretion of the election officers. Whether the Supreme Court of the United States will regard it as equally successful in screening its real purpose from judicial cognizance remains to be seen.

With the enactment of these constitutional amendments by the various states, the political equality of the negro is becoming as extinct in law as it has long been in fact, and the undoing of reconstruction is nearing completion. The many morals that may be drawn from the three decades of the process it is not my purpose to suggest. A single reflection seems pertinent, however, in view of the problems which are uppermost in American politics at present. During the two generations of debate and bloodshed over slavery in the United States, certain of our statesmen consistently held

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that the mere chattel relationship of man to man was not the whole of the question at issue. Jefferson, Clay, and Lincoln all saw more serious facts in the background. But in the frenzy of the war time public opinion fell into the train of the emotionalists, and accepted the teachings of Garrison and Sumner and Phillips and Chase, that abolition and negro suffrage would remove the last drag on our national progress. Slavery was abolished, and reconstruction gave the freedmen the franchise.

But with all the guarantees that the source of every evil was removed, it became obvious enough that the results were not what had been expected. Gradually there emerged again the idea of Jefferson and Clay and Lincoln, which had been hooted and hissed into obscurity during the prevalence of the abolitionist fever. This was that the ultimate root of the trouble in the South had been, not the institution of slavery, but the coexistence in one society of two races so distinct in characteristics as to render coalescence impossible; that slavery had been a *modus vivendi* through which social life was possible; and that, after its disappearance, its place must be taken by some set of conditions which, if more humane and beneficent in accidents, must in essence express the same fact of racial inequality. The progress in the acceptance of this idea in the North has measured the progress in the South of the undoing of reconstruction. In view of the questions which have been raised by our lately established relations with other races, it seems most improbable that the historian will soon, or ever, have to record a reversal of the conditions which this process has established.

William A. Dunning.

YALE'S FOURTH JUBILEE.

In an address which President Eliot made in Cleveland, at the inauguration of President Thwing of Western Reserve University, he remarked that a college president had the privilege, generally, of seeing men and women at their best, inasmuch as men and women never appeared to better advantage than when consulting for the welfare of their children. It is true, in the main, that the communities of young men and women at our American colleges and universities represent a noble constituency of parents who are seeking the highest good of their children, and who often seek it with a devotion hardly less than that of Scottish parents. It is true also that the equally noble and inspiring sentiment of affectionate gratitude on the part of the children for the blessings bestowed upon them by the fathers is nowhere seen in such intensity and collective force as in our college and university communities. In these communities may be found, if anywhere, and more than anywhere else, that tenderness of feeling toward the more immediate family past which so readily broadens out into the historic consciousness of the cultured; into gratitude for those toilsome achievements of the race which we of the present day are enjoying as a heritage; and into an admiration for the *monumenta virum priorum* which is the surest preventive of fanaticism and bigotry, as well as a solace and even an incentive in the struggle for well-being which awaits most men and women in America.

If the parent who consults carefully for the welfare of his child, or the child who is mindful of the devoted services of his parent, stirs our admiration and

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wins our regard, how much more an infant colony which, thoroughly conscious of all its indebtedness to past generations of cultured men and women, even though cast out from their culture, as it were, and disinherited, sets apart from its material poverty that which shall, with the blessing and the increase of God, insure to its coming generations the most precious of the spiritual inheritances of society, — religion and letters! Nothing is more impressive in the founders of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton than their consciousness of the wealth of the past, the poverty of the present, and the boundless possibilities of the future. Long before Ezra Stiles prophesied "a Runnymede in America," and even while the expenses and losses of French and Indian wars were draining the feeble resources of the colony of Connecticut, its far-sighted Congregational ministers saw visions of the coming Empire of the West, and determined, "as if under obligation to society rather than to the church," that the break which the Puritans had made with the Old World should not impair the tradition of true religion and good literature to the New World of their children and children's children.

The apparatus which they devised to maintain the tradition so precious in their eyes was at first, and for many years, pathetically simple, — a country parsonage, a country parson, and a small collection of books. But it did essentially for the young colonists who put themselves under its influence what the Cambridges of England and America to-day can only do more liberally and delightfully for the young men who throng their richer privileges: it brought them into touch with the accumulated wisdom of the human race under the guidance of an inspired teacher. What more can the libraries, museums, chapels, lecture halls, laboratories, dormitories, and faculties of our great universities do now? And the humble apparatus of these poor colonists was ennobled by the spirit with which they established it. "Whereas," they say, "it was the glorious publick design of our now blessed Fathers, in their remove from Europe into these parts of America, both to plant, and under the divine blessing to propagate in this wilderness the blessed reformed Protestant religion in the purity of its order and worship, not only to their posterity but also to the barbarous natives, we, their unworthy posterity, lamenting our past neglects of this grand errand, and sensible of the equal obligations better to prosecute the same end, and desirous in our generation to be serviceable thereunto, — whereunto the religious and liberal education of suitable youth is under the blessing of God a chief and most profitable expedient, — therefore do in duty to God and the weal of our country undertake in the aforesaid design."

It is amazing how short a term of years sufficed, in spite of the *Wanderjahre* of the "Collegiate School," and the anarchy and confusion which ended only with the accession of Rector Williams (1728), to give Yale College (as it was named in 1718) the atmosphere and traditions of a revered seat of learning. The first business of special importance which the energetic Rector Clap undertook (1740) was the compiling a volume of the Laws and Statutes of the College, and another volume of "all the Customs of College which had from time to time obtained and been established by practice." Little more than a generation had passed since the founding of the school, and less than four hundred students had been graduated from it; yet rich deposits of law and custom had been made, and a community life instituted for young men which was so charged with the influences of history and literature that Ezra Stiles, "a boy of distinguished promise," who entered college as a Freshman in 1742, was glad, after four years' residence as an undergraduate, and three as a graduate student, to accept the office of tutor, "not so much for

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the honor of the office, as for the advantage of a longer residence at the Seat of the Muses."

It certainly was not the architecture of "the neat and decent building" then called Connecticut Hall — the only ancient college building to be left standing when these words shall be read — which won for Yale College, in 1749, from one of the most gifted men she ever graduated, the grateful appellation of "Seat of the Muses." It was rather what Cotton Mather called the "collegious way of living" with cultured rectors — all graduates of Harvard — and able tutors around a common centre consisting of the best books of the time. The forty volumes given from their scanty libraries by the founders had grown, by the "generosity or procurement" of John Davie, of Groton, Jeremiah Dummer, of Boston, Governor Yale, Bishop Berkeley, and others, to something like thirteen hundred volumes at the time of the first Commencement held in New Haven (1718), and to about twenty-six hundred volumes when Rector Clap's classified catalogue of the Library was published, in 1743, "by which means it might be easily known what books were in the Library upon any particular subject, and where they might be found, with the utmost expedition." That the Library was from the beginning regarded as the heart of the school is clear from the Battle for the Books at Saybrook, which President Clap thus describes: "In December following" the first Commencement at New Haven, "the Governor and Council, at the desire of the Trustees, met at Saybrook, and gave a warrant to the Sheriff, to deliver the books to the Trustees. The house where the books were was filled and surrounded with a great number of men, who were determined to prevent the removal of the books, and therefore resisted the officer. But he, with his attendants, broke open the door, and delivered the books to the Trustees, or their order, and so they were conveyed to New Haven. But in this trouble and confusion about two hundred and fifty of the most valuable books, and sundry papers of importance were conveyed away by unknown hands, and never could be found again." [1]

The first Jubilee of this Seat of the Muses was commemorated, at the fiftieth Commencement, by "a Latin half-century oration," composed, at the President's desire, by Tutor Stiles, "though so deeply in decline as to render it doubtful whether he would be able to pronounce it. One of his fellow tutors, therefore, committed it to memory, to deliver it for him, *that this era might not pass without celebration.* With difficulty, however, he delivered it himself." [2] This Oratio Semi-Sæcularis may be found among the Stiles manuscripts in the Yale Library. Its Latinity is always clear, if not Ciceronian, and sometimes majestic. Its range of thought is large and generous. Modern scholarship can correct many of its historical details, but can hardly improve upon its method and spirit. The exordium breathes that sense of an indestructible continuity in the literary and religious expressions of the Old World of culture and the New World of promise which is always so impressive in those who, like the Puritans, broke boldly with what they regarded as unwholesome in the traditions of the past. To this Tutor Stiles, six years out of a college barely fifty years old, the celebration of its first Jubilee suggested the triumphs of Roman conquerors, and, above all, the Ludi Sæculares instituted by the great Augustus, "quos cecinit quondam Horatius, urbanus, expolitus, & suavissimus ille poeta." The Oratio Semi-Sæcularis was, then, Connecticut's Carmen Sæculare!

The exordium is followed by an elaborate history of the accumulation and transmission of human wisdom among all civilized peoples, including the Chinese,

[1] Annals of Yale College, pp. 28 f.

[2] Holmes' Life of Ezra Stiles, p. 23.

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and regret is expressed that no information could be given about colleges before the Flood: "De literis & literaturæ sedibus antediluvianis, nihil cognoscimus." There are curiosities, it is true, among the historical statements of this section of the oration, one of which is corrected in a note added fifteen years later. But no correction was ever made of the statement that Hermes Trismegistus, whom some regarded as identical with Abraham, founded the college in Egypt at which Moses was educated, whose wisdom descended to the School of the Prophets, — to Samuel and Gamaliel, "tuus en præceptor, ô Paule illustris!" Nor was written objection ever made to the statement that Pythagoras, in his wanderings, visited the Chaldæan College at Babylon, of which Daniel was President, "quocum diu familiarissimus vixisse dicitur." But the history of education among the Greeks and Romans, and of European universities, of which the orator counts one hundred and twelve, is free from such curiosities, and fairly good for the time. The audience, however, was denied this long historical survey, because of the delicate health of the speaker. Twelve of the manuscript pages were omitted in the delivery, and a melancholy footnote explains the omission with "desunt pulmones, desunt latera, vires quoque desunt."

Passing to America, the founding of Harvard College is gratefully noted, "quâ nunc tria domicilia clarant," and the prayer is made, in which all Yale men could heartily join, "diu potiatur gloriosa illa literarum sedes, divinis prolationibus tuis, ô venerande Wigglesworth!" Then follows a brief sketch of the history of Yale, from the granting of the first charter in 1701, by rectorships, down to the day of celebration, — a history antedating by fourteen years the Annals of President Clap. On this beloved President, as well as on the tutors associated with him, the vials of affectionate praise are poured. Then comes, naturally, judicious praise of donors, a friendly reference to Princeton (then New Jersey) College, — "dilecta altera soror nostra, cui salutem plurimam exoptamus," — and then the glowing peroration beginning, "O dulces Musarum recessus!" Here God and Nature were the themes for thought and study; here that knowledge was cultivated without which the world would have had no Lycurgus, Solon, Homer, Plato, or Demosthenes; no Cicero, Cato, or Cæsar; no Daniel, Augustine, Doddridge, or Berkeley; and these liberal studies had no mere utilitarian aim, but trained men for the achievement of virtue and immortality. Long might such a seat of learning flourish, in friendly relations with all the academies of the world, but especially with its sisters of America, until earthly Commencements should be exchanged for heavenly, — "ut demum inter arva floridia, inter colles Paradisi æternas, Comitia perennia & immortalia concelebremur."

Yale's second Jubilee was not celebrated in any way, "that being a time," says President Woolsey, "in the progress of our country, at which the present and the future filled the minds of men to the exclusion of the past."[1] This forgetfulness of the past was undoubtedly one of the results of the Revolution. The new order was not yet settled. The problems of government filled men's minds. Jefferson's administration was beginning, and the Jeffersonian conviction that America was a land of opportunity thrilled all hearts. The college had, on the whole, made progress during its second half century, although the promise of the early years of President Clap's administration, under the inspiration of which Tutor Stiles wrote his Oratio Semi-Sæcularis, had been by no means fulfilled. What was deemed religious intolerance and exclusiveness on the part of the President and Fellows, together with an inflexibility of purpose and a

[1] Historical Discourse, 1850, p. 4.

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rigor of administration which were ill suited to the troublous times and changing social order, brought attacks upon the college from without, and disorders within its walls, "so that perhaps the college never presented a more disorganized state." [1] During the interregnum of eleven years which followed President Clap's retirement, in 1766, the college barely held its own; during the disorders and dispersions of the Revolution it actually lost ground; and so full of intense political excitement were the closing years of the eighteenth century that the mild administration of the devout and scholastic President Stiles could succeed in little more than recovering this lost ground. At the opening of the nineteenth century, the mind and heart of President Dwight were too full of great plans for the future university to dwell with any commemorative fondness on the "dismal years" of the second Jubilee period. And yet the light had not been darkness, as the letter of President John Adams to President Stiles, written on receipt of the degree of Doctor of Laws from Yale College in 1788, abundantly testifies: "If this honourary degree is, as you inform me, to be considered as a token of affection and esteem, I shall certainly hold it among the most precious of things; since nothing can be more pleasing to me, or more satisfactory to my highest ambition, than the approbation of an university, which has distinguished itself in literature, among the foremost in America, and which is the light of a Commonwealth that I esteem the purest portion of mankind." [2]

Yale's third Jubilee was worthily celebrated on August 14, 1850, counting from the "real foundation by donation of books." A brief description of this celebration, which was memorable, will surely be of interest, in view of the far more elaborate programme for the impending celebration of the fourth Jubilee. The graduates assembled in the college chapel about half past nine o'clock, and elected Professor Silliman, Sr., of the class of 1796, president of the day. After proceedings usual at the annual meeting of the graduates, a procession was formed in order of collegiate age, — "the longest ever known at Yale College, and consisting probably of more than a thousand graduates, besides invited strangers," — which proceeded to the First Church, where President Woolsey's Historical Discourse was delivered. "On returning to the college the company was almost immediately summoned to a collation. The tables were arranged in front of the Library" (now the Old Library, occupied in 1843), "under tents disposed in the form of a triclinium, with a marquee tent in the centre. Around the marquee were placed portraits of former officers and benefactors of the college, with the name of each inscribed in letters of leaves; and above, encircling the tent, the motto of the college seal, 'Lux et Veritas.' The tables were decorated with flowers. About one thousand persons partook of the repast. The company consisted of graduates arranged together according to classes, so that familiar faces could greet one another, of benefactors to the college, and of other invited guests, among whom were officers of a number of literary institutions." After the collation there was speaking to such toasts and by such speakers as "Yale College," ex-President Day (1795); "Harvard, our Elder Sister," Professor Felton; "Our Alumni of the Clergy," Dr. Leonard Bacon (1820); "Our Alumni of the Bench and Bar," Daniel Lord, Esq., of New York (1811); "The Alumni of the Medical Profession," Dr. Alexander H. Stevens, of New York (1807); "Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way," Hon. Edward Bates, of Missouri; "The Poets of America," Dr. Oliver W. Holmes, "a Professor in Harvard;" and "Our Alumni of the South," Wil-

[1] Woolsey, Historical Discourse, 1850, p. 29.

[2] Holmes' Life of Ezra Stiles, p. 304.

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liam T. Gould, Esq., of Augusta, Georgia (1816). Also, a poem on Progress was read by the Rev. John Pierpont (1804); "several pieces, written for the occasion," were sung, and together with these "those four verses of the sixty-fifth Psalm in Sternhold and Hopkins' version, which were sung at the Commencement of 1718. The company broke up about six o'clock."

The spirit of this celebration was triumphant and hopeful, not anxious and questioning, as any celebration of the second Jubilee must necessarily have been, in spite of the opening promise of President Dwight's administration; and there was abundant reason for the triumphant, hopeful tone. Two long and able administrations, those of Presidents Dwight and Day, had assembled and established a body of efficient and influential professors, into whose competent hands the government of the college had finally passed; had enriched and improved the system of instruction and all the material appointments of the college, receiving therefor what, for the times, were generous funds, both from the state and from private persons; had judiciously fostered the organization of professional and graduate schools of medicine, theology, law, and philosophy and the arts; had lifted the feeble college of Connecticut into a national university. And these two long and able administrations had been succeeded by another, that of Woolsey, the first four years of which already gave promise of that verdict which should be truthfully passed upon its completed term, — "The progress made in the twenty-five years of his administration was far beyond all precedent in the history of the college." [1] As this great President surveyed the past of the college, in 1850, he could not wholly banish fear: lack of endowments forbade assurance of perpetuity; modern life and education tended to repress individuality and produce sameness in men; the abundance of books prevented the free exercise of thought, so that he missed "free and elastic minds rejoicing in their own movements, and working fearlessly for themselves in the mines of truth;" younger and wealthier institutions of learning were appealing to a public none too fond of the past and its traditions, with systems of education which seemed to give a more immediate hold upon the future; and as the men whom he had revered in his youth passed away, a "distressing want" arose within him, "as if men were beginning to have less of manhood and less of power than heretofore." But hope and trust rose triumphant over fear: a tendency to improvement in manners and morals could be distinctly traced through all the years of the college, both in the student community and in society at large; if individuality was losing intensity, the general standard of manhood was being raised; the slow and natural growth of the college in the past gave promise of natural and substantial growth in the future; a body of college officers and graduates had been trained up to "the permanent art of gaining public confidence;" there were as yet no seeds of decay in the maturing life of the college, and she supplied the wants, "not of an age or a clique, but of human improvement, throughout time." Therefore "with good auguries and hopes we send her on her course through the next fifty years. May those who shall assemble here then see improvement and growth as great as we can trace since the commencement of the century. Before that time may her inelegant buildings give place to structures worthy to be the home of learning, and representing to the eye in form and material an institution calculated for all time. May her resources be adequate to every healthy enlargement. May her officers be every way abler and better than the best of their predecessors. May her students be

[1] Dexter, Sketch of the History of Yale University, p. 65.

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industrious, thoughtful, earnest *men*, in whom solid, well-disciplined minds and characters shall be the foundation and assurance of success in life. Above and before all, may God be present to give light and to leaven with his holy influence all study and all discipline."

The fifty years upon which President Woolsey looked out as he made this memorable prayer are now passed, and Yale's graduates, officers, and friends will soon assemble to celebrate her fourth Jubilee. Woolsey's prayer for the future has become a record of the past fifty years, — in every regard but one. He could not be accused of false modesty if an officer of Yale, nor of ingratitude if a graduate of Yale, nor of jealousy if an officer or graduate of some other university than Yale, who should express a doubt whether Yale's present officers are in "every way abler and better than the best of their predecessors." They are not. Nor are the officers of any other university in the country. The era of large, all-round personalities in college faculties, of men who impressed themselves upon their students far more than what they taught, passed away with the advent and cult of specialization. The most influential college or university professor is now more or less of a specialist, and therefore in many ways, necessarily, a narrower man than his predecessors. But this is a natural and inevitable change, due to the increase of knowledge and the consequent changes in the methods of liberal education. And it has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. The academic student of the present day may not be so impressed and dominated by the immediate personality of his teacher as his predecessors were; but he may be, and is more than ever before, brought by the narrower specialist who now teaches him into the immediate presence of the great personalities of the ages in all lines of human thought and achievement. — into closer touch, for example, with Plato, Aristotle, and St. Paul, whose personalities are more powerfully transmitted through the self-effacing medium of the specialist than they were through that of the older teachers in more and larger fields. The modern university student is brought face to face rather with the very processes of history and nature than with special interpretations and attractive demonstrations of them.

But in all other regards the prayer of President Woolsey at the third Jubilee has been abundantly answered. The last fifty years have not been years of wonderful genesis, as were those of the half century before them. Only two new schools have sprung into existence during these years, — that section of the great department of philosophy and the arts known as the Sheffield Scientific School, and the School of the Fine Arts. The growth of the former has been phenomenal, and it has become a college in itself; that of the other schools and departments at least normal and substantial. The greatest changes and improvements have come in the courses of instruction offered, and the manner of offering and conducting them. Even here progress has not been rapid, but a strong and vigorous evolution out of long-tried materials and methods of education. The administrations of Woolsey, Porter, and Dwight have all been alike in this: that changes were accepted and the proper readjustments made when they became necessary, rather than when they were novel, untried, and revolutionary. The spirit of another prayer of President Woolsey's seems to have prevailed here, also: "Far be from us those changes which, instead of ingrooving themselves in forms becoming obsolete, tear and snap in twain; those which break up the flow of college history; which sever the connection with past science and with the world of the past; which render the venerable forms of gray antiquity less venerable to the

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scholar; which make a gap in the long procession of science upon which ages have looked as spectators, and inspire the student with the conceit that he is not at all a transmitter and a torchbearer, but rather one of a new race, the creators and sole possessors of knowledge." [1]

It is undoubtedly true that Yale has not borne her share in the responsibilities and necessary failures of educational experiment during the last fifty years. The Civil War, in which her sons bore their full and honorable part, and the long years of reconstruction and readjustment which followed the war, affected her life and growth very much as the Revolutionary War, and the long constructive period which followed it, had affected her during the closing years of the eighteenth century. In both cases she adjusted herself slowly to a new order of things, but in such a way that great powers were husbanded on strong foundations, and trained to face the dazzling opportunities of a new century with a courage born of conscious and undissipated strength, and under a leadership that could afford to be aggressive because preceded by one eminently conservative and generously provident.

As a result of her somewhat restrained but sturdy evolution, Yale has preserved, more than any other fully developed American university, that peculiarly American university feature, the college nucleus, — a large body of youthful undergraduates under collegiate rather than university training, but surrounded by, and projected against, all the higher and sterner activities of the professional and graduate schools. Moreover, there is ever present in this undergraduate body the historic consciousness that the professional and graduate schools are an outgrowth of the college. The college was not drawn into proximity to the schools, but the schools to the college. This gives the collegiate period dignity, and explains the larger and broader influence which it exerts as compared with the schools of Europe, the studies of which may be parallel with its own. The graduate of the German gymnasium, of the French lycée, or of the English public school goes up to the university, which is distinct from, and higher than, the school. The Yale college boy is a part — the original and essential part — of the university. The university has come to him.

Here, where the university is doing the work of a university, and assembling into convenient depositories the wisdom, experience, and high achievements of all the best of the human race, that men of the present day may mount to the shoulders, as it were, of the great men of the past, and so discover even more than they did or could about the nature of this world of God, — here, in an atmosphere of faith in the things that were and have been, as well as in the things of the future, where are perpetually unsealed "those fountains of idealism at which the human spirit has so often refreshed itself when weary of a too material age," the brightest and most hopeful, the least hampered and afflicted quadrennium of a man's life is spent. Here he mingles with many hundreds of his fellows who are equally blessed, in a community which, following the best Anglo-Saxon instincts, develops a rich and varied life of its own, and is encouraged rather than forbidden to do so. This community life, with its societies, its literary organs, its sports and competitive contests of every kind, its clubs and cliques, or its great mass enthusiasms, where, as is usually the case, democracy is a cult, — this life is lived in an atmosphere of letters, arts, and sciences.

The path of duty leads among letters, arts, and sciences, and to this path the Yale undergraduate is held by requirements of attendance on religious and literary exercises, — religious, because religion has the grandest of literatures. In his Freshman year he attends recita-

[1] Historical Discourse, 1850, p. 74.

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tions in subjects required of his whole class; in his Sophomore year he attends recitations and lectures — recitations predominating — in subjects among which the class has had a limited and carefully guarded election; in his Junior and Senior years he attends lectures and recitations — lectures predominating — in subjects among which the classes have had a practically unlimited but carefully guarded election. But whether recitation or lecture, whether the instruction given is collegiate or university in its method, — and it becomes gradually, though never exclusively, the latter, — he is required to be in attendance, and the margin of irregularity is small; many think too small. Every Yale undergraduate is thus required, all through his collegiate years, though less and less as he grows mature, to do many things with many others, as others do them, and for the common good. This is an invaluable experience, and one for the lack of which no amount of specialization during these particular years could compensate. It does not block the way nor blunt the impulse to specialization; it rather lays that sure foundation without which specialization is apt to become erratic; and it trains men up for good citizenship in a society where many things must be done with many men, as the many do them, and for the common good.

The path of pleasure for the member of such a collegiate community — a college which is the heart and life of a great university — leads among ideal delights; where more ideal? The literary, athletic, philanthropic, social, and religious activities into which Yale undergraduate life so exuberantly flowers are all lifted to a high plane of interest, because they are the avocations of a compactly organized body of youth whose high vocation is the pursuit of letters, arts, and sciences. The vocation gives the avocations dignity. If avocations become vocation, how great is that perversion! And yet, in our impatience at the apparent ignorance of relative values which is often shown by our great undergraduate communities, we should do well to remember that the pleasures to which they invite themselves, and from the enjoyment of which that degree of self-government to which they are entitled as Anglo-Saxons prevents their exclusion, are noble and, in the main, salutary pleasures. The pleasures to which the college communities of earlier days were addicted, except as their vocation was their pleasure, were surely far less to be condoned, not to say encouraged. We should also do well to remember that most of our great undergraduate communities not only reflect the tastes and desires and ideals of the country at large, but are peculiarly sensitive to the approval or disapproval which the country at large may give to their relative estimates of duty and pleasure, of vocation and avocations. Herein lies much hope. For since, generally speaking, the best of our youth go up to our great national universities; and since it is unquestionably true that nowhere in the world are more and stronger influences for good focused upon young men and women than at these universities, — the storehouses and treasuries of the race; and since, still further, we can trace, as President Woolsey did fifty years ago, a steady improvement in the manners and morals of our student bodies, then it must follow that both country and universities are coöperating in the evolution of higher and higher types of manhood and womanhood.

The path of duty being required at Yale, and the path of pleasure, so far as it is not the path of duty, being elective, there results a peculiar and at first thought incomprehensible attitude on the part of the undergraduate body toward duties which less favored mortals, and maturer mortals who have been similarly favored, regard as privileges. It is an attitude not of hostility, but of opposition, at least on the principle of "He

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that is not with me is against me." *With* the Faculty in their prescription of certain duties in the domain of letters, arts, and sciences the undergraduate body at Yale apparently is not, and therefore apparently against them. Apparently only, in both cases. It is in part a traditional attitude from a time when the educational duties which the Faculty imposed were not, in fact, educational privileges, especially when compared with greater privileges created and offered by the student body itself, in that marvelous play between man and man which still counts with the majority of college graduates for the best which college life affords. It is in part, also, a natural inheritance. It is ingrained in the Anglo-Saxon to resist all unjust authority, and to be jealous even of the just authority which he really respects. His attitude of opposition and jealousy keeps the authority just, and therefore his respect for it alive and strong. He would not take himself out from under it, so long as he respects it, if he could; but he feels that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty always and everywhere, and he is therefore not too much inclined to coöperate with authority. He is law-abiding, but not law-helping. So the Yale undergraduate really respects the requirements of his college course. He would not exchange them for the greater freedom in election of studies and attendance which prevails elsewhere. He elected at the start to put himself under them, and though they slay him, yet will he respect them, in spite of all his criticism of them and grumbling about them. Strict and stern officers, from Clearchus down, have had soldiers who disliked them in the piping time of peace, but loved them in the day of battle. The Yale undergraduate knows in his heart of hearts that, as a graduate, in the day of battle, he will love the authority which he now professes to dislike, because it insisted on the regular performance of many duties, some of which were uncongenial; because it broadened him by not allowing him always and everywhere to follow his bent; because it had no milk for babes; because it made a soldier of him.

But besides this collective Yale ideal, which often strikes the superficial observer as Philistinism, there are the various ideals of the various specialists, even among the undergraduates. And above and around the undergraduate body is the smaller but ever influential body of those who, having perhaps achieved the collective Yale ideal, are now achieving their individual ideals, or winning professional standing, or pressing on to the border regions of human knowledge, ambitious to enlarge or improve the domain. The professional and graduate schools, by the intensity of their specialization, exercise upon the undergraduate body an influence which discourages random, scattering work; the undergraduate body, in its turn, helps to keep alive in the specializing graduate student that idealism which rightly and fortunately characterized his undergraduate life, and which gives him increasing reason, as the years pass, to look back with the fondest affection to the golden quadrennium of his college years, and the Alma Mater who made them what they were.

As the Corporation, Faculty, undergraduates, and graduates of Yale look off upon the years to elapse before her fifth Jubilee, they have every reason for confidence that those years will see greater material and spiritual enlargement than has marked any half century of her existence. They may reasonably expect that her professional and graduate schools will increase in power and usefulness beyond their present dreams. And they should also pray that no upreaching of the great secondary schools, and no downreaching of the great professional schools, be allowed to eliminate entirely or much curtail those four years of undergraduate life spent in the pursuit of ideal aims, under collegiate restraints

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rather than full university freedom, in an ideal atmosphere of religion and good literature, the product of which is rather good citizens than specialists, men who treat life "as a measure to be filled rather than as a cup to be drained."

Bernadotte Perrin.

LIGHTHOUSE VILLAGE SKETCHES.

A RADICAL.

"HIM an' me wuz hevin' it over on pol'tics an' religion," said Captain Gibson. "I used to set up with him nights some, when it come his watch in the tower, eight ter twelve. She 'd be a grindin' roun' up top, two ter the minute on the quicksilver, smooth as silk, the ole lens, an' the machinery, down where he wuz, no particular objection to talkin'; so we hed it over 'bout them ole Bible dorgmas. Sam, he 'd take a turn on the gallery frum time to time 'count of mebbe fog shuttin' down, but we wuz pretty still fer the most part, hevin' it over.

"He 's a gret scholar, Sam is. I 'm proud of Sam. He knows a lot more 'n I do. But I says to him right out plain, says I, 'Capt'n Anderson,' says I, 'you 're a younger man than what I be,' — I don't believe he ain't more 'n sixty-five an' odd, ef he is a day, — 'an' you 'll come to look at these things diff'rent,' says I. 'T ain't because he don't read a lot that he come to be so misguided, but I guess he sorter keeps readin' the same things right over an' over like.

"Now I says to him square to the face an' kind, I says, 'Now take the Garden of Eden, Capt'n Anderson,' says I; 'how does that set on your stomach?' says I. But Sam don't hear to reasons easy, an' I kinder give him up after I 'd ben at him a spell. I told him science was agin him, but he jest did n't appear to care a mite. 'I got my Bible,' he says over an' over, kinder wearisome. Now I tell you I respect a pig-headed cuss like Capt'n Anderson. I dunno what he calls himself as a congregation, so to speak. Prob-'ly Presberterian, like 's not. But he 's twenty miles frum a meetin' house, an' 'lowed he might be kinder short of up-to-date 'long of not hevin' went to church fer some years back. But Sam, he 'll allus be the same bloomin' radical. I believe that 's what they call them kind, — reg'lar ole hard-shell Bible folks. He calls me a ninferdel. But I ain't! Lord, no! No, I ain't thet fer down. Only course I don't believe nothin' in the Bible. Lord, no! Godfrey!

"It comes kinder hard on me, — the way he thinks I 'm goin' ter hell. I 'd kinder like hevin' him feel we wuz goin' to git ashore same place, so to speak. Well, when I was comin' off that time I shook hands with him longer 'n common, an' I says to him, goin' away, I says, 'Ole boy,' I says, 'you an' me thinks diff'rent, but that 's all right,' I says. 'I ain't sure but what there is a heaven, but I know there ain't no hell. So you an' me 'll meet again, Sam, ef I leave Hawkport fer the findin' out, Sam, 'fore you do.'"

A CARETAKER.

"You can't fetch a step in this town 'thout ev'rybody knows it," said Mrs. Ben, coming in out of the storm, and standing, all snowy, on the inside doormat, while Mrs. Crow disappeared to get the asked-for cup of yeast. "No, I hain't a-goin' to set, I hain't a-goin' to stop," she continued, directing her voice toward the pantry. "I dunno when I 've ben out o' yeast before, an' now I s'pose

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the whole town 'll know I come here a-borrowin' of ye. Why, jest now, on'y last week, I was over to Boston gittin' me a pair new boots, — shoes they was, — Samson's is so dreadful poor an' high; an' so, well, I went up 'long the street 'fore seven o'clock, so 's nobody would n't see me, with a basket to the depot; an' the postmaster, course he seen me, an' he called to me the length the street. 'Goin' away?' says he; an' the butcher too, he did. I did hope t' the Lord I 'd git by Ann Elizer's 'thout her seein' me; an' sure enough, she stood back t' the window when I cut past. But 'fore I was out o' hearin' I seen her throw up the window an' holler after me. Folks is so dreadful curious. Now I hain't a mite that way myself. I dunno half nobody's business in this town except my own; an' 't ain't 'cause I don't hev opportunities, if I say so as had n't ought to. Bless my soul! What 's that?" she exclaimed, opening the door a crack, peering and listening through the fine sleet falling. "The Methodists' straw ride! I do declare!"

A long pung creaked into view from the four corners, with slow horses, big bells clanging, and a crowded party of villagers.

Presently the high notes of a cornet sounded: —

> "Onward, Christian soldiers,
> Marching as to war!"

"My land alive!" cried Mrs. Ben, closing the crack to a line as they passed near, but listening a minute still as the sound swept by, full and sweet, and died away faintly, — "as to war!"

"It 's them Methodists goin' over to Barry. I should think they 'd be ashamed. It 's three weeks runnin' they ben over to Barry of a Friday evenin', an' their own prayer-meetin' night, too, — not countin' Tuesdays, when they 've went considerable, to my truth and knowledge," said Mrs. Ben, still standing on the doormat, and covering the yeastcup with her hand to keep the snow out going home. "But I can't stop a minute now. I on'y say it 's a livin' shame leavin' Nathaniel Tewksbury's meetin' an' gaddin'; 't ain't nothin' else. Them young women out'n the choir, an' the men, an' the cornet, jest gaddin' after that elder. I 'm ashamed of 'em. Comin' here with his pomposity an' his whiskers, an' his cheeks gittin' fatter ev'ry week, — the way the women cooked him up one mess o' food an' 'nother, 'cause he said he was pindlin' when he come here. And prayin' ev'ry night into the vestry, an' callin' it revivals when it warn't only bluster an' cry with more 'n half the women folks, an' only seven men saved from everlastin' perdition in five weeks, an' him livin' round on the parish like a porpoise. He made me mad to see him.

"'He 's a good man an' all that,' says Mr. Tewksbury to me, when I fuss at his ways o' doin', an' speakin' ill o' him behind his back, which I tole Mr. Tewksbury plum straight I 'd as lief say to his face, an' him so patient an' forbearin' with me if I hain't on'y his housekeeper, an' no kith nor kin. 'He 's a good man,' says Mr. Tewksbury, quiet an' firm, 'on'y the Lord, he leads him in ways what I don't take after myself,' an' like o' that; 'n' I know fer truth an' knowledge of the elder's tryin' to pervert folks right out of our meetin' house into his'n.

"An' now I guess I 'll be goin'. On'y I do like some kinds o' ministers better than others, an' I allus hold by Mr. Tewksbury's doctrine an' preachin' an' house-to-house visitin', an' that 's a fact. He 's jest the kind o' minister I do like, if he is so grave, an' gray whiskers, an' thin. I 've heard folks time an' agin complain an' say he comes right into yer house, an' talks 'bout what yer doin', an' not a mite o' religion. I hate a man comes right in an' gits down on his knees prayin', whether anybody wants to or not. An' he 's an awful good scholar, too; an' fer 's I can make out, the whole of his doctrine is mostly not goin' to church

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an' comin' home fightin', but kinder let yer Sunday sift down slow, an' last yer the week out. An' so he does. He 's a beautiful hand to pray 'n' all, but he 's a great hand to live. He believes in livin'. So do I.

"I've often told my husband he must 'a' ben a thousand-dollar man where he come from, but we don't give him but five hundred an' a donation party. An' he 's terrible close 'bout where he come from, too, an' on'y that one little boy. I've often said to him, as feelin' as I could, 'Was your wife's health mostly pretty good 'fore she died?' An' he 's thanked me an' said it mostly was, an' gone away. He 's awful good to the poor. He 'll take right holt an' help a poor man cook a meal o' victuals, an' he sawed ole Jonson up a load of wood once when he was sick abed, an' give him his dinner, an' carried it over; an' when he was goin' off 'thout prayin', — Jonson 's a Methodis', you know, — Jonson, he looked so expectin' an' disappointed, Mr. Tewksbury, he says, 'It 's all right, Charlie; you eat your dinner while it 's hot, an' I 'll be prayin' 'long home,' says he.

"He 's real good ev'ry which way. But ev'rybody don't see as I do, an' I 'm free to say he don't seem to be so sought after as he might be, an' his numbers ain't increasin'. Husband said he 's too good for 'em, but I dunno. It 's all a mix to me, — them as is better than others not risin' 'cordin' to their quality. Why, I know some folks don't like a minister takin' the clo'es off the line fer his wife, with a big fam'ly to wash fer, an' no girl in the kitchen, an' I 'm terrible careful not to let Mr. Tewksbury lay finger to my wash, to save scandal; not that he 's ever made as if he was goin' to, but I 've hed my answer polite an' ready on wash days, fearin' he might. Some folks is dreadful particular 'bout their pastors.

"But I dunno yet but what Mr. Tewksbury will add to the roll in time. I dunno when we hain't hed a conversion before in ages till ole Jonson was took in, an' I 've heard there 's others meditatin'. I 'm expectin' Easter will wake 'em up some. But it does make me ache, his goin' down, snowy night like this, clear to the vestry, an' sittin' lookin' so religious an' pleasant to them empty benches, an' on'y them ole folks there, an' all the young ones gone after that cornet. I wisht they 'd kep' his house fer him like me, an' seen his ins an' outs, week through. But I tell him it 'll come his time soon, an' them as went after the cornet these days will get their hearts touched an' shook, an' stay to the vestry Fridays. I wisht they could jest see his lovin' ways with Philly; jest how he — Well, I guess I must be goin'. Good-by."

Thus did Mrs. Ben take news of Mr. Tewksbury's inner goodness with her wherever she went, and there was always an open ear for the minister's "housekeeper." To Methodist friends she spoke with grieved surprise of their "goin's-on;" to her church associates she poured forth a stream of pastor praise, varied and enriched by incidents of every-day goodness as the week went by. The leaven worked. The vestry showed it. But the elder at Barry was unconsciously helping Mrs. Ben. The Rockhaven deserters, coming diligently on successive Tuesdays and Fridays through the month following the Barry revival, heard sermons from Elder Plum that had an oblique effect. The crude teaching rose, in inspired moments, to earnest, impressive charge and warning. This was when the elder talked of "folds" and our "ministerial privileges in our midst."

Thus it came to pass that Emily Baker, cornet, refused to leave a certain Friday-night prayer meeting at her own church; and, the leader gone, the sleighing party broke up, forsaking Barry, and in place of it going to church again or not, as might be, but bringing withal sufficient signs of "warnin'" to gladden Mrs.

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Ben's Friday-night heart. As the minister's housekeeper, she kept a pious eye on backsliders returning, possessing them with a glance as they entered, offering them at once to the Lord in prayer in all simplicity and goodness of heart, as proof of Mr. Tewksbury's rising ability and pastoral worth.

A proof of further "warnin'" was the widened sympathy for what was respectfully referred to as the pastor's "back troubles," so often dwelt upon by Mrs. Ben, and so called in distinction from those of later date, — an interest that showed itself in numerous invitations to tea, and "Bring Philly," from the more warm-hearted members of the pastor's circle.

The startling news of an accident to Philly, a hurt spine and his life in danger, called out fresh sympathy, and created a disposition to praise the stricken pastor, not alone for his goodness, but for his ability also, now newly believed in. In those weeks when he nursed Philly, refusing all offers to "spell" him, sitting all day and all night by the child's bed, except for the few hours at church, his people heard in his sermons something that stirred them deeply. Mrs. Ben said that folks was "meditatin'."

On the Sunday before Christmas several were waiting to be received into the church. The pastor read these names: "Miss Emily Baker, Mr. Moses Jones, Mrs. Baker, and Mehitable Baker."

"The Lord 's struck them Bakerses!" exclaimed Mrs. Ben, with chastened joy.

On New Year's Eve a messenger brought word to the parsonage that Miss Baker's class — Philly's class — would like to bring a few little gifts on New Year's morning. Philly would see the boys pass the window. They would be very quiet, and would lay the packages on the window sill outside.

That night the doctor's word spread through the village that Philly's New Year would be the end.

PHILLY.

A dim, shaded night light burned outside the pastor's study door, shining faintly in across Philly's bed.

"Father?" anxiously.

"Yes, my boy."

"Oh, father!"

"Yes."

"I 'm so tired."

"Yes, pet, I know. Try to lie still; try hard, little man." A long silence.

"I 'm trying, father."

"My good boy." A longer silence.

"Oh, father, father!"

"I know, sonny, I know."

The little head tossed to and fro on the pillow.

"Father dear!" starting.

"I 'm here, Philly."

"Hold my hand hard, — there, like that, father."

"Yes, pet."

"Father?" suddenly.

"Yes, my lad."

"You won't let go my hand?"

"No." Silence.

"Did he say I 'd be well in — in twenty-four hours, father?"

"He said you 'd be better, my boy."

"Very better?"

"More easy, I know."

"Will it be twenty-four hours to-morrow morning since to-day, father?"

"Very nearly, sonny. Now try to go to sleep."

A moan, a sob; then more sobs through shut teeth.

"He — he said I was a general, d-did n't he, father?"

"Yes, my boy, and a hero, too."

"I 'd rather be a general. Oh, father, father!" tears raining down.

"I know, I know, pet."

"I 'm — so — tired."

"Yes, pet; but it will soon be morning."

"Father?" anxiously. "Don't go away."

"No, my boy."

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"Oh, don't take your hand off my forehead, father darling!"

"No, sonny."

A long pause: then faintly, "Sing. My one."

"'When He com-eth, when He com-eth,
To — make up His jewels'" —

The song sounded strange in the winter midnight.

"'Like the stars of the morning'" —

A little voice, broken with tears, was singing, too.

"'They shall shine in their beauty'" —

The little voice fell to a moan. "Oh, father dear!"

The singer was silent.

"Don't sing it any more, father darling!"

. . . . . .

A little company of boys, coming two by two down the lane on New Year's morning, lingered uncertainly a long way off, then gathered in a whispering group round the pastor's gate. The pastor was at the window, holding Philly, and beckoned them in.

"Say 'Happy New Year,' fellers," whispered their leader, "'cause he dunno he's awful sick, don't you see; an' say it loud right through the winder, so he'll hear good."

The boys crowded forward up the steps, hugging their packages awkwardly, and gazing awestricken at Philly's white face behind the pane. One by one they laid their gifts on the sill, with quavering greeting, in sorrow and great awe. Little Tommy Dan, last and least of all, stood on tiptoe under the window, with bright greeting ready, and only said, —

"G-good-by, Philly."

Louise Lyndon Sibley.

THE PIRACY OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES.[1]

THE surface railway facilities in New York (boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx), and its supply of gas and electricity, are now in the hands of two great corporations, behind which is one group or alliance of men. These corporations represent an actual outlay probably well within $125,000,000, for systems which could be replaced to-day, probably, for less than $100,000,000, while their nominal capitalization, share and loan, excluding securities of consolidated companies held in the treasury of the controlling company, is over $300,000,000, and the market value of their securities is above $400,000,000. The enormous difference between cost and market value represents roughly, if not accurately, the value of the franchises "promoted" out of the people's possession into private pockets, — in large part not of those whose foresight, investment, and skill have developed the present facilities, but of those who, with the double leverage of "politics" and "financing," have become possessed in recent years of these franchise privileges. The story of how the street railway franchises in New York have been one by one obtained, and at last welded into a unified monopoly; how the gas companies, by various processes of peace and war, have been brought into final combination; how the leading electric corporation was captured by the gas interests; and how, finally, within the year past, all these enter-

[1] This article is intended to be presented from an external and objective point of view; but, to prevent misapprehension, it should be stated that the writer was the first vice president and active executive of the Edison Company of New York, from 1890 into 1899. — R. R. B.

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prises have come under the same control, would easily fill volumes, but the brief statement here presented may throw some light on one of the chief municipal problems of the day.

Most New Yorkers of middle age remember the lumbering ten-cent "stage," seating ten and "strapping" more, such as that which, after emerging from the usual blockade at Fulton Street, over which a footbridge afforded safe passage, rumbled for a weary hour along Broadway as far as 34th Street, whence another started occasionally up Bloomingdale Road to Manhattanville; and the primitive six-cent "street car" on Sixth and Eighth avenues, — some of the one-horse "bobtail" order, some with the legend "Negroes allowed in this car," a few with a placard "Heated," — which, with those of the "Harlem Extension" down Fourth Avenue, used alike for freight cars and street cars, and the other avenue lines, furnished the chief means of transportation in the days "before the war," and for some time thereafter. The present Metropolitan Street Railway, consolidating many separate lines into a single service, with marvelous engineering feats of reconstruction, excellently operated, as rapid as surface conditions permit, with cars well lighted, well heated, and comfortable, though chronically overcrowded, and an almost universal transfer system for a five-cent fare, affords such superior facilities that citizens are ready to forget or condone the steps by which charters have been obtained and consolidations effected, and to overlook the possibilities of still better facilities, lower fares, or reduced taxes, that might have been or might yet be, if the people, as the municipality, recover their rights in the streets, and properly control the operating companies which should lease street privileges. The popular rumor that this company paid $750,000 secretly for illicit privileges which it failed to get through the Eldridge bill of 1898, vetoed by Governor Black, cannot, of course, be verified, and is perhaps not true in this form; but that it is believed is in itself significant, and it is probably true that large considerations were indirectly paid to keep hands off and eyes shut while the "combine" of capitalists behind the railway company was getting its grip on most of the public utilities of New York. Among these the master spirit is ex-Secretary William C. Whitney, who, like Richard Croker in the municipality, holds no official position and has no stated responsibility in his company, since, as stated in a laudatory article on the company in the New York Times for November 20, 1898, "for reasons of his own, he withdrew from the Board of Directors two or three years ago. But his wishes find expression in every important act of the Board." "With Mr. Whitney as the subtle, often invisible director," wrote a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, December 6, 1898, "the corporation grew to majestic proportions. He apparently bore about the same relations to it that he did to Tammany Hall, of which, although not a member, he was, nevertheless, through men who respected his authority, the controlling influence."

The New York and Harlem Railroad had been chartered by special act of the legislature in 1831, and the common council granted it permission to lay its tracks southward from the Harlem River, by successive resolutions from 1832 to 1852, in which year it reached the City Hall Park. This was the first street railway in New York, and no compensation was given for the franchise — except, according to rumor, to legislators and common councilmen — until in 1872 the legislative grant for the extension exacted 5 per cent of gross receipts on Madison Avenue above 79th Street. It required much pressure from 1854 to 1858 to replace steam

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with horses below 42d Street, and the common council complained by resolution that the company had defied it, had refused to obey its ordinances, and was using paid agents at Albany to circumvent it. The Sixth and Eighth Avenue franchises were granted in 1851–52, also without compensation, — though Comptroller Flagg, in a special message, urged that the companies should at least be required to pave and clean the streets they used, — but the roads were not to be assigned without consent of the common council, and were to be surrendered to the city on demand at 10 per cent advance on cost. Franchises for Third Avenue, — to a ring of stage-owners and politicians, — for Second Avenue, and for Ninth Avenue were successively granted, with trivial conditions of protection to the city. In 1853 came a general exposé, on charges initiated by an outraged lobbyist, who thought it was not fair play that the common council should take $20,000 for a charter from one set of people, and then, for $50,000, revoke its action in favor of another. The grand jury obtained direct confessions of payments to bribe aldermen, — Tweed appearing on the scene in this connection, — but the charters remained intact.

Broadway had always been the golden goal of the charter-grabbers, and, also in 1852, Jacob Sharp and others obtained authorization for a Broadway railroad from the aldermen and assistant aldermen, without compensation to the city, notwithstanding various competing offers of $1,000,000, of $100,000 a year for ten years, of $1000 instead of $20 license for each car, of one cent for each passenger carried, or of a three-cent fare. This grant was repassed over Mayor Kingsland's veto, in the face of an injunction from Judge Campbell, and was checkmated only by the punishment of the aldermen for contempt of court, after a legal contest finally settled in the Court of Appeals. In 1859 an attempt to "parallel Broadway" took the shape of the "Yonkers road," which, by beginning in Westchester County, was to avoid the restriction upon railroads "commencing and ending within the city limits." For this the common council raced a permit through both branches December 7, 1859, before the meeting of the legislature in January should give the Albany lobbyists a chance at the job, and only Mayor Tiemann's veto saved the city. The ensuing legislature took from the "common scoundrels," as they were called, the right to grant street railway franchises, and the seat of corruption was transferred, for a time, from the City Hall to the state Capitol. Various other attempts on Broadway were defeated, until in 1884 — when the first general surface railway law was passed, with a proviso that 3 per cent, and ultimately 5 per cent, of gross receipts should be paid the city — Jacob Sharp and his associates of the Broadway Surface Railroad Company procured the Broadway franchise from the "boodle board" of aldermen, two of whom were sentenced to the state prison for bribery, while Sharp, also convicted, died pending a retrial ordered on appeal. In 1886 the legislature annulled the charter of the company; but the Court of Appeals, in the O'Brien case, held that the right in the street granted by the city was perpetual and indefeasible, and hence that it survived the corporation, and vested in the directors as trustees for the creditors and shareholders. This decision, counter to the common rule that stolen goods may be recovered by the owner, gave an extraordinary force to the adage that "possession is nine points of the law," and put a premium on the corrupt or brutal overbearing by corporations of public or private rights; and it has yet to be overcome by that application of common sense to new conditions which constitutes the evolution of law.

Up to 1889–90 the many cross-town

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lines which had obtained charters, as well as the older lines lengthwise of the city, had been independently operated, exclusively by horse power. At that date the New York situation attracted the attention of the Widener-Elkins Philadelphia syndicate of street railway promoters, whose combination with the Whitney interests has resulted in the unified system of to-day, — a system as creditable in its operation as it has been the contrary in other respects. The first step was the incorporation of the Metropolitan Cross-Town Railway, which acquired a cross-town line whose charter permitted it to lease or consolidate with other roads. About the same time the Metropolitan Traction Company was organized in New Jersey; in 1892 this was reincorporated in New York; and in 1893 the Metropolitan Street Railway Company was incorporated in New York, and became the operating company for the Traction Company, which owned its $30,000,000 stock. Meanwhile, by purchase, by lease, by control of securities, consolidations were going on, and in 1897 the Traction Company was dissolved, its shareholders receiving share for share of Street Railway stock and a premium in debenture bonds; and the Metropolitan Cross-Town, the Broadway Surface, and other companies were finally merged in the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, whose only considerable rival was the Third Avenue Railroad, with its subsidiary lines. During this period, changes of motive power — from horse to cable, from cable to electricity — were going on; but the city secured little pecuniary advantage, the minimum of $150,000 per year offered by the Broadway road as a premium for the change to cable proving to be no more than it would presently have been obliged to pay as the 5 per cent of its gross receipts. To safeguard the city, the Cantor act of 1886 had provided for the sale of new franchises at auction, with a minimum price of 5 per cent of gross receipts; but the politicians who organized the Union Railway Company, called the "huckleberry road" because of the sparsely settled suburbs it traversed, evaded this law by obtaining special acts, and a $2,000,000 franchise, of which the Third Avenue Railroad became possessed, yielded the city nothing. A franchise for Lenox Avenue, separated from Sixth Avenue by the two and a half miles of Central Park, was granted to the Metropolitan Company without compensation, under the guise of a "requirement" that it should extend its Sixth Avenue line. For other extensions in the northern part of the city there was fierce rivalry between the Metropolitan and Third Avenue companies, resulting in charges and countercharges of corruption, and in the laying of four tracks on Amsterdam Avenue, to the intense indignation of its residents. When, under the law, a small extension privilege was offered at auction, a third bidder, the People's Traction Company, offered the entire gross receipts, and afterward several times these, — a mystery which has never been altogether solved.

The Metropolitan Company was understood to be "in with" Tammany, and the Third Avenue with Republican politicians; but when the Third Avenue line was retransformed from cable to electric traction, Tammany's power was sufficient to require this company to cancel a contract for reconstruction which it had made, and give a new contract, at an increased price, to a politician contractor who was chairman of one of the Tammany committees. The Third Avenue Company, reeking with jobbery, came rapidly to its decline and fall: the Metropolitan Company expressed unwillingness to assume its burdens; efforts to finance it met with many difficulties; at last came a crash, in which its shares, which in 1899 had ranged from 242 to 117¾, fell, on March 2, 1900, to 45¼. Ex-Mayor Hugh J. Grant, formerly

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a Tammany magnate, was appointed receiver; and when the stock recovered it was found that the Metropolitan Railway interests held a majority of the shares. About $9,000,000 of the stock is now held in the Metropolitan treasury, assuring control, and $50,000,000 bonds on the Third Avenue property, virtually guaranteed by the Metropolitan Company, are in process of issue. This has been the final *coup* by which the Metropolitan Street Railway Company has obtained the monopoly of surface railways in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. It has now a capitalization of $45,000,000 stock, ruling at about 170, aside from about $18,000,000 stock in controlled lines (including Third Avenue) not in its treasury, and above $90,000,000 bonds (including $40,000,000 of the guaranteed Third Avenue bonds); representing, roughly, a market value of at least $200,000,000. The ablest administrative ability has been enlisted in this service; economies and improvements have been everywhere effected; the results accomplished have been marvelous indeed; and if the end justifies the means, the promoters have reason to be pleased with their work.

The Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company, into which were merged, in 1879, both the New York and the Metropolitan elevated railroads, initiated in 1875, has reached, with the usual processes of stock manipulation and multiplication, a capitalization of $48,000,000 stock and $40,000,000 bonds, having a market value, approximately, of $100,000,000; but it has not yet been brought into the general fold, and the alliance prophesied by a traffic agreement with the Third Avenue surface road, made in 1899, for transfers from one system to the other for a supplementary three-cent fare, has come to little. The company enjoyed many facilities through a good understanding with "the powers that be," until its president, George J. Gould, declined to concede to Richard Croker for his Auto-Truck Company the privilege of laying pneumatic tubes along the elevated structure. A picturesque account of an interview between Mr. Gould and Mr. Croker was made public, and a simultaneous and concentrated cross-fire from the city authorities upon the company began. The Park Commissioners notified the company to remove its structure from Battery Park; the Health Department discovered that the supports were in unsafe and dangerous condition; and ordinances proposed in the municipal assembly required the company to inclose its stations in glass and place drip pans under its structure, to operate trains on five-minute headway throughout the twenty-four hours, under $100 penalty for each omission, and to give up its revenues from newspaper stands and advertising. A renewal of friendly relations averted the threatened dangers; but effective notice was given to other companies of the treatment to be expected in case they failed to conform with the desires of the ruling powers.

When gas began to supplant oil for lighting, the New York Gas Company, organized in 1823, with a capital of $1,000,000, was given exclusive rights for thirty years in the built-up part of the city, and supplied gas at $10 the thousand cubic feet. A dozen gas companies have since been formed, — some confined by charter or by agreement to specified parts of the city, others organized for purposes of competition, — whose history has been a confused tangle of asserted corruption, rivalry, "gas wars," pooling, consolidation, overcapitalization, protests from consumers, movements for a municipal plant, improvements in manufacture, appeals to the legislature, and reductions of price, mostly in obedience to legislative requirement. In 1884, the New York, Manhattan, Mutual, Harlem, Metropolitan,

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Municipal, and Knickerbocker companies, which had formed a pool maintaining prices at $2.25, were merged into the Consolidated Gas Company, with a nominal capital of $45,000,000, but with "less than $20,000,000 actual investment," according to the Thomas Committee's report to the legislature in 1885. The company itself valued the combined franchises at $7,781,000, for which practically nothing had been paid to the city. The Mutual Company, because of a provision in its charter which forbade combination, was obliged to withdraw from the Consolidated Company, and the proposed capitalization was reduced accordingly; but it was understood that a controlling interest in the $3,500,000 stock of the Mutual Company passed to the Consolidated Company or its leading stockholders. The Equitable Gas Company was organized in 1882, to compete with these companies, and supplied gas in 1884 at $1.75; and in 1885 still another rival, the Standard Company, was incorporated. The grant to this company raised so great a scandal that the legislature, in 1886, in a spasm of virtue, reduced prices to $1.25 per thousand feet. In 1894 a new corporation, the East River Gas Company, obtained a franchise to lay its mains in New York, and to build a tunnel under the East River to bring gas from the Long Island side, for which it was to pay 3 per cent of its gross receipts. All these companies maintained prices at the maximum legal rate of $1.25, but were in furious competition in supplying apparatus gratis, until November, 1896, when another pool was formed, the business parceled out, and the competing agents discharged. These employees took their revenge by holding a mass meeting at Cooper Institute, December 31, 1896, at which they started an agitation for a municipal plant and for "dollar gas." The fighting was now transferred to the legislature, which, despite the efforts of the gas companies, reduced the price to $1.20 for 1897, and 5 cents each year thereafter until "dollar gas" should be reached in 1901.

In January, 1898, the East River and Equitable companies were brought together into the New Amsterdam Gas Company, having a capitalization of $21,000,000 stock and $20,750,000 bonds, with Anthony N. Brady at its head. The Standard Company maintained its identity, having a capitalization of $8,721,000 stock and $1,362,000 bonds, with Russell Sage as president, while the Consolidated Company still held the lead in the gas situation with a capital of $39,078,000 and $2,158,000 floating indebtedness. The three companies had together a total capitalization, share and loan, approximating $100,000,000, and probably exceeding that amount if the stocks and bonds of merged or controlled companies were included. An Astoria Gas, Heat, Light, and Power Company had been organized, which also was to supply gas through a tunnel under the East River, and which was granted questionable privileges; but this was understood to be an enterprise of one of the existing companies, incidental to the gas war which presently ensued.

An endeavor to force further consolidation resulted in 1899 in a "rate war," which cut prices from $1.10 to 65 cents, and later to 50 cents, per thousand feet. This war lasted until March, 1900, when, as the result of the combination meantime effected, former rates were resumed, — to the sorrow of the consuming public, — the Brady interests having been brought into line with the Consolidated Gas Company; Russell Sage having been deposed from the presidency of the Standard Company, and the voting power of the majority of its stock put in the hands of a protective committee, also in the interests of the Consolidated Company. Thus unification of the gas interests became an accomplished fact.

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Electric lighting had begun in New York before 1880 with the arc lights of the Brush Company, though the aldermanic permit granting a franchise was not secured until May 3, 1881, at which time, also, a like franchise was given to the United States Illuminating Company, — the two companies afterward associated under Westinghouse control. Both these, in common with all other companies then existing, used overhead conductors and the high-tension current, and it was generally asserted by electrical authorities that the electric current could not be conveyed underground. Meantime, Edison had worked out his incandescent lamp, — stimulated at the start, curiously enough, by a quarrel over the bills of a gas company, — and had successfully attacked the problem of an underground system of conductors. The Edison Electric Light Company, afterward merged into the General Electric Company, had been organized in 1878 to develop the Edison system, and, under royalty arrangements with it, the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of New York was organized December 17, 1880, and obtained on April 10, 1881, the first aldermanic permit for an electric franchise within the limits of New York.

For some years New York was the battleground of the fierce contest between the high-tension overhead-wire arc-lamp systems, represented chiefly by the Westinghouse interests, and the low-tension underground-conductor incandescent Edison system. The public authorities, stimulated by an indignant public opinion over the fatal accidents from overhead wires, obtained from the legislature in 1885 an act creating a Board of Commissioners of Electrical Subways, which was to require the placing of all wires underground. In a supplementary act of 1887, giving this body increased powers under the new name of the Board of Electrical Control, an agreement made between the Board and the Consolidated Telegraph and Electrical Subway Company was specifically ratified and confirmed. This company had been organized as a quasi-public corporation with private capital, as the agent of the city to furnish underground conduits which should be rented to the electric-lighting companies under rentals to be regulated by the Board of Electrical Control, and in which all electric-lighting companies should be obligatory tenants. The politicians saw in this a great opportunity, but the capital required was so large as to be beyond their possibilities, and the Subway Company was ultimately financed by the telephone and Edison interests. In 1887 and subsequent years, the boom given to electric lighting resulted in the organization of a number of minor companies, nine authorizations having been granted in 1887–88 by the common council, and still others later by the Board of Electrical Control, — all the new companies using overhead wires and high-tension systems. The contest between the city authorities and the overhead-wire companies was waged with great waste of capital on the part of the companies, until the city was finally successful in abolishing the poles in 1892.

Meantime, in 1891, the telegraph and telephone cables and the Edison low-tension conductors had been put, by permissive legislation, under the jurisdiction of a subway company known as the Empire City Subway Company, exclusively owned by the interests which nominally leased the low-tension subways, leaving to the Consolidated Subway Company, of which the telephone interests were the main owners, the control and the burden of the high-tension conduits. The high-tension companies, though spared the investment necessary to build subways for themselves, complained bitterly of the situation, which was certainly anomalous. Not the city, but a private corporation, with the power of the city behind it, provided all the subways, at rates fixed by the Board of Electrical Control, and although the situation was not misused as was

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claimed, it seemed to invite misuse against any companies not *personæ gratæ*. The minor companies, organized on an inadequate basis, were not financially successful. The Edison interests purchased three of them, — the Manhattan and the Harlem companies, practically one system, from their original promoters, at about cost, and later, after a bankruptcy reorganization, the East River Company, supplementing that system, — as a competing arm in case of a threatened "rate war;" but proffers of the other companies and of the high-tension subways were declined. The multiplication and division of high-tension companies, in fact, gave the Edison low-tension company opportunity for perhaps larger success than as a monopoly.

The electrical situation in New York had attracted the attention of many promoters, and particularly of Anthony N. Brady, one of those remarkable "self-made" men, more frequent in America than in any other country, who by sheer force of native ability overcome opposing circumstances and make their mark in affairs. This type, when it works toward good ends and is not unscrupulous in method, is creditable in the highest degree, but contrariwise it is the material of the boss. Mr. Brady, who rose from humble occupations in Albany, there attracted the favorable notice of Governor Flower, and the relationship between the two lasted in reciprocal loyalty until Governor Flower's death, in May, 1899. Mr. Brady took hold of an unsuccessful mining enterprise in which many Albany people had lost money; his handling brought the stock up to par, and thus began his career as a promoter and financier. He had come into relation with electric interests in Albany, and through the North River Electric Light Company, occupying the streets north of the Harlem River, had been brought into touch with the electrical situation in New York. With the final purpose of securing control in Manhattan, he first turned his attention to the conditions across the East River, where the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Brooklyn had obtained practically a monopoly of electric lighting in that borough. The Citizens' Electric Light Company, organized during the heydays of the McLaughlin ring, as one means of sharing the spoils, had stolen water from the city through an unrecorded water main, had obtained much of the public lighting, and had practically used up its old machinery in an obsolete central station. The Brooklyn Edison Company had purchased and bettered this system, and was also taking over the so-called Municipal Electric Light Company, — a private corporation, which had a rival system in the eastern district of Brooklyn. In 1897 Mr. Brady and his associates organized the Kings County Electric Light and Power Company, and proceeded to announce great plans, to build a waterside station, and to lay some miles of conduits in the principal streets, the Subway Company's exclusive privilege not extending to Brooklyn. There was a sharp legal contest for possession of the Municipal Company. An injunction was obtained by the Brady people against an arrangement made by the Edison people; but this was obviated by another line of negotiations, and the purchase by the Edison Company was completed. But the Brooklyn Edison Company had about 40 per cent of its revenue from public lighting; it now began to have trouble with the city authorities. Bills were "held up," for one reason or another, until a large debt from the city had accumulated, and the Edison interests felt the coils of the Laocoön serpents about them. Finally, negotiations with Mr. Brady resulted, in the summer of 1898, in the sale of Edison stock for an even amount in 6 per cent purchase-money bonds, $1,000,000 being deposited by the purchasers for betterments. It was afterward stated that

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much of the Kings County Company's exploitation had been "bluff," — apparent rather than real preparation for practical business.

The Edison Company in New York had developed a position peculiarly strong. It was generally considered that if any corporation could withstand "politics," it could. There was little, if any over-capitalization. The difference between capital account and the value of the physical properties was chiefly payments in stock as royalty on the Edison patents; for stock returned by the parent company from this royalty was sufficient to cover preliminary expenses, experimental engineering, or wasted construction, against which Mr. Edison's foresight, particularly in the initial adoption of underground conductors, had been a great safeguard. This difference was much more than covered by the "good will" of its growing business. Nevertheless, the policy of the administration had been to increase the dividend from 4 to 6 per cent only, writing off a liberal allowance for wear and tear of equipment, and investing the balance out of earnings, which reached $12\frac{6}{10}$ per cent in 1898, in new plant, until actual physical values should equal capitalization, and the good will should be a surplus asset, represented to the stockholder in the premium on his stock above a par value for which there was dollar for dollar of physical assets. This policy was intended to safeguard the company against future competition from possible new companies, starting afresh with the latest machinery, and without royalty charges or experimental costs. But it was contrary to the Wall Street trend of realizing high values by paying large dividends, and it kept the stock out of the market, inactive and unspeculative because held strongly by investors, and ruling lower in price than its actual or potential value, and subjected the company to some criticism. Three cardinal principles had been laid down: that no money or other consideration should be paid, directly or indirectly, for political influence or protection, or for other questionable purposes; that the price of electric current should be lowered as fast as the increase of output and the decrease of cost permitted, and should be invariably the same to each consumer under like conditions; and that no man should be denied work because he was not or was a member of a labor union. For years not a penny had leaked to "strikers," either at Albany or New York, and "strike bills" were met by immediate personal appearances of the executive and counsel at legislative hearings, with all the figures and books that could be asked for, placed frankly at the disposal of the legislators. The "boys" were puzzled by this queer kind of corporation, and those who held to the doctrine which leads conscientious directors to permit corruption to go on — that it is better to surrender to highwaymen part of the funds you hold in trust than to chance losing all — were sure that this policy could not last. Full publication of figures was made in the annual reports. Prices had been from time to time reduced, always voluntarily, as a matter of business policy, so that the average return per unit sold had been reduced from 16 cents to 11 cents, although no substantial reduction had been found practicable to the consumers who paid returns on a costly investment for only an hour's daily use. The Edison Company had an understanding with the other companies that it would give them advance notice of any change of prices; that it would maintain its stated prices strictly; and that it would not solicit customers from other companies, although free to take business which came unsolicited. This arrangement was reciprocated and worked well, the slight misunderstandings occasioned by agents being promptly set right on frank comparison of notes by the executives. Any customer

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could see any other customer's bills, if question of unfair price were raised. A labor benefit dividend was paid to employees out of the profits of the year, and in addition to a staff council, meeting weekly, a labor council, representing the wage-earners of all departments, cared alike for the interests of the men and of the company. Within ten years the Edison Company had doubled the number of its stations, increased its engine capacity from 4000 to 24,000 horse power, its customers from 1700 to 8700, its "lamp equivalent" from 77,000 to 915,000, its output from 2,000,000 to 22,000,000 kilowatt hours, its underground mains and feeders from 110 to 236 miles, its total earnings from less than $500,000 to $2,700,000. It had bought land and made plans for a waterside central station, to be the largest in the world, and had practically determined to reduce its basic price from one cent to three quarters cent per 16 candle-power lamp hour (below actual cost for the smaller users, but justifiable on the principle of equal postal rates), and to increase its dividend to 8 per cent. Its advance calculations, reaching to 1900, indicated for that year an output of at least 36,000,000 kilowatt hours, generated at a cost of but half that in 1898, and net earnings not less than 16 to 18 per cent. The policy proposed was, after bringing the actual physical properties up to par of stock, by appropriating surplus earnings for betterments, to distribute to stockholders, in dividends, the entire net earnings, keeping these at a maximum of 10 per cent by giving to the public continuously reduced prices. The company, in short, had reached a stage from which its prosperity promised to grow in geometrical ratio, permitting yearly decrease of prices and increase of dividends. It offered a tempting prize to the free cruisers on the financial seas.

The first attack upon the Edison Company of New York was through the Stock Exchange. Early in October, 1898, a bear "drive" was made upon the Edison stock from the office of Flower & Co. The price was temporarily depressed from 128 below 120, but the stock was widely and strongly held for investment; investors, instead of selling, began to buy, and the raiders found that they could not obtain control in this way. The stock promptly recovered, and the Edison situation was in fact strengthened by the failure of this *coup*. The New York company, though the owning interests were in some measure those which had been behind the Brooklyn company, was in no danger, it was said, from the tactics used to capture the Brooklyn company, because only 8 per cent of its revenue came from city lighting, and it was not otherwise at the mercy of the politicians. Nevertheless, the proverbial timidity of capital and the widespread fear of Tammany ramifications opened the way to a like result.

The Metropolitan Street Railway Company, in providing in 1898 for the transformation of its Broadway system to electric power, had laid an extraordinary number of conduits along that line. It had failed to obtain legal authority to sell electric current for other than its own use, the notorious Eldridge bill of 1898, which, by one of its provisions, granted to street railway companies the right to dispose of "surplus" electric power, having been vetoed by Governor Black; and it explained authoritatively that all these ducts would be needed for a feeder system which would make each section of the line electrically independent of every other, and that they were intended solely for railway purposes. Meantime, a mysterious corporation, with incorporators unknown to fame or to the directory, had filed a certificate of incorporation at Albany, under the comprehensive name of the New York Gas and Electric Light, Heat, and Power Company, with a proposed capital of $25,000,000, on which an organization

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tax of $31,250 was actually paid. This corporation proved to be a "Brady company," and it was rumored that Mr. Whitney and the traction interests were also behind it, and that through it the Metropolitan Street Railway Company would come into the lighting business. The first move of the Power Company, as it came to be called, was to purchase the securities and control of the Consolidated Subway Company — which was a "white elephant" on the hands of the telephone interests — and of the minor electric-lighting companies. Those remaining were the local Westinghouse companies, for which the price asked was considered too high, and the Edison Company. The control of the subways gave no legal advantage, because the Board of Electrical Control was bound to assure equal rights and terms to all companies desiring or using ducts; but this did not prevent fear of trouble from methods, in the words of the New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, "not unfamiliar to great combinations of capital, sometimes called freezing out, sometimes buying out, sometimes clubbing out."

On the securities purchased, the Brady interests proposed to issue Power Company mortgage bonds, for which they sought a market, and, very cleverly, a banker who was a director of the Edison Company was asked to handle the bonds. He replied, promptly and properly, that, as an Edison director, he must first consider the interests of the Edison Company; whereupon a proposition to purchase the Edison property was duly made. Threats are not usual in such negotiations, but there is sometimes an emphasis of certain features of the situation. As prophesied by the correspondent already quoted, the Edison Company might "find itself confronted with two alternatives: to enter into ruinous competition, or to deliver itself for a price to the mysterious corporation." The Tammany menace was a still more serious consideration. This director, fearful as to the results of a struggle, and seeing a legitimate business opportunity in a transaction through which his clients might get a higher price for their stock than the ruling market price, after conference with another banker director, arranged that an offer should be considered. The banking houses of these directors afterward made up, with the Central Trust Company representing the Power Company, a syndicate by which a transfer of control was finally effected. While the negotiations were being privately conducted, information as to the personnel, power, and prospects of the Power Company was made public through the press. The New York Journal announced that the "Big Eight" behind the concern were Mr. Whitney, Mr. Brady, ex-Governor Flower, Messrs. Widener, Elkins, and Dolan, of the Philadelphia traction syndicate, and Messrs. Ryan and Flynn, both well-known promoters. It printed a diagram, absolutely without foundation in fact, representing the maximum requirement of electric current for railway purposes as between seven and eight P. M., and for the lighting companies as from eight P. M. to one A. M., in proof of the economy of employing the same electric plant for traction and for lighting. The actual facts were that the maximums came closely together, with little, if any possible saving by combination, about six o'clock of a winter day, when the street cars were carrying the home-goers, and when office lighting and industrial motors downtown overlapped residence lighting uptown. It was announced as from an official representative of Mr. Whitney that a reduction of 30 per cent to consumers might be expected from the economy thus indicated. This newspaper talk naturally had an unsettling and disquieting effect.

Assurances had been given that the management of the Edison Company would be continued and protected, and

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the proposed purchase was at once made known to the active executive and to the other leading directors, and later to the larger stockholders, under the seal of confidence. The condition created by this confidence was peculiar. It was not imposed from motives of secrecy, for the sale was conducted throughout in the best of faith, but to prevent premature disclosures of negotiations which it was thought could not be carried on publicly without affecting the market value of the securities unfairly to all concerned, and perhaps making the transaction impossible. No meeting of the stockholders was held for the discussion of the proposed transfer; for the transaction was in form not a transfer of the company, but a concerted sale of private holdings, which was not to be consummated until 55 per cent of the shares were included. The directors were prohibited by law from selling stock not in their holding, nor could they, as a Board, sell control of the company. The proposals were discussed in meetings of the directors, but, for the same reason, never by the Board of Directors as such. The active executive stated that he should oppose a surrender by sale, and proffered his resignation, but was formally requested, by resolution, to remain in administration, and found himself under moral compulsion to do so, in the interests of the stockholders, though his hands and tongue were tied until the proposed transaction should be arranged and announced. It became his contradictory duty to coöperate in getting the best terms in negotiations to which he was opposed. Other directors were opposed to the transfer, but thought it wiser to take a good price than to risk a struggle with Tammany and its city administration. "You have no idea what these people can do to you," said one of the directors, a partner in a house foremost on the Street. These people were the triumvirate of Mr. Brady, on the promoting side, Hugh J. Grant, Tammany ex-mayor, on the political side, and Frederick P. Olcott, president of the Central Trust Company, on the financial side, with Mr. Whitney as the power behind the throne, and Tammany looming in the background. The Edison directors who were negotiating were not willing to advise a sale under 200 cash. It was finally arranged that 220 per share should be paid in 4 per cent purchase-money bonds (for which one of the syndicate houses guaranteed to pay at least 85, making 187 cash for the stock) secured by the Edison stock sold, and by $4,000,000 for investment in betterments to be supplied through the Central Trust Company, which was the trustee of the bonds, and was to hold the stock as collateral therefor in a voting trust. After the great body of the stock had come under this voting trust, the Edison shares were withdrawn from the list of securities sold on the New York Stock Exchange, and thus minority stockholders had no longer real share in the administration of the company, or the resource of an open market for the sale of their holdings.

This transaction required for the Edison capital of $9,200,000, bonds to the amount of $20,240,000, to which $760,000 was added for expenses and profit of the syndicate. As Mr. Edison tersely said, this was only "paying with the printing press." This issue required 9 per cent dividend on the stock to cover the 4 per cent interest on the bonds; but the company was earning over 12 per cent for 1898, and it had been estimated that it would earn normally, at its ratio of growth, approximately 14 to 16 per cent in 1899, and 16 to 18 per cent in 1900. The syndicate houses, before issuing a circular stating the proposition, made sure that a majority interest in the stock was friendly to the arrangement, and the others concerned were under pledge of confidence. Not until the formal announcement had been issued by the syndicate, early in 1899, was the

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seal of confidence removed, and opposition then could be little more than protest from minority stockholders. A number of stockholders expressed a preference to keep their stock, but in fear of consequences made the exchange, or sold in open market, at about 195 cash, until all but a few hundred shares were in possession of the Power Company.

On the resignation of the active executive, which followed immediately, ex-Mayor Grant was elected first vice president; but the real control was held by Mr. Brady himself, through a personal representative who was made general manager, the former incumbent being retained as associate general manager. No other changes in personnel were made, except that the secretary was later replaced by a son of Mr. Brady. The former directors were replaced, seriatim, mostly by "dummies," — the Wall Street name for directors who merely do as they are directed. The administration of the minor electric companies was gathered into the Edison building, some rearrangements were made, new Edison sub-stations were erected, and additional current was obtained from the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, while the work on the great waterside station, which had been stopped by the negotiations, was resumed and pushed forward. As the corporation laws provided that bonds should not be issued to a greater amount than the capital stock, the capital stock of the Power Company was increased to $36,000,000, to offset the issue of $21,000,000 Edison and $15,000,000 other purchase-money bonds, — a process complying with the letter of the law by inverting its intent. No reduction of prices was made, except possibly by special arrangement with individual consumers, and in fact the fixed charges of bond interest had added several cents per unit to the cost of current.

While these electrical consolidations had been in process the gas war was going merrily on, and had indeed developed into a battle of the giants. The Consolidated Gas Company, on the one side, had behind it the Standard Oil interests, with the National City Bank and other banks and trust companies, and it had also secured a hold in the electrical situation. The Power Company had declined to pay the price asked for the local Westinghouse companies, which had been much above evident value, and the "freezing-out" process was in progress when the properties were suddenly and secretly sold, — not even their executive officer knowing who the real purchasers were. Rumor at first named the Third Avenue Railroad; later it proved that it was the Consolidated Gas Company which had thus stolen a march on its Whitney-Brady rivals. The New Amsterdam Gas Company and the Power Company, controlling all the other electrical companies, on the other side, were in alliance with the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, — with Mr. Whitney and the Philadelphia syndicate, the Central Trust Company and the State Trust Company, behind them. This was the situation on the chessboard up to the "break" in Wall Street on December 18, 1899, when the suspension of the Produce Exchange Trust Company precipitated a "day of panic and financial wrecks." A hundred million dollars would probably be a low estimate of the shrinkage of market values on that direful day. Consolidated Gas stock dropped from 179 to 169, but the greatest weakness developed in the Whitney securities, Metropolitan Street Railway stock dropping from 167 to 147. The conservative action of leading bankers stayed the panic; but after the smoke had cleared away, it became known that the control of the Power Company had passed to the "Octopus," as the Consolidated Gas Company had come to be known.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of this company, in the January im-

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mediately following, was an interesting example of the modern method of handling corporations. The acquisition of the Power Company had been announced, and at this meeting it was proposed to elect Mr. Whitney, Mr. Brady, and Mr. Ryan as members of the Consolidated Board. Some opposition to the rate war and to the proposed absorption of the Power Company had developed. When the meeting was called to order, the chairman of the Board at once announced that the polls were open for balloting. The holder of the opposition proxies rose to speak, but the chairman recognized a stockholder who made a motion that a recess be taken for an hour while the voting was going on. After the statutory hour required for the polling had passed, and the meeting was again called to order, the chairman recognized a stockholder who moved that the meeting adjourn *sine die*, and that the tellers be directed to file their report of the vote with the secretary; he declined to recognize the representative of the minority stockholders, on the ground that the motion was not debatable, and declared the motion to adjourn carried. It was later announced that out of 390,780 shares outstanding, 281,919 shares had been voted, all for the directors as nominated. The Consolidated Gas Company, it appeared, had arranged to purchase the entire $36,000,000 capital stock of the Power Company at par, with debentures to an equal amount which might be converted within six months into gas stock. The new board of the Consolidated Gas Company recommended the issue of 155,172 new shares of stock, which, at the price agreed upon of $232 (being 43 per cent in gas stock at par for each Power Company share), would take up these debentures, and the proposition was ratified at a special meeting of the stockholders, March 9, 1900. This new issue brought the capital stock of the Consolidated Gas Company up to $54,595,200, and later further increase to $80,000,000 was authorized, of which $72,814,800 has been issued. The "Street," which had at first considered the transaction a serious blow at Mr. Whitney's prestige, now changed its view, and gave him credit for a merger in which he held his own; but the real terms of the truce have never been fully made known.

An extraordinary incident of the campaign developed about this time through a petition by a minority stockholder of the State Trust Company, in which Mr. Whitney and his associates had obtained, in December, 1898, a controlling interest, for an investigation by the State Banking Department as to certain specified loans. In the new directorate were Mr. Whitney, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Widener, President Vreeland of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, and Elihu Root, one of the counsel for the Whitney-Brady interests. The state banking law provided that no banking corporation should make any loan "directly or indirectly to any director or officer," or any loan "to an amount exceeding one-fifth part of its capital stock actually paid in, and surplus." The State Trust Company had a capital stock of $1,000,000, and about $1,200,000 surplus, which made the maximum legal loan approximately $440,000. The petition alleged that among the loans were $2,000,000 to Daniel H. Shea, a person unknown in the financial community; $1,000,000 to Moore and Schley, bankers associated with some of the Whitney-Brady enterprises; $785,000 to Mr. Brady; $412,800 to William F. Sheehan, counsel for some of his interests; $435,000 to Louis F. Payn, a widely known member of the "third house" at Albany, whose appointment as Superintendent of Insurance had provoked a storm of protest; and $500,000 to the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, — a total of over $5,000,000 to one set of inter-

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ests, which was about a third of the capital and deposits. Shea, who proved to be an employee in Mr. Ryan's office, suddenly leaped into fame as the office boy who had borrowed $2,000,000. The Superintendent of Banks promptly reported, January 13, 1900, that the company's affairs were in an entirely solvent condition, and added apologetically that the "excessive loan of $2,000,000 made to a representative of a syndicate in which three of the directors were interested" was amply secured, and that the loan of $500,000 "had been reduced to the legal limit." The collateral for these loans included 20,000 shares of Electric Vehicle stock, a Whitney enterprise which had recently increased its capital by this amount, 20,000 shares of Power Company stock, and $2,000,000 Consolidated Gas debentures. The State Trust Company weathered the exposure, but was afterward merged into the Morton Trust Company, and the episode is significant chiefly as showing the ramifications and methods of the transactions here chronicled.

When the control of the Power Company passed to the Consolidated Gas Company, the new directorate of the former included President Gawtry and others of the Gas Company, with Mr. Brady and his associates, who continued in management. There remained outstanding a few hundred minority shares of the Edison stock, and these were treated as having no rights, beyond the dividends, which the majority could be expected to recognize. Reports of earnings and of the condition of the company were no longer published; no information was given to the stockholders at the annual meeting, and individual requests for figures were refused; and the voting trust at the stockholders' meeting passed votes approving and confirming all the acts of the directors, against protest of the minority that such votes could not be passed without information (which was refused) as to what the acts of the directors had been. Nine per cent dividend on the $9,200,000 Edison stock, required to pay the 4 per cent interest on the $21,000,000 purchase-money bonds, could not be legally paid without including in its benefits the minority stockholders. The bond interest above 6 per cent dividend was therefore obtained from other sources, up to May, 1901. To ease this situation, and to release the $8,962,500 Edison stock acquired by the Power Company, but tied up as security for the $21,000,000 purchase-money bonds, it was then proposed to take advantage of a clause in the deed of trust by which the Central Trust Company, as trustee for the bondholders, was permitted to surrender the Edison stock if the Edison properties were directly pledged as security. Notice was served of a fresh consolidation, by which the existent Edison Electric Illuminating Company of New York and the New York Gas and Electric Light, Heat, and Power Company were to be merged in a new company, to be called the New York Edison Company, which, when organized, was to make such direct pledge of the Edison properties. The accrued surplus Edison earnings, which were stated to be $31.15 per share, were to be paid to the Edison stockholders (including the Power Company) assenting to the merger, but not to others. One and a quarter shares of the new stock were to be given for each share of Power Company stock, and, to induce minority acquiescence, five shares for old Edison stock. As to those recalcitrants who declined to take the watered stock and dissented from the arrangement, reliance was had upon a clause in the corporation laws providing for a judicial appraisal. This plan was formally carried out, under protest from minority stockholders; for although there were doubts as to its legality, there was no sufficient interest to enter upon a costly contest. The resultant is a consolidated company, in-

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cluding all the electric-lighting companies in Manhattan except the Westinghouse companies (these being directly owned by the Consolidated Gas Company), with a stock capital of $45,200,000, — all but a few hundred shares being owned by the Consolidated Gas Company. The new capital equals the sum total of the capital stocks of the two merged companies: $9,200,000 Edison, of which $8,962,500 was already owned by the Power Company, and $36,000,000 Power Company, of which $21,000,000 had originally been based on the Edison properties. Underlying this stock capital — which represents little, if any actual money investment, except possibly the $4,000,000 cash pledged for Edison betterments, as all the stocks and properties acquired were paid for in bonds — is $39,950,000 of Power bonds, $6,500,000 Edison bonds and other bonds of merged companies being still outstanding. It is difficult to state lucidly this extraordinary multiplication of complications, in which the original $9,200,000 Edison stock is represented by the $21,000,000 Power Company purchase-money bonds, the $21,000,000 Power Company stock based on the Edison property already purchased by these bonds, and the $9,200,000 again added as the old Edison capital in the new company. This is an aggregate of $57,700,000 out of a total capitalization, share and loan, of the new company exceeding $85,000,000, built up within two years, with which to carry on a business, based chiefly on the Edison earning power, which under the old conditions would have been done to-day on approximately $20,000,000 capitalization. This development may be carried further by the issue of new bonds of the new company, if a market can be found for them, when a fresh consolidation with the Westinghouse companies, and again with the Brooklyn companies, might repeat the process indefinitely.

It is impossible to state with full accuracy the total capitalization of the gas and electric interests in Manhattan and the Bronx now under control of the "Octopus" consolidation. It is understood that the $72,814,000 to which the stock capital of the Consolidated Gas Company has recently been increased, absorbs the stock both of the New Amsterdam and of the Standard gas companies, as well as of the new Edison Company, and perhaps also of the Astoria Company, which came avowedly under its control at the 1901 election of directors, but this may not cover all of the Mutual and other shares. Of bonds of the several companies, $71,747,000 are scheduled as outstanding, but this schedule may not be fully comprehensive. Allowing 210 as a recent average price of the stock, and par for the bonds, the market value of the gas and electric securities in New York is thus at least $222,000,000, not including the borough of Brooklyn, which field, it is reported, will presently be covered in a further consolidation.

The situation here noted is not without parallel in lesser degree in other cities than New York, into which the Whitney and Brady interests, the "Philadelphia syndicate," and financiers of similar methods have, severally or jointly, made their way. The disregard of public interests by speculative promoters abusing political power perhaps reached its acme in Philadelphia, where a municipal gas plant was so misused as to invite a reaction in favor of arrangements with a private corporation, and where a similar neglect of the water system, in an endeavor to force a water contract not unlike the notorious Ramapo scheme in New York, had the awful result, according to the Philadelphia newspapers, of numerous deaths from typhoid fever. The combination of the *haute finance* with base politics is not a question of party name or of affiliation, as the oft-cited comparison of New York and Philadelphia sufficiently suggests,

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for the financing which uses municipal politics as its tool works not only by help of the dominant party, but with the connivance of the minority as well. The recognition of this fact has led to the several movements to deal with the franchise question, once for all, in the fundamental law, in substantial accord with the suggestions of the National Municipal League.

The charter of Greater New York declares the rights of the city in and to its streets and all other public places to be inalienable, and provides that no franchise or right to use the streets shall be granted for a longer period than twenty-five years, with possible renewals, on revaluation, not exceeding in the aggregate twenty-five years more. The grant is to provide whether, at the expiration of the franchise, the plant and its appurtenances should become the property of the city without further compensation, or upon a fair valuation. If the city obtains the property without money payment, it may operate the plant on its own account, or renew the grant for not exceeding twenty years more, upon a fair revaluation, or lease the same to others for a like term; but if it makes money payment for the property, it must operate the plant on its own account for at least five years, after which it may determine to continue such operation or to lease the franchise. Every grant must make adequate provision to secure efficiency of public service at reasonable rates, and the maintenance of the property in good condition. The grant must be embodied in an ordinance stating all the terms and conditions, including rates and compensation, which must be published at least twenty days before action, and a three-fourths vote of the municipal assembly must be had, after approval of the terms by the Board of Estimate.

Next to that in the charter for Greater New York, the most important utterance on this subject, and one which deserves the attention of all students of municipal conditions, is the Report of the Street Railway Commission of Chicago, made at the close of 1900. The report accepts the principle that the street railway business should be recognized as a monopoly business, involving unification of management. It declares that franchise grants should be limited in duration, and that broad powers of public control should be exercised, suggesting a municipal committee, with regular quarters open during business hours for receiving complaints from citizens, and with the best expert assistance at its service. It holds that a city should possess and reserve the right to own and operate street railways, as a help in making better terms with private corporations, and that ownership of the trackage and of whatever may form a part of the street should be resumed by the city at the earliest practicable time, — every additional grant of privileges from the municipality being made an opportunity to provide for the reacquisition of street privileges previously granted in perpetuity or for extended periods. The people should have a direct voice, through a referendum, in the settlement of street railway questions, and the affairs of the company should be open and known to the public, as if managed and owned by the public directly. The public, it maintains, has the right to demand uninterrupted street railway service, and arbitration for the settlement of labor disputes. The law should forbid overcapitalization. Frontage consents should be required only when tracks are first laid, and the right of abutting property owners to prevent the use of a street, regardless of the public need, should not be absolute and unqualified. The city should be in a position to require the use of traffic subways in congested districts, to prohibit the use of overhead trolleys, and to insist upon the most desirable form of motive power. The question of low fares *versus* compensation, and the question of uniform fare

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as against graded fares or a zone system, should be matters of public policy, and there should be coördination between surface lines and steam and elevated roads. This able report, with its informing appendixes, fairly reflects the conservative yet progressive opinion of those best qualified to speak.

Both these documents emphasize the importance of reserving to the municipality, as a last resort against the greed of corporations, the power to municipalize franchise industries; that is, to undertake the actual operation of street railways, and the supply of gas, electricity, etc., as of water, by the city itself. The New York charter makes such operation obligatory for a period of five years, in case a plant is purchased on valuation by the city, — a provision intended to prevent the foisting of a plant upon the city by private capitalists, with the purpose of leasing it back again, freed from the necessity for investment. But, except by those who favor socialism *per se*, it is generally admitted by the advocates of municipal operation, as distinguished from municipal ownership of franchises with proper inspection and control, that, until the civil service of our cities, and especially the municipal employment of labor, is in better shape, municipalization is fraught with dangers. Municipal operation in Philadelphia, under conditions parallel to those in New York, has been made to play into the hands of private corporations; and the authorities in an English city which has municipalized its gas and electric plants frankly admit that they cannot maintain a standard of labor as high as under private operation, because the dismissal of an employee is the signal for overwhelming use of political influence in defense of the discharged constituent. It is, of course, a question whether secret subservience of public utility corporations to a corrupt political organization in exchange for franchise privileges has not greater disadvantages than municipalization itself; but the danger of applying so drastic a remedy for what are perhaps temporary conditions is suggested in the mere thought of turning over the transportation and supply services of New York to direct Tammany administration. The alternative of municipal ownership of franchises and of street and wharf structures, leased under proper conditions of control and inspection to operating companies, which has been made prominent in the New York charter, has been for years an entire success with respect to the ferries between New York and Brooklyn, which are periodically subject to new arrangements between the city and the operating companies.

It should be fully conceded that pioneers in industrial progress, who take large risks in the service of the public, are entitled to large profits, and that good service is entitled to good returns. But the pioneer work and the great risks of electric railways, in city or country, of gas and electric lighting, and of other public utilities, are matters of the past, and there is no longer semblance of justification for a condition of things through which promoters can, by manipulation of the market, put into their private pockets within a few months the great part of the value of a public franchise. Nothing, in fact, is so evident an example of the "unearned increment" as a franchise value, and the recognition of this has led to such legislation as the franchise tax act, the Ford bill, passed by the New York legislature in 1899, which classes franchise privileges with real estate, and subjects public utility corporations to the same tax rate upon their franchises as upon their physical property. For 1901, the New York State Board of Tax Commissioners have valued the Metropolitan Street Railway franchise at $50,890,112, and that of the Third Avenue line at $16,370,285, — together $67,260,397; and the Man-

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hattan Elevated franchise at $44,407,-500. The gas franchise of the Consolidated Company proper is valued at $13,990,000, the Mutual franchise at $2,300,000, the Standard at $3,075,-520, and the New Amsterdam at $4,-127,500, — together $23,493,020; the original Edison franchise at $6,202,250, and the other franchises of the Power Company at $1,883,330, — together $8,-085,580; giving for the gas and electric franchises in Manhattan $31,578,600, not including the two subway franchises, valued together at $6,395,200. Here is a total of $105,000,000 valuation of the Metropolitan - Consolidated franchises, on which a tax of 2¾ per cent is levied, as against a capitalization, share and loan, exceeding $300,000,000, for which an earning power of 4 to 8 per cent is claimed, giving a market value much above $400,000,000, and of which scarcely more than a third of the capitalization or a quarter of the market value is investment in physical properties.

These figures suggest that a large part of the "unearned increment" is yet to be reached by taxation, or otherwise recovered for the people. The exercise, in behalf of the superior interest of the people, as represented by the municipality which is the agent of the sovereign state, against corporations occupying the streets, of the right of eminent domain, with just but not inflated compensation, the right which has been used to condemn private property for corporate use, though it may prove useful as a last resort, seems scarcely necessary. In New York city, the subway companies and several of the railway lines are under specific obligations to surrender their properties to the city on a valuation, or for a reasonable advance upon cost; and in many cases corporation managers have so far exceeded their charters — even to the extent of violating their provisions by engaging in business which they have no right to do, or seizing upon street privileges to which they have no legal claim — as to render themselves amenable to such serious penalties as would make an arrangement with the city the preferable course. The hint of the Chicago Commission, that every extension of franchise privileges should be made a means of reacquiring proper control of the franchises already granted, should have effective application in New York under an honest and enlightened municipal government.

The New York corporation laws forbid overcapitalization by requiring that stock shall be issued at par for cash or for property only, and that bonds shall not be issued in excess of the amount of stock; that is, that the mortgage on corporation property shall not exceed the amount paid for the property. But the valuation of the directors cannot be questioned, nor can they be held responsible for it, except in case of evident fraud. It has become a common practice to reverse this theory of the law by issuing stock for property really purchased with an equivalent amount of bonds. This stock, issued to the full extent of the earning power, as is justified by the decision of the Court of Appeals in the Western Union Telegraph case, and paid by the promoters to themselves, gives them control of the property for which the bondholders have really paid, and becomes, less the organization tax and like necessary charges, the fee or profit of the promoters. A public schedule of the properties for which stock is issued, perhaps with specific valuations by sworn official experts, seems necessary to make the present corporation laws effective; and this should be supplemented by yearly reports of the acquisition of properties, and by full publicity of the accounts of public utility corporations. The fact that the stock of the Consolidated Gas Company ranged, in 1897, between 241 and 136, and that of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company,

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in 1899, between 269 and 147, shows how uncertain to investors and how dangerous in the market are securities of this class when the real facts of the situation can be concealed, and when capitalization, bond issues, and dividends are at the beck of speculative promoters, whose interests may be at one time on the "bear" and at another time on the "bull" side of the properties which they are supposed to direct in the interests of the stockholders. In the railway development of the last generation, the capitalization of new railways by issuing bonds for the money actually paid, and preferred stock and common stock in equal amounts in expectancy of adequate earning power, has proved a sowing of the wind from which this generation — especially the small investor and the proverbial widow and orphan — has reaped the whirlwind harvest of railway reorganization, profiting only, in enormous fees, the bankers who, with the scalpel of the financial surgeon, cut down the inflated securities to a basis of real value. The speculative promoter who has turned from the general railway field to that of municipal utilities has found his opportunity in procuring franchises without compensation, or in buying up, under compulsion, franchise properties already developed, in capitalizing these to their potential earning power, and from this increase of capitalization realizing a profit which he has not earned.

The remedy which will cut to the root of these evils — aside from palliatives which may be found in further legislation or in the actual application of present laws — is a municipal spirit, a civic courage, a political *morale*, especially on the part of the "well to do," which will overcome the timidity of capital, and stand fearlessly firm against Tammany in New York or against a Republican ring in Philadelphia. The power and danger of Tammany misrule is nowhere more strikingly shown than by the fact that such representative citizens, men of integrity, ability, and honor, as made up the Edison Board, among them sincere and foremost leaders in altruistic enterprises, in crusades against vice, and in efforts for municipal reform, hesitate to lead in opposition to this form of Tammany domination, lest they should not have the support of those for whose financial interests they are trustees. Unfortunately, the great public utility corporations of New York have passed into the hands of those whose sympathies and interests are in affiliation with Tammany rather than in opposition, and this is one of the grave difficulties of the present crisis. Yet there are wholesome signs of the revival of a municipal spirit, a civic renascence inspiring rich and poor alike, which may prove a potent and triumphant foe to the forces of evil, and redeem our cities, and with them our country, from the shame and degradation of municipal misrule.

R. R. Bowker.

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CARNIVAL IN THE NORTH.

ARM in arm, their branches twined,
Tall maples drink the mountain wind;
Reach out with eagerness to seize
Flagons of cool October breeze.

Bravely decked in yellow and red,
Maples stand at the bright throng's head,
And summon the firs to give their aid
To make this forest masquerade, —
Summon even the solemn firs
To join the ranks of roisterers!

Spruceland woodsmen, Pierre and Jean,
Now with your gayest songs lead on!
Join in the revel the trees make here,
For woods will be sad for half a year;
Riot a little, — summer is spent,
And all the winter the woods keep Lent!

Francis Sterne Palmer.

COLLEGE HONOR.

To an American college the word of all words is "truth." "Veritas" is the motto of Harvard; "Lux et Veritas" the motto of Yale. On one of the new Harvard gates is inscribed the command from the song in Isaiah, "Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in;" and no better text can be found for the sons of our universities than "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." To guard the truth and to proclaim the truth are duties which the better colleges have, on the whole, honestly performed. Now and then, in the fancied opposition of religion and science, a college has preferred to guard what it believes to be one kind of truth rather than to proclaim another. "This is not a comfortable place to teach science in," said a young geologist who had gone from Harvard to a university in the West. "The President says, 'If anybody asks questions about the antiquity of the earth, send him to me.'" Yet, in our older and stronger colleges at any rate, fearless investigation and free and fearless speech are the rule, even at the sacrifice of popularity and of money.

Now, whether truth be truth of religion, or of science, or of commerce, or of intercourse among fellow men, a college to stand for it must believe in it. As an institution of learning, a college must be an institution of truth; as a school of character, it must be a school of integrity. It can have no other justification. Yet, outside of politicians and horse traders, no men are more commonly charged with disingenuousness than college presidents; and in no respectable community are certain kinds of honesty

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more readily condoned than among college students. The relation of college to college, whether in a conference of professors or in a contest of athletes, is too often a relation of suspicion, if not of charge and countercharge. Intercollegiate discussion of admission requirements may have an atmosphere, not of common interest in education, but of rivalry in intercollegiate politics; and, as everybody knows, a discussion of athletics at one college frequently shows an almost complete want of confidence in the honesty of athletics at another. Yet every college would maintain steadily, and nearly every college would maintain honestly, that it stands for the truth.

When I speak of a college as believing in the truth, I mean first that its President and Faculty must be honest and fearless; but I mean more than this. I mean also that a high standard of honor must be maintained by its undergraduates; for, far beyond the belief of most men, the standing of a college in the community and the effect of a college in the country depend on the personal character of the undergraduates. This personal character depends in a measure on the straightforwardness and the human quality of the college teachers; but what Cardinal Newman says of intellectual development in the university is equally true of moral development:

"When a multitude of young men, keen, open-hearted, sympathetic, and observant, as young men are, come together and freely mix with each other, they are sure to learn from one another, even if there be no one to teach them; the conversation of all is a series of lectures to each, and they gain for themselves new ideas and views, fresh matter of thought, and distinct principles for judging and acting day by day.

. . . . . .

"I am but saying that that youthful community will constitute a whole, it will embody a specific idea, it will represent a doctrine, it will administer a code of conduct, and it will furnish principles of thought and action. It will give birth to a living teaching, which in the course of time will take the shape of a self-perpetuating tradition, or a *genius loci*, as it is sometimes called; which haunts the home where it has been born, and which imbues and forms, more or less, and one by one, every individual who is successively brought under its shadow. Thus it is that, independent of direct instruction on the part of superiors, there is a sort of self-education in the academic institutions of Protestant England; and a characteristic tone of thought, a recognized standard of judgment, is found in them, which, as developed in the individual who is submitted to it, becomes a twofold source of strength to him, both from the distinct stamp it impresses on his mind, and from the bond of union which it creates between him and others, — effects which are shared by the authorities of the place, for they themselves have been educated in it, and at all times are exposed to the influence of its ethical atmosphere."

In any community the students of a college make a tremendous power for good or evil; and by them in college, and by them after they have left college, their college shall be judged. If, as Cardinal Newman puts it, the practical end of a university course is "training good members of society" (and I may add, training leaders of men), nothing can be of more importance in a university, and scarcely anything can be of more importance in a community, than the attitude of undergraduates in questions of truth and falsehood.

Those who constantly inspect this attitude find much to encourage them. The undergraduate standard of honor for college officers is so sensitively high that no one need despair of the students' ethical intelligence. No doubt, disingenuousness is sometimes believed of the wrong man; the upright professor with

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a reserved or forbidding manner may get a name for untrustworthiness, while the honor of his less responsible but more genial colleague is unquestioned: yet the blindness here is the blindness of youthful prejudice. The nature of disingenuousness is seen clearly enough; and the recognition of it in an instructor condemns him for all time. There is indeed but one way in which a man without extraordinary personal charm may gain and keep the confidence of students: by scrupulous openness in all his dealings with them, great or small. A moment's forgetfulness, a moment's evasiveness, — even a moment's appearance of evasiveness, — may crack the thin ice on which every college officer is skating as best he can; and the necessity of keeping the secrets of less scrupulous persons may break it through. In some ways all this is healthy. A young fellow who sees a high standard of truth for anybody's conduct may in time see it for his own. All he needs is to discover that the world was not made for him only; and a year or two out of college should teach him that. What he lacks is not principle, but experience and readjustment. This is the lack in the average undergraduate. It is only a highly exceptional student who speaks frankly to all (college officers included) of the lies he has told in tight places, and who seems never to question an implied premise that in tight places all men lie.

Another healthy sign is the high standard of honor in athletic training. This standard, indeed, may be cruelly high. The slightest breach of training condemns a student in the eyes of a whole college, and is almost impossible to live down. Still another healthy sign is the character of the men whom, in our best colleges, the undergraduates instinctively choose as class presidents, as athletic captains, and in general as leaders. Grown men, electing a President of the United States for four years, are not always so fortunate as Harvard Freshmen, who after eight or ten weeks of college experience choose one of their own number for an office which he is practically sure to hold throughout the four college years. With few exceptions, our undergraduate leaders are straightforward, manly fellows, who will join college officers in any honest partnership for the good of one student or of all, and who shrink from any kind of meanness.

Want of a fine sense of honor appears chiefly in athletic contests, in the authorship of written work, in excuses for neglect of study, in the relation of students to the rights of persons who are not students, and in questions of duty to all who are, or who are to be, nearest and dearest. Here are the discouraging signs; but even these are a part of that lopsided immaturity which characterizes privileged youth. It is natural, as has been said, for boys to grow like colts, one end at a time. The pity is that the boy, who determines in a measure his own growth, should be so late in developing the power to put himself into another's place; that the best education which the country can proffer is so slow in teaching to the chosen youth of the nation the Golden Rule, or even that part of the Golden Rule which results in common honesty; that the average college boy, frank and manly as he is, is honest in spots, and shows in his honesty little sense of proportion.

Take, for instance, that part of college life into which the average boy throws himself with most enthusiasm, — athletic sport, — and see how far our students have fallen below the ideal of honesty, how far they still remain from a clear sense of proportion. I recognize the place of strategy in athletics; and I by no means agree with the gentleman who stigmatized a college catcher as "up to all the professional tricks" because "he made a feint of throwing the ball in one direction, and then threw it in another:" yet the necessity of trusting a game to

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what the umpire sees is deplorable. A whole-souled and straightforward young fellow told me once, with smiling good humor, that a football player in his own college (who had everybody's respect) owed his success in the game to a knack of holding his opponent in such a manner as made his opponent seem to hold him. Few college catchers, I suspect, systematically resist the temptation of pulling down a "ball" to make it look like a "strike;" and many cultivate skill in this sleight of hand as a cardinal point in the game. Even players who trip others, though in public they may be hissed, and in private they may be talked about as "muckers," are likely to remain in the team, and in some colleges may become captains (whereas a Freshman who breaks training by smoking a single cigarette may be "queered" for his whole college course). Many ball players use their tongues to confound or excite their adversaries; and whole armies of students, supported by a well-meaning college press, make a business of "rattling" a rival team by what ought to be an inspiration, and not a weapon, defensive or offensive, — organized cheering. The youth who plays a clean game is admired, but not always followed; and the doctrine of Mr. Henry L. Higginson and Mr. R. C. Lehmann, that a clean game comes first, and winning comes second, though it strikes undergraduates as faultless in theory and as endearing in the men who preach it, is not always suffered, in a hard game, to interfere with "practical baseball" or "practical football," — expressions used among undergraduates much as "practical politics" is used among men of the world.

College dishonesty in written work is hard to eradicate, because rooted in impalpable tradition, — that damaging tradition which exempts students from the ordinary rules of right living, and regards as venial, or even as humorous, acts intrinsically allied to those of the impostor, the forger, and the thief. It is incredible that a youth of eighteen should not see the dishonesty of handing in as his own work, for his own credit, a piece of writing which he has copied from a newspaper or from a book, or from the writing of a fellow student, or which he has paid another man to write for him. Nobody who can get into college is so stupid that he cannot see the lie involved. Everybody sees it clearly if the writing is for a prize, and if the fraud deprives a fellow student of his fair chance; but if a youth has spent all his available time in athletics, or in billiards, or at clubs, or at dances, or at the theatre, and if a thesis is due the next day, what is he to do? "A man must live," is a common cry of dishonest persons out of college; and "A man must get through," is a sufficient excuse for the dishonesty of students. In talking with these dishonest students, I have been struck by two things: first, by their apparent inability to see that anybody ever *has* to hand in anything, and that handing in nothing is infinitely better than handing in a dishonest thing; next, by their feeling that their own cases are exceptional, since the wrong was done "under pressure," — as if pressure did not account for the offenses of all amateur liars and forgers. In many students, also, there remains a trace of the old feeling that to cheat is one thing, and to cheat a teacher is another. Here is where generations of tricky schoolboys have established a practice as hard to overthrow by logic as love of country or love of liquor, — or anything else, good or bad, which depends on custom and feeling rather than on reason. We may prove that it is not honest to call a man we hate "dear sir," or to call ourselves his "very truly;" but custom sanctions it, and he expects nothing better (or worse). We know that killing harmless animals beyond what can be used as food is wanton destruction of life precious to its

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possessors; but good people go on fishing and shooting. Just so, if there is a tradition that teachers are fair game, and if the leaders among boys so regard them, there is no social ostracism for dishonesty in written work. Dishonest boys admit that an instructor who should print as his own what his pupils afterwards discovered in an earlier publication by another author would be despised forever. Here, as elsewhere, the students' standard for the Faculty is faultlessly high; here, as elsewhere, what they need is to open their eyes to their own relative position among men, — to see that if people who cheat them are liars, they themselves, whatever their social self-complacency, are liars also if they cheat other people. I would not give the impression that most students cheat or fail to condemn cheating, or that colleges are not making steady progress toward a higher sense of honor in this matter which would be clear to a right-minded child of ten. I mean merely that, whereas outside of college (and the custom house) the act of obvious dishonesty commonly puts the man into bad repute, among undergraduates the man often brings the act into better repute by elevating it socially; and that this is a disgrace to an institution which counts as its members the chosen youth of an enlightened country. In this matter, it is encouraging to note the feeling of the better students in Mr. Flandrau's clever Diary of a Freshman; yet even there the offense carries with it little or nothing of social condemnation. It is encouraging, also, to note the success of the so-called "honor system" in schools and colleges which have adopted it, and the ostracism of those students who have proved false to it. For myself, I cannot see why a proctor in the examination room is more than a reasonable safeguard, or why his presence there should be more offensive than that of a policeman in the street, — to a student honest and mature. It is only boys (whatever their age) who take umbrage when a man counts their change, or verifies their assertions, or audits their accounts, or refuses without security to cash their checks, or refuses to please them by testifying to what he does not know. You may believe in a boy through and through, and by showing your belief in him you may help him to be honest; but your belief in him does not warrant your official testimony that he has successfully completed a certain work, if you have no evidence but his own declaration and the silence of his fellows. Moreover, so far as my experience goes, the hotbeds of cheating, where cheating thrives at all, are not the important examinations superintended by proctors, but the written "quizzes" in crowded classrooms, or the courses that require themes, theses, forensics, compositions in foreign languages, mathematical problems, — any kind of written work done out of the classroom; and in all these latter cases the students, whether they know it or not, are "put on their honor." Theoretically, though in a doubtful case I should always accept the word of a suspected student, I object to the honor system as nursing a false sensitiveness that resents a kind of supervision which everybody must sooner or later accept, and as taking from the degree some part of its sanction. If a student vouches for his own examinations, why, it has been asked, should he not sign his own diploma, and stand on his honor before the world as he has stood on it before the Faculty? Yet, practically, I am told, the honor system bids fair, where it has been adopted, "to revolutionize the whole spirit of undergraduate intercourse with the Faculty." It is, at any rate, as one of my correspondents says, a "systematic endeavor by undergraduates themselves to establish a much better moral code in relation to written work," and is therefore "an immense moral gain in itself." Besides, I have yet to meet a single man who has lived under the honor system (as I

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have not) who does not give it, in spite, perhaps, of *a priori* skepticism, his absolute faith. Sound or unsound, the honor system has in it signs of hope.

The notion that makeshifts and excuses in place of attendance and work are different at college from what they are elsewhere is another aspect of the tradition to which I have referred. Able-bodied youths are afflicted with diseases that admit all pleasures and forbid all duties, and if questioned closely are offended because their word is not accepted promptly and in full, even when it is obviously of little worth. The dissipation of a night brings the headache of a morning; and the student excuses himself as too sick for college work. On the day before a ball and on the day after it, a severe cold prevents a student from attendance at college exercises; but he goes to the ball. Many undergraduates treat their academic engagements in a way that would lose them positions at any business house inside of a week; yet no remorse affects their appetites or their sleep. In this world, by the way, it is not the just who sleep; it is the irresponsible.

The openness with which these worthless excuses are offered is a sign that the trouble is perverted vision rather than radical moral obliquity. An ingenuous youth, prevented by a cold from going to college exercises, stood on a windy ball field one raw day in the spring, and, unabashed, coached his men before the eyes of the officer whose business it was to call him to account. Another insisted to the same officer that a mark of absence against him in a large lecture course was a mistake; and when told that it was not, exclaimed with honest warmth, "Then the fellow who promised to sit in my seat did n't do it!" Both of these boys were blinded by the tradition which nearly all college literature has fostered, and which nothing but eternal vigilance and constant and prolonged care can destroy. It is this tradition which led a professor to say: "Students who won't lie to an individual will lie to the College Office; it is a soulless, impersonal thing."

Another aspect of this same comprehensive tradition is in the enthusiasm of some Freshmen for what is called "ragging" signs. The word "rag" is, as I have said elsewhere, more local, more specific, and, when applied to our own acts or to those of our friends, less embarrassing than the word "steal." No doubt the college stealer of signs, whether youth or maiden, steals for fun, and has not the same motive as the common thief; yet the motive, as I see it, is no higher. In sign-stealing we note the worst remaining flaw in college honor toward persons outside of college. The implied general proposition at the root of the act is the proposition that students' privileges include the privilege of disregarding the rights of others; the assumption that the world, of which so much is bestowed on them, is theirs, — to disport themselves in. Sometimes the stealing takes the form of destroying property (breaking glass, for instance); sometimes of robbing the very mother who shelters the robber. "Do you remember what fun we had burning that pile of lumber in front of Matthews Hall?" said a middle-aged clergyman to a classmate. Yet Matthews Hall was a generous gift to the University; and the students who destroyed the lumber were picking the pockets of a benefactor or of the Alma Mater herself. Destruction of property is often an attempt to celebrate athletic success; it is, if the phrase is pardonable, an ebullition of misfit loyalty to the college whose property is sacrificed, as if the son of a successful candidate for the presidency of the United States should celebrate his father's victory by burning down his father's house. Sometimes undergraduates "pinch" bits of college property as trophies, just as modern pilgrims have shown their respect for the Pilgrim Fa-

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thers by chipping off pieces of Plymouth Rock. (There was indeed a time when the timid Freshman *bought* signs, to have the reputation of stealing them.) These kinds of college dishonesty are happily lessening, and are regarded as pardonable in Freshmen only, — as evidence of "freshness" pure and simple. That they exist at all is not merely a scandal to the good name of the college, but a menace to its prosperity. The few foolish boys who are guilty of them stand in the unthinking public mind for the noble universities which they misrepresent, until irritated tradesmen and city governments forget what the college does for the community, and view it merely as a rich corporation that escapes taxes and fills the city with insolent and dishonest youth. The irresponsibility of some students in money matters, their high-minded indignation if a tradesman to whom they have owed money for years demands it in a manner that does not meet their fancy, increases the irritation; and incalculable damage is done.

After all, the most serious aspect of college dishonesty is in the dishonesty of vice. Many persons who condemn vice believe nevertheless that it belongs with a character which, though its strength is perverted, is open and hearty; and now and then this belief seems justified: but those who see at close range the effects of vice remember that bound up with most of it is, and must be, faithlessness to father and mother, and to the wife and children who are soon to be. College sentiment condemns habitual vice. Like the sentiment of the world at large, it is lenient (to men only) in occasional lapses from virtue, — unless a lapse involves a breach of athletic training. Here too we mark that want of proportion which characterizes undergraduate judgments of college honor. The youth who squanders in vice the money which his father (at a sacrifice) has sent him for his term bill may be a good fellow yet; the youth who breaks training is a disgrace to his Alma Mater.

In dwelling on certain kinds of college dishonesty, I have not forgotten that in some respects the college sense of honor is the keenest in the community, and that no higher ideal can be found on earth than in the best thought of our best universities. What I have pointed out must be taken as stray survivals of an intensely vital tradition, — survivals which in a democracy like our own have no right to be. The public sentiment of our colleges is becoming, year by year, cleaner and clearer-sighted. We move forward, and not slowly. What makes some persons impatient is the need of teaching to the picked young men of America that a lie is a lie, whoever tells it, and a theft a theft, whoever commits it; and that a college student, though he gains more blessings than his neighbor, does not gain thereby the right to appropriate his neighbor's goods. In our impatience, we forget that to teach an axiom takes years and generations if the axiom contradicts tradition; and we forget that, when all is said, our undergraduates themselves are constantly purifying and uplifting college honor.

L. B. R. Briggs.

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REMINISCENCES OF A DRAMATIC CRITIC.

III.

THE most noted achievement of one of our leading comedians, to which allusion was made in my article of last month, — the Lord Dundreary of E. A. Sothern, the elder, — is peculiarly worthy of remembrance and of being freshly recalled to the minds of all who witnessed the performance. I am inclined to believe that the records of the theatre furnish no parallel with the experience of the actor and the public in respect of this impersonation. Mr. Sothern was a player of ability, recognized in his profession, before he became celebrated.

The received story concerning the original production of Tom Taylor's Our American Cousin appears to be substantially true. The manager was very anxious for the triumph of the new play, hoping for a reëstablishment of prosperity upon the basis of its success, and, in order to increase the strength of a very strong cast, purchased the reluctant consent of Mr. Sothern to accept the unimportant part of a stage fop by giving him full leave to "gag;" that is to say, to enlarge and vary his assigned text with new matter of his own interpolation. Out of this acceptance and this license a unique histrionic product was evolved.

Even at the first representations of the comedy the public eye and ear were taken and filled with Mr. Sothern's extraordinary action and speech, and the other chief players, of whom several ranked with the best in the country, in spite of their cleverness and the greater significance of their parts, found themselves relegated into the background. The scheme and perspective of the author were much impaired, indeed almost inverted as in a moment. It was something as if Osric had pushed himself in front of Hamlet. And no one was more surprised than Mr. Sothern himself. Whence the actor derived the outside of his impersonation I have not been informed. Its substratum was the conventional dandy of the theatre, of course, — one of the foolishest and unrealest of fictions, — and Continental Europe had evolved a caricature of the traveling Britisher which adumbrated Mr. Sothern's make-up; but the aggregation of Lord Dundreary's oddities could hardly have originated with the actor. I think he must have encountered somewhere an Englishman whose whole dress, speech, and manner displayed the courage of a monstrous eccentricity. Here, at all events, was a bird of a new feather, — of a new variety, species, genus.

Who that looked upon the noble lord can ever forget the glare of his monocle, and the rigid play of the muscles that held the glass in place; the corrugations of his anxious brow; the perpetually varied movements of his lips and chin as he struggled to utter himself; the profuse hair of the period; his long, silky whiskers; the hop-and-skip walk, — that gait which was not of "Christian, pagan, nor man;" his talk, in which a combined lisp, stutter, and stammer, punctuated by quaint gurgles and chuckles, made an unprecedented novelty in human vocalism; and the long, sumptuous coats and dressing gowns and amplitudinous trousers which he affected? The whole thing came close to the verge of gross absurdity, but through the actor's rare gifts in drollery and vivacious intensity was accepted, freely and with a delicious sense of immersion in a new kind of fun, by the whole public, gentle and simple.

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DUNDREARY AN EXEMPLAR OF COMMON WEAKNESSES.

If Mr. Sothern had gone no further than to produce the strange figure which has been partially described, and to make it effective for mirth, the event would have deserved only a mere mention. But he proceeded, with processes and results like those of creative genius, to broaden and deepen his conception, until his Lord Dundreary, without any loss, or rather with an increase, of his comicality, came to have a definite individuality, and to exemplify certain common weaknesses and limitations, which cause the brightest of us acute misery at times, but in him were chronic and the source of continual discomfort. The nobleman's text and business were enlarged fourfold, and the rest of the play was proportionally reduced. The developed Dundreary was occasionally asinine, but he was by no means the idiot that the crowd had at first imagined him to be. In truth, it now became evident that the noble lord had a mind of his own, — peculiar, but real, capable of clearness, capable even of penetration and astuteness, but cursed with a tendency to err in dealing with the surface resemblance of things. Life was a muddle by reason of these recurring likenesses, and language was a pitfall or a labyrinth. It was a genuine grief and trial to him, though very amusing to the spectators, when he came upon another of "those things that no fellah can find out." His weakness was carried to the point of farcical extravagance, but there was something to sympathize with when he was most ridiculous, and one had new visions both of the inherent weakness and the latent capacities of our language when he said, with eager hitches and emphatic bursts, to Lieutenant Vernon: "Of course you can *pass* your examination; what I want to know is, can you *go through* it?" Closely allied to this mental infirmity, and another important element in the humor of the conception, was Dundreary's absolute incapacity to cherish more than one idea at a time. A single thought, whether great or small, brimmed his brain, and his cerebral machinery was thrown completely out of gear by the intrusion of another idea. The rhythmic motion of Asa Trenchard's foot made it impossible for him to remember the words of his song; the accidental view of a split hair in his whiskers caused him to be oblivious of Georgina's narrative; a sudden discovery of her chignon, when her back was modestly turned, and the train of consequent meditation, broke him off in the midst of an offer of marriage.

The funniest and most highly illustrative incident of this sort was the famous passage in which his search for his misplaced trousers pocket passed from a usual automatic act to a mind-absorbing effort, and — with a perfect parallelism of effect at every stage — at first left his words unchecked, then gradually slowed his tongue, then stopped his speech altogether, finally required the united devotion of hand, eyes, and brain to discover the missing receptacle. Dundreary's mind had — to change the figure — a single track, with very few switches, and his confusions of intellect were the result of collisions of trains of thought, running in opposite directions. In a large way, Dundreary was an inclusive satire upon the small stupidities of our human nature, and his most inane utterances awakened answering echoes, as has been said, in the consciousness of the most sensible men and women.

DUNDREARY A CONVINCING PERSONALITY.

Mr. Sothern's Dundreary became, indeed, something more than "a definite individuality," in the phrase just now used; he passed into a genuine and convincing personality. He was a true product of invention and synthetic art,

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and even his extreme eccentricities were soon accepted as innate, unconscious sincerities, not as conscious affectations. The noble gentleman grew to be lovable, and the quaint conjunction in him of eager good nature with nervous irritability proved to be a source of charm as well as mirth. Extraordinary were the variously combined expressions of complaisance, stupidity, humor, and acuteness which flitted over his countenance, and the diversity of intonations which finely indicated the proportions of his much-mixed emotions was wonderful. A page might be filled with descriptions of his different smiles; the broad, effulgent smile which filled his face when he thought he had struck a brilliant conversational idea, and his dubious, tentative, come-and-go flicker of a grin when he was feeling his mental way, being two striking examples in the vast variety. The surprises which he effected by his comic gift were often overpowering, and made the spectator fairly gasp and choke, as two contrary currents of mirth suddenly poured into the unprepared brain.

I think the funniest small thing I ever noted at a theatrical performance was his delivery of one of Dundreary's speeches in connection with Sam's "letter from America." The passage began, "Dear Bwother," Mr. Sothern reading the opening words of the epistle; then he made one of his pauses, and, with a characteristic click and hitch in his voice, commented, —

"Sam always calls me his bwother — because neither of us ever had a sister."

Left without further description, the phrase might pass with the reader as rather droll; but on the words "because neither of us ever had a sister" the actor's voice became instantly saturated with mock pathos, and the sudden absurd demand for sympathy reached the amazed auditor with soul-tickling effect.

MR. SOTHERN IN THE CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN.

Mr. Sothern played several other parts brilliantly well. His impersonation of David Garrick was surpassed upon our stage only by Salvini's. Dundreary's Brother Sam he made an interesting figure of fun; and during the latter years of his life he achieved great success in The Crushed Tragedian, a drama reconstructed, for the actor's purposes, from The Prompter's Box, of Henry J. Byron, in which Mr. Sothern took the part of an unfortunate player, whose bearing and speech in private life were portentously and melodramatically theatrical. There were many good passages in the comedy, and one of the most notable occurred in a passage-at-arms between the thin, out-at-elbows tragedian and a large-girthed, purse-proud banker. The actor had spoken of "the profession," meaning, of course, his own; the banker answered, with a sneer, "Oh! you call it a profession, do you?" and the player replied, with superb conviction of superiority, "Yes, we do; banking we call a trade," — the retort hitting rather harder in London than here, because in England "the trade of banking" was a familiar and technical phrase.

ACTING, THE SEGREGATED PROFESSION.

The dialogue which was last quoted, and a half line of comment passed above upon a stage fiction, come together in my mind. It is not uncommon to hear close observers of the life of cities speak of the peculiar remoteness and aloofness of the theatrical profession from other orders of humanity; but only a very small proportion even of thoughtful persons come near to realizing how complete is the separation of the actor and actress from other men and women. The conditions of modern life, with the prevailing passion for publicity, incarnated in the newspaper reporter, whose necessity knows no law, and expended with spe-

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cial force upon the people of the theatre, who often seem to invite notoriety, have, in fact, accomplished very little in breaking down the barriers which divide "the profession" from the rest of the world. The race of gypsies does not lead an existence more alien from its *entourage* than the order of players. Here and there, actors or actresses of uncommon distinction or definite social ambition, sought or seeking, make appearances in "society;" but such irruptions are few and intermittent. Mr. Irving is the only eminent artist of our day who has made social prestige a steady feeder of histrionic success. Edwin Booth and William Warren, with all their rare gifts, grace, and charm, were practically unknown in private, except to other actors and a few personal friends. The prejudice of the outside world has doubtless been an important agent in effecting this segregation; but if that prejudice, which has been gradually diminishing, were wholly to disappear, the situation would remain substantially unchanged, I am convinced, for centuries to come.

THE ISOLATION OF ACTORS.

This condition, which from some important points of view is fortunate, from others unfortunate, and from nearly all inevitable, is unique indeed. Here we have the only large class of workers which keeps the world at arm's length. Clergymen, physicians, lawyers, architects, merchants, tradesmen, and laborers of all sorts, by the very terms of their toil, are brought into constant personal contact with parishioners, patients, clients, or customers. Even painters and sculptors must needs be in touch with their patrons. But that thin, impassable row of blazing lamps, which rims the front of the stage, accomplishes as the Great Wall of China was built to accomplish. Behind them is the sole "profession;" in front of them the barbarous laity. If the player desired to break down the partition, he would scarcely be able to do so. From the more important social gatherings, which take place in the evening, both actress and actor are necessarily absent; the actor may vote, if he can acquire a residence and contrive to be in his own city on election day, but it is impossible that he should take any active part in politics or participate in preliminary meetings, caucuses, and "rallies," which are held at night; and as to attendance at church, the player encounters, in the first place, the difficulty, inseparable from his wandering life, of making a connection with a parish, and besides, in recent years, is almost constantly required to travel on Sunday, passing from a Saturday evening's performance in one town to a Monday morning's rehearsal in another.

A SEPARATION, UNFORTUNATE, BUT INEVITABLE.

Quite unrelated, however, to these outward limitations of the histrionic life is the disposition of the players themselves. They compose a guild of extraordinary independence, which, in spite of its vague and shifting boundaries, intensely feels and sturdily maintains its *esprit de corps*. "Independence of temper," as Mr. Leon H. Vincent lately said, "is a marked characteristic of the theatre and of theatrical life. The stage is a world to itself, and a world altogether impatient of external control." One cause of this temper is to be found in the legal disabilities under which the player labored in most countries for many years. The reaction was sure. Treated as an outlaw, the player became a law unto himself. But the *causa causans* lies in the peculiar conditions of temperament which inhere in most actors, and in the singular concentration and devotion of energy, essential to success upon the stage, which are exercised upon the fictive material of the theatre. The rule, to which there have been important but few exceptions, is that the actor, like the acrobat, must be caught and practiced young,

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in order that the suppleness required in the mimetic as in the gymnastic art may be attained; and, as a result of the application of this rule, nearly all the great body of actors are devoid of general academic and scholastic training. Their culture is the culture of their own private study, worked out in the green-room and on the stage. It is marvelous what acquisitions many of them make with such handicaps; but their general narrowness of mental vision may be inferred. Practically out of relation, then, with the social, political, and religious life of the entire rest of mankind, immersed in the unreal realities of the mimic life, driven both by natural impulse and by professional competition to whet their talent to the sharpest edge, the guild of actors is the most charming, naïf, clever, contracted, conventional, disorderly, sensitive, insensible, obstinate, generous, egotistic body in the world, and — "unique." Players are as conservative and as superstitious as sailors; they have but one theme, one material of thought and conversation, — the theatre, and, of course, themselves as exponents of the theatre. They hold to their traditions like North American Indians, and their conventions have the perdurable toughness of iron. Be the thing bad or good, once it is firmly fastened upon the theatre, it sticks indefinitely. The stage fop, now almost obsolete, was a survival, probably, from the period of the Restoration, and drawled and strutted over the boards for hundreds of years after he had disappeared from society. Yet actors are distinguished by plasticity. That they succeed as well as they do in reproducing the contemporary life which they see only by snatches is little short of a miracle, and demonstrates the extreme speed and delicacy in observation of some of them, and the large imitative gift of others, together with a power of divination, which is an attribute of genius. Through the operation of natural selection, they are practically birds of a feather, and the most docile and intimate layman never quite learns their language or long feels at home in their company. That it is highly desirable, for a dozen grave reasons, that the actor should be less a stranger to his fellow men is obvious; and also it is obvious that, to the end of the world, success upon the stage will involve in the successful artist a peculiar attitude of mind, a peculiar adaptability of temperament, and a rare singleness of devotion, which must separate him from the laity. Comparative isolation will always be a condition of high achievement in the histrionic profession, and the stage will always have a climate and an atmosphere of its own, with which the thermometers and barometers of the outer world will have no immediate relation.

CHARLES FECHTER AND HIS EUROPEAN CAREER.

During the season of 1869–70 Charles Fechter played for the first time in the United States, appearing first in New York, and opening, in March of the latter year, at the Boston Theatre as Hamlet. He was born in London, in 1824, and was the son of an Englishwoman and Jean Maria Fechter, a sculptor, who was of German descent, but a native of France. Notwithstanding the mixture of his blood, Charles Fechter was wholly French in his affiliations and sympathies, loathed Germany and all its ways, works, and words, and was careful to pronounce "Fayshtair" his surname, the first syllable of which Boston, because of its extreme culture, persisted and persists in giving with the North Teutonic guttural. In his early childhood he was taken to France, where he grew up, and, after dabbling for a short time in the clay of the sculptor, studied for the stage, and at the age of twenty appeared successfully, in Le Mari de la Veuve, at the Théâtre Français, of whose company he afterwards became *jeune premier*. In Paris he attained a great reputation,

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though he was often censured for his audacious disregard of the conventions of the classic drama. He had had a polyglot education, and early acquired a good knowledge of English, which he taught himself to speak fluently and with a generally correct accent, though it was impossible for him quite to master the intonations of the language. In 1860, with characteristic boldness, he assailed London, playing Ruy Blas in English at the Princess's Theatre. His success was signal, and for ten years as a star he made England his firmament, also holding the lease of the Lyceum Theatre from 1862 to 1867. He was sped on his transatlantic way by the praise of most of the critical journals of the great metropolis, and by the warm eulogium of his friend Charles Dickens. His complete abandonment of England for this country tends to prove that he had outworn the best of his favor in the British Isles.

FECHTER'S HAMLET IN NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

In New York Fechter's interpretation of Hamlet was greeted with a chorus of disapproval, broken by emphatic praise from several high sources, and his innovations upon received traditions as to the outer particulars of the performance were the subject of much disparagement. The public, however, were keenly interested in all his work, especially in his assumptions of Ruy Blas, Claude Melnotte, and other romantic characters. I thought, and think, that most of the vexed questions of detail alluded to were matters of leather and prunella. Fechter's reasoning that Hamlet was a Dane, and that Danes are fair, with the practical conclusion that he played the Prince of Denmark in a blond wig, seemed to me of no import either for praise or blame; and as long as he, or another actor, did not defeat the Poet in letter or in spirit, I was willing that he should find, indicate, and manipulate the pictures in little of the elder Hamlet and Claudius in any way that suited his taste or convenience. His conception of the melancholy prince was a different matter, and from first to last I held to the opinion that he did not rightly indicate the weaknesses of spirit and temperament with which Shakespeare has chosen to disable his otherwise noblest ideal, for the reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness of mankind throughout the ages. The general public did not much concern itself, of course, with questions as to the actor's fidelity to the dramatist's psychic scheme, but immersed itself in the novel and agreeable sensations excited by Fechter's vivid and impressive playing. New York, always more closely critical of acting than other American cities, and much influenced, no doubt, by Mr. Winter's severe censure, held out in many quarters against the new Hamlet. But Boston, manifestly relieved by the change from Edwin Booth's more conventional and studied, but far more just and intuitive impersonation, incontinently accepted the French artist's performance, satisfied for the time with its outward and visible charms, its vitality, directness, and fervid sincerity.

FECHTER'S APPEARANCE AND EQUIPMENT.

Mr. Fechter, at this part of his career, was, indeed, an exceedingly fascinating and eloquently appealing actor. He was somewhat handicapped by the plainness of his features and the bluntness of his figure; but his gift in facial expression was varied, and his countenance, at moments of stress, readily took on majesty or strength, sometimes delicate spiritual beauty. His voice was rich and sweet, and easily capable of emotional saturation, though not of the widest range. His foreign intonations were numerous, as has been implied, and were very funny when mimicked; but, while he was acting, he so possessed

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his auditors that they seldom found opportunity to be amused. Personally, I have generally felt, and often expressed, a distaste for broken English on the stage, and I regard the easy-going toleration of the imperfect speech of alien actors as one of the signs of the rawness of our public. Fechter's failings annoyed me less, however, than those in this kind of other foreigners; and, after a time, I even learned to tolerate the queerest of his blunders, probably because they seldom took the shape of faulty emphasis. Several important and common words he never mastered; even "love" — the verbal talisman, treasure, pabulum, and *sine qua non* of the comedian — he pronounced in a mean between *loaf* and *loave*, to the end of his career. But with the appearance of Fechter American audiences first came in contact with an actor of great natural gifts and Continental training, who used the English language at his performances. In many ways the experience was a revelation. Here was the culture of the Comédie Française, conveyed through the vernacular, and not under the immense disadvantage of exposition in a foreign tongue. One could see, as Fechter played, the potency of abundant but perfectly appropriate gesture, the action fitted to the very word, the word to the action, according to Hamlet's prescript; the trained aptitude for rapid transitions of feeling; the large freedom of movement; the ease and force of style which seemed spontaneous and unstudied, when most refined. After an experience of Fechter in tragedy or romance, one returned to our great native artists, and found them, by contrast, rather cool and starchy.

FECHTER'S SUCCESS IN ROMANTIC PARTS. HIS RUY BLAS.

Nature, which had definitely, though not meanly, limited Mr. Fechter on the higher side of the intellect, had endowed him with a temperament of rare sensibility and ardor. Even if he had conceived the character of Hamlet aright, I doubt if he would have found it possible to embody his conception. Hamlet sometimes seems to be doing, and, when he is only marking time, tries to make believe that he is marching. I imagine that Fechter could not have contrived to import into the part of the prince that tentative, indecisive quality which characterizes Hamlet's love for talking and thinking, and his disinclination for persistent doing, which is made only plainer by occasional unpremeditated acts of violence. His Hamlet's feet were planted firmly on the earth; and his head was six feet above them, — not in the clouds, where Shakespeare put it. But when the matter in hand was one of clear romance; when youthful love, or the power of loyalty, or the spirit of daring was to be exemplified; indeed, when any common passion was to be shown in any usual way, Mr. Fechter's playing was eminently effective. As Ruy Blas, his bearing in his servile attire at the outset was singularly impressive, — true native dignity without presumption, deep pride without arrogance, the simplicity of a great, unsuspicious nature. His first revelation of his passion for the queen awakened profound sympathy; and in his interview with Don Cæsar, wherein one noted the manly affectionateness of his love for his friend, the actor's power of intensity of utterance and of swift transitions of feeling had remarkable illustration: at one moment his heart's secret rushed forth as if it could not be stayed; and in the same breath he checked himself in a spasm of self-disgust at his folly, with a half-mournful, half-humorous gesture of deprecation, but only to be swept away again by the torrent of feeling that must relieve itself by speech. In the great final act the actor's manifold power attained its maximum. Through his soliloquy, dark with his own woe,

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yet resonant with exultation over the apparent deliverance of the queen, the agonizing encounter with his mistress, the discovery of the plot to ruin her, the triumphant entrance of Don Salluste, the humiliating disclosure of his humble birth, and the insulting proposals of the nobleman to the wretched queen, — through all these scenes the passion of the actor grew hotter and hotter, until it culminated in the thrilling passage where he snatched his enemy's sword from its scabbard, and, with the voice of an avenging angel, proclaimed his purpose to slay the don as a venomous snake. In all that followed his action was of magnetic quality; and in his final dying instants, in which, after the proud self-abnegation with which he declared himself a lackey, he held out his arms to embrace the queen, the eager, reverent tenderness of the action, and the look of love and exaltation which transfigured his face before it stiffened in death, were profoundly stirring and very beautiful. There was no rant in any passage, and no evidence of deficient self-control. The charge of extravagance might as well have been made against a tornado as against Mr. Fechter's Ruy Blas, at its height.

FECHTER'S CLAUDE MELNOTTE. HIS LIMITATIONS.

In The Lady of Lyons he achieved a similar triumph, which was perhaps more remarkable because of the material in which he was there compelled to work. Ruy Blas may be called great, without much strain upon the adjective; but Bulwer's play is a crafty thing of gilt, rouge, and cardboard. Fechter's acting redeemed the English work from the artificiality and tawdriness which seemed of its essence, gave it new comeliness, and breathed into it the breath of life. The damnable plot upon which the action of the play turns has cast a shadow over the hero, which his fine speeches and copious tears, upon the tongues and cheeks of other actors, have failed to remove. But Fechter so intensified the cruelty of the insult received, and made the quality of Claude's love so pure, lofty, and ardent, that he delivered the character from its long disgrace. It is possible to raise a question as to the depth of the feeling displayed; but, leaving that question unanswered, I commit myself to the assertion that Mr. Fechter's love-making was the best I ever witnessed upon the stage. In the gift of self-delivery into one short action or utterance, also, I think he surpassed all his compeers, though Salvini, Booth, Irving, and many other leading actors have excelled in the same way. In the third act of The Lady of Lyons, when he turned upon Beauseant and Glavis, there was a remarkable display of this power in Mr. Fechter, when he made three commonplace words, "Away with you!" fall upon his tormentors like a bolt from a thundercloud. Mr. Booth played Ruy Blas and Claude Melnotte rather often in his early life, and briefly returned to them a few years before his death. His performance of neither part — though his playing did not lack distinction, of course — was worthy to be ranked with Fechter's. Booth's Ruy Blas seemed dry and slow in comparison with the French actor's, and Booth's Claude Melnotte, which resembled a double dahlia, was insignificant beside an impersonation that had the splendor and fragrance of an Oriental rose. Fechter was essentially a player of melodrama, however, — a master of the exterior symbolism of the histrionic art, but fully qualified neither to search into the spiritual and intellectual depths of the greatest dramatic conceptions, nor to carry out such conceptions to their just extent, or with a large grasp of their complicated parts, and the relations and proportions of the same. I have said bluntly that in romantic characters, such as the two which have been selected for special comment, he much excelled our leading American actor. But

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it is impossible to conceive of Mr. Fechter as interpreting King Lear or Iago or Macbeth with any approach to adequacy. His playing was almost perfect in its order, but the order was not the first.

A CURIOUS MISTAKE OF A SHAKESPEAREAN TEXT.

I deem it worth while to record a curious passage in one of the very few talks I had with Mr. Fechter, because the quoted words will furnish a good illustration of the certainty that a player who is using a foreign language will make some grievous blunder in handling a classic of that language, in spite of his pains and industry. I was so foolish as to get into an argument with the actor concerning his theory of Hamlet, which I attacked on lines already indicated. Mr. Fechter defended his conception, and declared that the prince did not procrastinate, but pursued his task with vigor. Quotations flowed freely, and I was about to clinch my argument by citing the words of the Ghost at his second appearance to Hamlet, when the actor interrupted me.

"Now," he said, "what can you answer to this, Mr. Clapp? Do you not recall the words of Hamlet's father in the queen's closet, 'I come to *wet* thy almost blunted purpose'?"

That inquiry ended the discussion. It was plain that Mr. Fechter had never distinguished "whet" from "wet," and that he had no notion of the force of "blunted." His idea was that the Ghost's declared purpose was to "wet" down, and so reduce, the excessive flame of Hamlet's zeal.

In a few emphatic words I wish to bear testimony to the merits of Miss Carlotta Leclercq, who supported Mr. Fechter, and afterwards went on a starring tour in this country, playing a great variety of parts, both in comedy and tragedy, with admirable intelligence, vigor, and taste.

MR. FECHTER'S DECADENCE.

Mr. Fechter's decline was melancholy. It seemed to date from his engagement as leading actor and general manager of the Globe Theatre, of which Mr. Arthur Cheney was proprietor. In the autumn of 1870 Mr. Fechter entered upon this part of his career. Miss Leclercq accompanied him as leading lady, her brother Arthur being stage manager and of the company. Mr. James W. Wallack was engaged as second leading man. Monte Cristo was brought out by the new corps, successfully and with much splendor, on the 14th of September, and ran eight weeks. Then Mr. Fechter presented many characters in his repertory, showing a very slight falling off in his ability; and the public appetite for his product displayed signs of abatement. Next came internal discords, which grew chiefly out of Mr. Fechter's impetuous temper and his inability to get on with American actors and employees. With scarcely any warning to the public, a rupture took place, and on the 14th of January, 1871, in Ruy Blas, he appeared in the Globe Theatre for the last time. During several sequent years, after one return to England, he acted in many American cities. Gradually his powers began to fail, and his engagements were made with second-rate theatres. It was pitiful to see the waning of his strength, indicated by lapses into rant, and by the development of slight mannerisms into gross faults. One of his clever devices had been the use of brief pauses for effect; now the pauses were lengthened out till they became ridiculous. It is probable that growing physical disability accounted for this decadence. In 1876 he broke his leg, and retired from the stage to his farm in Richmond, Pennsylvania, where he died on the 5th of August, 1879.

I have known only one other case of gradual histrionic disintegration in the

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early life of a player. A native actress, who attained fame in her youth, and, in spite of many crudities and excesses of style, prevailed through frequent flashes of genius, first showed the subsidence of her power by the steady widening of her peculiar extravagances; then, suddenly, all vitality disappeared from her playing, which became a mere desiccated husk, with queer contours, rigid and fixed.

EDWIN BOOTH.

There is no occasion for me to discuss minutely the work of him whose art was the crown of our tragic stage during nearly all the second half of the nineteenth century, — of Edwin Booth, *clarum et venerabile nomen.* There had been scarcely a break in the reign of his dynasty for the seventy-two years between 1821, when the wonderful Junius Brutus Booth, Sr., began to act in the United States, and 1893, when the son, Edwin, after a life strangely mixed of gloom and glory, "passed to where beyond these voices there is peace." The elder tragedian died in 1852, and in 1852 the younger, at the age of nineteen, in California, was playing "general utility business." My memory holds an undimmed picture of Edwin Booth as I first saw him at the Boston Theatre, in Shakespearean parts, during the season of 1856–57, when he was twenty-three years of age, — beautiful exceedingly in face and form, crude with the promise-crammed crudity of youthful genius, and already showing, with short intermissions and obscurations, the blaze of the divine fire. From that point I followed him, I may say, through his histrionic course until its close, as hundreds of my readers followed him. We saw, with an interest and curiosity always keen and a satisfaction seldom marred, his gradual growth in refinement and scholarship, the steady deepening and enriching of his docile and intuitive spirit, the swift experimental play of his keen intellect, and the broad development of that style in which the academic and the vital were so finely fused.

A famous *nomen* I called him even now. Alas! the plain truth in plain English is that his illustrious name and fame and the tradition of his art are all that is left to the American tragic stage, which to-day is trodden only by the spirits of departed actors, of whom all but him are practically forgotten. A vacant stage, haunted by ghosts, visited by dying winds of memory! One recalls with delight the purity of his enunciation, the elegant correctness of his pronunciation, the exquisite adjustment and proportion of his emphases, his absolute mastery of the music and the meaning of Shakespeare's verse; and, then, one may note, if one chooses, that the art of elocution, as he practiced it, is to all intents and purposes, for the theatre of 1901, a lost art.

BOOTH'S DEVELOPMENT AND VARIETY.

A great tragic actor, who is dealing with material such as that which is furnished by the Great Dramatist, is usually driven by an imperious impulse to try experiments with his text and to vary his histrionic conceptions as he advances in years and knowledge, and as his temperamental force waxes or wanes. Edwin Booth furnished a signal and most interesting example of the effect of this impulse, which was of itself a proof of the unflagging vitality of his spirit. With scholarly eclecticism, at different times he made choice of various "readings," subjecting them to the test of stage delivery, — often the best alembic in which to try their values, — and with innumerable diversities of vocal shading, *ictus*, and cadence sought to utter the Master Poet's thought with new delicacies or new potencies. I think it might be fairly said that his theories of the great characters were never wrong or seriously defective. And through his shifting ideals, as they were embodied from year to year, the spectator could

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discern the extraordinary variety of treatment which Shakespeare's creations, because of their many-sided humanness, will permit.

I have seen him play Shylock, sometimes as a fierce money-catching old-clothes dealer of Jewry; sometimes as a majestic Hebrew financier and law-giver; sometimes, at his full maturity, in what I suppose to be the just mean between the two extremes: and the Jew was terrible, vital, convincing, in every aspect. I witnessed the advance in his impersonation of Richelieu, whose theatricalism he succeeded in interpreting in terms of fiery sincerity, until the cardinal was equally imposing in his wrath and fascinating in his shrewdness and amiability. The changes in his conception of Iago were peculiarly noteworthy, the movement being almost steady from lightness in tint and texture to darkness and weight. His early Iago was a gay, jocund, comfortable villain, malicious rather than malevolent, at his strongest moments suggesting the litheness and swiftness, the grace and ominous beauty, of a leopard, to which, indeed, in attitude and action, he bore a physical resemblance. His last Iago showed a vast deepening and broadening of the artist's idea. The subtile Venetian, still as persuasively frank in speech and manners, as facile and graceful, as before, now threw a shadow of baleful blackness as he walked, was Prince of the Powers of the Air as he wove and cast the dreadful "net that should enmesh them all," and in his soliloquies uttered such a voice of unquenchable anguish and hate as might proceed from the breast of Satan himself.

Mr. Booth's assumption of King Lear I put at the head of all his performances. The tragedian, as the "child-changed father," showed, I thought, a loftier reach of spirit, a wider and stronger wing of imagination, a firmer intellectual grasp, than he displayed elsewhere, even in the other great assumptions more frequently associated with his name. That he had not as magnificent a physical basis for the part as Salvini is to be conceded; but Mr. Booth's Lear had been wrought into as pure a triumph of mind and soul over matter as the most idealistic critic could wish to see. Without extravagance of action or violence of voice, without extreme effort, indeed, of any sort, the chaotic vastness of Lear's nature, the cruel woe sustained through the ingratitude of his daughters, the fullness of his contrition over his own follies and his rejection of Cordelia, the moral splendors which illuminate the darkness of his insanity, and the sweet anguish of his restoration to clearness of mind and to gentleness of thought, word, and deed, — all these were grandly exhibited. The progress of mental decay in the king was indicated with consummate skill, Booth's interpretation of the whole of the third act being a lesson to the profession in the art of picturesque effectiveness without overelaboration. In the final scenes with Cordelia the tragedian reached his highest point. Mr. Booth's ability in pathos was unequal, but in these passages it was exquisite and poignant, the dryness which sometimes marred his efforts in this kind being replaced by suavity and warmth, like those of an April rain.

Mr. Booth's limitations were obvious. He had little success in straight love-making; in some few seconds of his dialogues with Ophelia, the passion of Hamlet's love was mixed with a spiritual pain and unrest, which somehow heightened every tenderness of action and utterance. Like his father, and all his father's other sons, he had small gift in mirth. It was therefore of interest to note that his Petruchio, Benedick, and Don Cæsar de Bazan were almost sufficient, by virtue of his vivacity, fire, and mental alertness, and, in the case of the last two characters, by the elegance and distinction of his manners and speech.

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THE HAMLET OF EDWIN BOOTH.

Through his Hamlet Edwin Booth made, upon the whole, his deepest and surest impression. In his performance of the part, there was retained to the last, consciously and deliberately, more of the old-fashioned formality and precision of style than he permitted himself in other impersonations, and the effect was sometimes that of artifice. But Mr. Booth elected to represent Hamlet in a style far less familiar and far more remote from ordinary life than he used for any other character in his large repertory. It was not that his Hamlet was all in one key; that its moods were not many and diverse; that the actor did not finely discriminate between the son, the prince, the courtier, the friend, the lover, the artist, and the wit. The contrary was true. It was as full of delicate and just differences as one could wish. But, through its prevailing quality, made constantly prominent by the tragedian's methods, certain definite and necessary results were reached. Hamlet differs from Shakespeare's other tragic heroes both in his supernatural experience and in his unique spiritual constitution. The grim effects of jealousy upon Othello and of ambition upon Macbeth, the griefs which work their torture and their transformation upon King Lear, do not separate these men from others of the human family, — rather ally them with every human creature. But the bark of Hamlet's misfortunes is borne upon a current whose dark waters flow from the undiscovered country. Macbeth questions with witches and is visited by ghosts, but at every step his path is shown to be of his own making. To Hamlet, by the conditions of his life and his soul, is given the largest opportunity for choice, and the smallest power of choosing. Mr. Booth, with careful and scrupulous art and full success, attempted thus to distinguish the Prince of Denmark from all the rest of the world. His eyes, after the fourth scene of the first act, never lost the awful light which had filled them as they looked upon his father's ghost; his voice never quite lost the tone which had vibrated in harmony with the utterances of that august spirit.

After all, there is a fine fitness in that closeness of association between Edwin Booth and Hamlet the Dane, which is to abide as long as the man and his art and his life are remembered. In his largeness and sweetness, his rare delicacy and sensibility, he was nobly human to the core, after the pattern of the most human of all the creations of the Poet. Like the melancholy prince, he was required to drink the bitter water of affliction, and to hold his peace when his heart was almost breaking; and, in its extraordinary depth and reserve, his soul, even as Hamlet's and as Milton's,

"Was like a star, and dwelt apart."

Henry Austin Clapp.

(*To be continued.*)

QUATRAIN.

WHAT compass binds the milkweed skiff?
What rudder guides its helm?
What wheel the thistle-head obeys,
Across the air-king's realm?

Grace Richardson.

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A SUBCONSCIOUS COURTSHIP.

At fifteen Milton F. Stimpson thought himself St. Francis of Assisi. At seventeen he began to merge into Henry David Thoreau. Then exclusiveness coming into apogee, nineteen found him envying St. Simeon Stylites. He was twenty-four before he began to be Milton F. Stimpson, and he was older still before he became appreciably himself.

An ascetic Ohio aunt had marooned him early in life upon a circumspect islet of abstraction. He never sowed so much as a single wild oat, for he had no field in which to sow. The ascetic aunt, with acid precept, had etched out high ideal on the tablets of his mind, and kept the product immune by isolation. His moral quarantine precluded boyish friendships. The ascetic aunt had a marvelous faculty for detecting evil in all men; and in boys, the fathers of men, her appraisals found crime and corruption in a universal ascendant. She close-herded the youthful Milton in a manner sadly despaired of by near-by motherhood whose dominion was described by the radius of an apron string. She felt that her sister, Milton's mutely indulgent mother, had never been born to rear; the very fact of her being his mother had made her prejudiced toward him, and prejudice was fatal to discipline. When Milton's mother died, the aunt regretted her death, but she nevertheless saw design in it; and that design was that she should upbring the child, which was a perfect working out of affairs as she thought they should be.

The flaw in the matter was her own death. It was a neat and unemotional death. The funeral director could have arranged it no more faultlessly. She requested the nurse to call her nephew, and upon his closing the door quietly — lifting it on the hinge, so that it might latch without noise — she had said: "I wish you would have that door fixed, on my death; the under surface needs planing. Get Masters. No, he littered up the spare room so, last March. Try that German on Washington Street."

"Yes, aunt," said Milton.

But the Book of Life had closed there. She might have wished it so. No visitor, not even Death, could ever have surprised her in an impractical mood or in a dressing sack.

Those who had watched the household over the box hedge waited, after the funeral, for the twenty-four-year-old Milton F. Stimpson to exemplify the inevitableness of reaction. By all their reasoning they saw him heir apparent to Dan Witmers, the town drunkard. They recognized the first step when it was known he had gone to a Lake Erie summer resort, where life assumed all the gayety an average expenditure of fifteen dollars a week could give it. Had they watched him there, they might have realized that good habits, when the product of breeding and development, are as strong as bad ones.

There were women folk there who were interesting. They blossomed on the piny verandas. The array of shirt waists was vertiginous to Milton. It was the same feeling he had on looking down from high places. The men folk interested him not. He did not golf, swim, or cocktail, nor did he dance. But there were the women. They were the most patent things in the landscape. One, he knew, was laughing at him. He was introduced forthwith. He whipped over pools of running conversation, awkward as a fisherman with his first rod, hoping vaguely for something to rise. She, older, wiser, did the same, and caught him. She knew how to choose her bait. The lure was himself. It was the one bait that is never out of

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season. He was instantly eloquent, she passively so. He first felt the delights of being listened to, and on such an interesting subject!

Besides, she listened with her eyes, which only clever women can do. He grew to refer to her by those eyes. They aided his own vision. Through them he became conscious he was not tailored as other men were. The shame of the discovery was as definite as a slap. The matter was remedied. Having adjusted himself to the clothes of the hour, young Stimpson began to live down to his externals. The Eyes had wrought the change.

One day, when the sun sent level rays over the bay and the shadows were prepossessing, some words were stammered into being. Stimpson spoke them on impulse. He was not used to speaking on impulse. He generally weighed words to the nicest scruple. But not then. They voiced themselves. The Eyes half responded. There had been many talks. This was one to remember. He and the Eyes, — had there ever been so memorable a dialogue?

He would follow it up on the morrow, he thought. Declaration would finally predicate insinuation. The Eyes had answered, he thought. But he would extort the definiteness of speech. Eyes might lie, — even hers. He would outflank all vagueness, and he mapped out the usual campaign. He was a bold commander, a dashing general, whose tactical powers of reason he would, boylike, match against one of a sex the least of whom is born an experienced field marshal!

Milton F. Stimpson's morrow never came. A letter did, however. It was from an attorney, and it told of many a thing. It necessitated a quick departure, and before any of the splendid tactics could be put into execution he must go. He explained hurriedly.

"There is such a lot unsaid," he added regretfully.

The Eyes were non-committal.

"And — may I write?" He was fearful of the way the words sounded. "Please," he urged.

"You have my card," was the answer.

And then the fat Mrs. Bellinger wished to know if the finals in the tennis tournament were played to-day.

His aunt's lawyer had settled up the estate. Milton thought it was settled with a vengeance. It seemed the ascetic aunt had laid up store where thieves could not break through and steal, or moths corrupt. The result of it all was that young Stimpson left, a few months later, for Buffalo, where he found a place in a chemical works. The Eyes passed into the abstract, the city intervened. He realized as deep a sense of the personal seriousness of life as he had of its impersonal seriousness under the immediate sway of the ascetic aunt. He wrote no letters. A struggling young chemist had no right to follow up such a matter. The vital concerns were food and room rent. Eyes could play no part in the routine tragedy of a day's work.

The new surroundings gradually drove Stimpson into himself once more. His cells were on the fifth floor of an apartment house which had an Indian name, and there he was an anchored anchorite. The necessities of life were closely compacted into two rooms, and there he tried to develop, but it was development inward.

He had no common grounds on which to meet his fellows with whom he was hurled into contact. He met no one with any interesting, uncommon grounds. He ate at Mrs. Watson's, near by, and the experimental inquisitiveness of the young gentlemen was soon satisfied with the verdict of "Stick!" pronounced by the jury which met him at daily dinner.

A law clerk, named Corcoran, from a country town, burst into his room one night, and the evening ended with an invitation to a "smoker" at a bicycle club the next Tuesday. Stimpson went. He heard doubtful songs sung in more

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than doubtful voices; and when the club broke into general revelry and the shampooing of each other with beer, he left. He vastly preferred an evening with himself. He was more certain of the company. A Mac-somebody invited him to his room in the same building. This Mac-somebody was a bank clerk. His talk ranged from neckwear to handball through a mediate distance of soubrettes. Stimpson felt too ignorant of the subjects vital to this young man, so the acquaintance died at its birth. The others he met seemed of the same sort. And so time passed. He read German philosophy by choice, and was universally accounted a "freak." But he got along with himself famously.

It was when he fell out with himself that things began. He was in a way to fall in with other people. The truth of the matter was, he tired of himself. It happened because two young men grew confidential over a sirloin steak and a bottle, and this became his undoing or doing, — who can say?

He dined at a café one night, beside two young fellows who were partly screened by an artificial palm. He heard everything they said. It seemed they had been great friends at college, and had first met that night since the old days.

"What 's Trotter doing now?" asked one.

"Traveling, I think," said the other.

"Heard of Perk lately?"

"Not since '96. He 's married, I hear. Who was it told me? I 'm sure I don't know, though."

"And the Good Bill! I hear he 's teaching."

"No, he went to the war. Had the fever, so Shep told me."

So it went. And then, because of the general succulence of the steak and its liquid accompaniment, the tone changed from a reminiscence to a requiem.

A requiem for friendship dead. It was horrible not to know the most intimate detail of the lives of Trotter, Perk, and the Good Bill. Horrible indeed! What were the old pledges good for? Monstrous! What a wedge was toil! Hammered home by each year that drove apart the old friendships. To sacrifice a friend for cause, — that was in the nature of things; but the slow tubercular passing was frightful. What was it, then, — this friendship? A lie that youth told, great-lipped with deceit. It was, after all, contingent on proximity. Not to know whether Atkins lived in Circleville, Ohio, or Atlanta, Georgia! Instead of Perk, it is now Burton, of Parsons, Smith and Parsons office. Friendship, the creature of contingency! Better a hasty word, a blow for a cause. Mort, but sixty a month and life in a cheap boarding house? To his aid to-morrow! But no; each to his own commercial way. When salaries are paid out of the glass window, friendships fly out of the door. Tells the tale of plastic youth, hotfoot after companionship, moulded into a stern, selfish, commercial being, — and that 's the tragedy of life.

The melted butter hardens in the plated platter for a symbol, and the friends to barter wealth and position for not so long ago have become the shadows of memories. They were immolated on the altar of mercantile preferment. No, friendship is not the feeling between two souls, created for mutual need, but the mere creation of juxtaposition. The friendship poets prate of, — we were not capable of it. It is not the product of an age or country such as this. Not even to know the mere abiding place of the Good Bill — Come, a cordial to spice away the vile confession! Life is too real, after all, and friendships, the supports of life, merely uphold a dream fabric.

Stimpson listened acutely, and after they had gone stirred his black coffee in a joyless way. It was sad, all of it. But how about it when one has no friend-

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ships to murder? Where were the Mort, the Perk, the Good Bill, in his life? His mind from that moment became a culture where little bitternesses brooded.

Solitude, he had said, was the asepsis of purpose. But what was the end? He was in a fair way to solve the ordinary problems of life, those upon which depend food and clothing; and if solitude is something to be worshiped, surely it needs two worshipers, worshiping together. The next night he scorned the cold friendship of books. He lowered his rear window and looked at the city, close-nested in its own effluvia. The sky line was sordidly broken with regular angles. The darkness was spattered by arc lights, and a light rain streaked slantingly the murky air. A realizing sense of a lack supplied inertia for a need. The city sung loneliness; the drone of the gutter pipe was attuned to his own song. Need grew dominant. He was athirst for a friend. As he turned from the window he saw life from a new viewpoint.

The next night he noticed Corcoran and that Mac-somebody. They were evidently friends of a sort. They were tied by many "a grouse in the gun-room." To each his need. Clearly filling that of each other, neither could fill his. They merely made his need apparent. His friend would be no subterfuge. He would be no dependent on contingency or the result of juxtaposition. He would be a mental complement, — strong where he was weak, and weak where he was strong. He would forgive apathy toward German philosophy, but he must like Thomas Hardy. He must also be fond of Gothic architecture and — But what folly! Were not such things the mere high seasonings of friendship? It must be elemental, and have for its tests "common or garden" grounds. Thus it would be resilient and vital.

He would be such a help. He would broaden him. "Such a man exists," argued Stimpson. In a few days Stimpson knew almost every nook and cranny of his character. He knew his past history and his present hopes. He knew his tastes in art and literature; he knew his tastes in dress.

Stimpson bought a necktie one day. It was nothing modish. The haberdasher had been thwarted in trying to foist a gay creation on him. Stimpson was back the next day. He got a tie a bit more brilliant. "A friend tells me I 'm too conservative, and thinks more color would do better," he said. His friend's judgment thereafter effected a compromise with his own on matters of apparel.

Matters were not well with him in the little suite. The infection worked its way. He was undeniably lonesome. He marshaled his sparse array of acquaintance, weighed each over and over, only to return to the conclusion he never had a friend. The ascetic aunt was bitterly reproached for her methods of upbringing. He saw it: he had never been a boy; he was a product.

The Eyes returned, to be seen through a haze. If the importunate lawyer had delayed a bit — But then, that was folly. He wanted a friend, not a love, hardly realizing he might be fortunate enough to have both.

So he came to think over the directness, the daring, the manliness, of the friend he should have had, had the gods been kind. He would sit loungingly opposite him, and laugh at his chimeras. He would advise him to take bodily comfort. He saw himself expand under the genial raillery. He could almost see him, feet on the table edge, puffing smoke at him. The next day Stimpson bought a pipe, and made great blue clouds which heightened the illusion. He played at "make-believe," which noble game few people outgrow, and there was almost solace in it. Then the hollowness of it all came over him, and he felt the game was tedious to play.

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A direct inspiration came one night. He would write a letter to him! The game took on another aspect. It became glorious! The inspiration was immediately acted upon, as all inspirations should be. The sanity of it could be neither denied nor questioned, which classed it as a true inspiration. The name was at his pen's end in a twinkling, and the box of letter paper, so rarely used, was got, some ink borrowed of Corcoran, and the work begun.

So he wrote, and this is the writing:

My dear Mr. Belding, — To begin a letter like this unduly apologetic will cause it to miss its mission. A glance at the signature suffixed may convey no meaning, as I write at a hazard, trusting to chance. But I have been greatly interested in you through a mutual friend, who has so often said, "You ought to know Belding; you would like him so," that I merely determined that if I did n't know you it would not be my fault.

This is admitting the hypothesis of our friend that I ought to know you; and really I do, for I know so much of you. Who knows people the best, anyway, — their intimates or the others? Having granted you are so well worth knowing, I really should, I know, prove that I am; else what would be the use of writing? But I really am not. I will make no pretense. You would find it out if I did. Of course it seems foolish to write at all; and I would n't, only I know you are isolated off in your logging camp, but not as much as I am in my city. You may have a spare evening; mine are exceedingly spare!

I have not tried to prove it worth your while in any way. In all this intercourse between two persons, one has got to gain while the other gives up. Friendship implies a passive and active agent, does it not? I could only be the passive; for if an epistolary clearing house were established between us, what could I bring? Very little, I 'm afraid. But then, there 's our friend: he says I should know you, and so he must bear the burden.

Anyway, I think he is right. What do you think? This is all frightfully stilted and unnatural, but how could it be otherwise? And now I have subdued temerity, I will await results.

Hopefully,

Milton F. Stimpson.

The letter was written, dried by frantic flapping, and sealed. Then it was addressed.

To any Arthur Belding? Not at all. The inspiration was rose-tinted. It was to Milton F. Stimpson, at his own address. A game like this, if well played, is worth its while. Stimpson went out into the sombre street, and pulled down the red lip of a post box with decision. He dropped the letter in, and walked back to his room with the air of a man of affairs, and slept content.

He worked with an unusual vim the next day. He scolded his assistant for laxity, and when he went home and washed for dinner, he hummed to himself. There was a letter for him under the door, and he crowded it into a pocket. At dinner he opened it nonchalantly, — the others frequently read letters at mealtime, — and read it with great interest. There were red areas on his cheeks, — that was all.

And that night he answered it. He set himself briskly to the task, and made slashes across the tops of his *t*'s and brave dashes for commas. He wrote this: —

My dear Stimpson, — You kind of interest me. I know a good deal how you feel. You did n't state who the friend was, but I have a guess. You 're not altogether unknown to me. I 've heard your praises sung — you 're all that I 'm not, you know. "Why can't you be thorough like Stimpson?" I ought to dislike you, I think.

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That cousin of mine is a great press agent. I know just about what he said. He thinks I 'm all sorts of things I am not. And I might as well play confessant to you; I 've needed a father confessor for some time. But I know how you feel in a city. Personality has so much to contend with there. But there is so much to contend for, too. There is a certain capillarity about a city that sucks one's self up into the general. I know it — but I don't mind it. Here in the camp I 'm much more myself. Individuality has a chance here. That 's why I like the small college. The big men, it seems to me, always got big in a small place; and when they went to a large one, they stayed big — out of habit.

I rather like your suggestion. We are n't hampered by knowing each other, and although we may pose all the more because of it — still it 's not a bad idea. I won't have to tell you the news, anyway. You seem an ideal correspondent. I know all about the others, and they all about me. Let 's try it on for a while. It may do good. When minded, write me. You might be a good person to pass judgment on some ideas I have — but it 's too early for that — is n't it?

Cordially,

ARTHUR BELDING.

This was mailed, and of course answered; and so it all started. Belding became everything but incarnate. Once started, the game played itself.

The letters were evidence enough to fix habit. There were fierce contentions over moot points of manners and ethics. The very famous quarrel over the question of the War of 1812 — Belding arguing it was quite right, and Stimpson contending it arose from a political ruse — aroused a feeling which bordered on the bitter. Stimpson did a lot of research, and on unearthing a choice parry he hastened from the library to a hotel, where he thrust it home at once. But Belding prevailed, as he generally did.

Belding taught Stimpson to drink. One day he sent him a bottle of Scotch whiskey, with his earnest recommendation. Stimpson drank very sparingly; but Belding seemed, from his letters, frequently to use the product to a greater extent. For all of that, the bottle lasted some time, when Belding, without warning, swore off. So Stimpson followed suit.

Stimpson kept track of Belding's successes with keen interest. He considered him lucky, but principally because he knew how to get in luck's path. Quite often he referred to Belding at the dinner table, which bored Corcoran exceedingly. Belding was too much of a paragon for the mental ease of the boarding house, where, if there was anybody approaching a paragon, the world and the boarding house failed to note him.

A telegram came from Belding one night, and Stimpson read it at the dinner table. Soon he said: "By the way, my friend Belding will stop off here tomorrow. He 's the chap" —

But Corcoran intervened. "We know him. He 's your marvel, who 's done everything and is doing more," he said.

This hurt Stimpson. He was extremely loyal.

But Belding never came. He went to New York by way of Pittsburg, to investigate something in the glass-making line. The boarding house was relieved. Stimpson reproached Belding bitterly for this. "I wanted to see you, as there is no need telling you, and I did want you to see my fellow creatures, those with whom I am cast daily," he wrote.

So the game went on and on. Had any one known the details, he could have sworn the projected Belding was the more real. The days when letters signed "Belding" were written, Stimpson was light-hearted, taller, and almost masterful. They noticed it at the works, and Stimpson reaped. He rapidly became a person of importance.

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Nearly two years had passed since the night on which Belding had sprung armed from Stimpson's head, when a letter came from him that gave Stimpson a shiver of apprehension. It contained a paragraph which ran this way, in Belding's blunt, lateral hand: —

"There is one other matter we have touched on, but never dallied with, — marriage. I can see your attitude. You place so high an appraisal on its sacredness you would shrink from incurring the risk so long as you thought it a risk, and you would insist that it was a risk unless you had a complete foreknowledge. Now I think love the only clairvoyant thing there is. Such a love as would fall to us is prescient, is it not? I hope you will answer this frankly."

Stimpson knew it. Belding was subject to a new alliance. He had felt it. His friend was thinking of the only manner in which the friendship could be shattered. The thought struck him with a sting. The lash of it raised a red weal.

This is part of his answer: —

"Be frank, old man, confess. I know it and knew it. Your tenor has been a high treble, and in spite of yourself you have anticipated. You are in love, and deeply in love, and the doom of our friendship is writ. It had little basis, anyway. It never took on corporeity. It lacked the physical, and friendship must be grounded on the physical. The mental is too slender a tie. We have not our 'grouse in the gunroom.' I am sorry for myself, but glad in your gladness. When you are married, as marry you must, I will fall back on myself."

Belding stormed "Nonsense!" back at him, but in vain. Stimpson replied that he knew more about it than Belding did. He waived his own claims, and wanted an inventory of the lady's charms. Belding confessed a part, but refused to catalogue charms.

"I can't reduce Her to the Common Denominator of adjectives. It would be both a profanation and an impossibility. She is beloved of me, not you, remember, and that is why I refuse to describe. You would have chosen the immediately spiritual" ("Idiot!" snorted Stimpson), "and you might seek for a feminine complement. I am ruled by the great law of desire. Desire is the stressing of the affections, the curve they take from hindered possession. And Desire has imperially usurped the Throne of Reason, and I rejoice in it. Reason is now bondslave to a recognized master, and I am happy in it. The reign of an absolute monarch is what I needed, anyway.

"All this is rot, you say, but what happy rot! I don't like to pry into the unknowable, and unknowledge is the wisdom of the Book of Love. If you think me idiotic, I can only produce Her who made me so."

Stimpson sniffed. Belding wrote inanities. It might be well, though. He would lose a friend, but Belding had gained a love. He would be content. It would be worse than ever for him, for Belding married was an impossible correspondent. But he was unselfish enough, thank God, to rejoice at the greater happiness of Belding.

So spun matters for a month. Belding visited the town where the girl lived; wrote rather sporadically, it is true, but Stimpson had foreseen that. He said he had won the girl "on a bluff." He had become intoxicated with her, and the intoxication gave him courage. He had dashed into her affections as Paul Jones descended on Whitehaven; gave her no time to weigh, to refine on, her own thoughts. He owned up later, when his domineering had wrung a confessed reciprocity, and she had been quicker to forgive than she had been easy to domineer over.

Stimpson envied this man. Had he only a tithe of his assertion he had done great things. His cursed reticence, his deliberation which weighed while time elapsed, and conclusions reached after

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circumstance had impressed conclusions all its own, gave the reason for his failure. Belding was a battering ram, and battering rams have their own way.

The lady's name? Stimpson asked. He would send her a token. Had he, Belding, never told him? What was a name, anyway? Bathos, quite often. Had a sprite a need for a name? As a matter of record, hers happened to be Kate Parker, which of course was absurd.

Kate Parker!

Stimpson bagged limply. Impossible! Kate Parker was the name of the girl who owned the Eyes! She was the girl, had not circumstance intervened, to whom he might have said things! Stimpson spent the rest of the evening chin on hand.

The next night he walked. The hot hush of the summer's night, the smell of the pave after a slight and sudden rain, the arc lights through the maples, conjured up the Eyes again, more magic than ever. They could so easily have been thaumaturge, and wrought a finished man out of the welter of introspection cast on the world by the ascetic aunt.

The evening, an interval between business and business, brought pleasure crowds out. They solemnly persisted in seeking pleasure, these sidewalk crowds, but never got it. Yet they made Stimpson feel the obviousness of his new isolation as he had never felt it before.

The irony of it, — to lose Belding, and in such a manner, to such a person! He saw the stern solace of even an unrequited affection. Belding had taken from him, not the woman that might have loved him, but the woman he might have loved. A momentary impulse to fight it out with Belding struck him. He at least would declare himself, and tragically accept his fate. He was no rival to the impetuous Belding. He had never declared himself. But he would! He would use craft against Belding! He would give him a fight, anyway.

But no. It was too late. Even the opportunity of rivalry was taken from him. He had nothing left. Ah, but he had! Just one thing. The declaration that was never made he could yet make. Then he would suffer in silence. He would throw conscience and the thought of Belding betrayed to the four winds. He would have something to suffer for, at least. He could rest after telling the girl that he loved her. But did he love her? Did he? Ask the fiercely jealous feeling that came with Belding's letter. He had always loved her, but had been too near-sighted to see it.

Kate Parker about to wed Belding possessed wonderful attractions. That they were so much more intense than they had been before was only natural, and she must know, and know at once. And so, long after the sidewalk crowds had thinned and disappeared, he found himself in the tiny rooms, writing.

This is what he wrote: —

My dear Miss Parker, — You will pardon this, I know, if you realize the extremity out of which it is born. And Arthur Belding is a friend of mine; so that if you thought it best for him to know, he would pardon, too, for he is a true man and a rare.

But I wanted you to know — it is hard to tell what; and if the telling of it is hard, it is because confessions always are. Now that you are to marry another, I feel I can speak; yes, speak what I might have spoken once in another vein.

Confused as my thoughts are, they scatter only to concentrate on this: Miss Parker, that summer I met you, saw so much of you, I grew to love you. It is written now, and I am easier. I could not tell you then. I was called away, and I had yet a way to make; my means of subsistence were unassured. And now that the time has come when this barrier is nearly removed, you are lost to me.

Yet I wanted you to know. Why, it

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is hard to say. It seems strange I should write the word, when the writing of it can only cause me pain, and can scarcely cause you anything less; for you are not the woman to account an honest love which cannot be returned a personal triumph. But why go into such matters? I did not speak when I might have, and perhaps this saved me from the greater pain of a refusal. I have often meant to write, yet hardly dared, from that cursed reticence which has always kept me so apart from the rest of the world.

But now I write it, — I loved you. You perhaps can understand why I write. I can't. I did wish you to know, Kate. (Forgive that once, — the first and last time; I know you will.) It was hopeless ever, had I spoken. Yet — But never mind the "yets;" my life has had too many of them.

Belding is worthy of you, — as worthy of you as you are of him. Love has already arranged best. You will be happy, I know.

Accept this unwelcome note as it is written, from the extremity of a poor, useless, lonesome, indecisive man; and yet he loves you still, and can never love save her who is destined for his best friend. But things are usually so in his life. Never mind; he is eased now. Has he not written what he so often longed to? Yes, and he writes again, knowing too well its present import. I love you, Kate, I love you. You need not answer. I wish to leave that part to your imagination. It 's all I have left. So good-by, and bless you, — bless you both.

MILTON F. STIMPSON.

He sealed the letter, and on the envelope he wrote "Miss Kate Parker, 437 Frontenac Street, Detroit, Michigan." He mailed it as a man about to die sends his last message home.

The obtrusion of a new actor had thrown Stimpson out of the rut. He no longer played the game with himself; it had got beyond him. He was playing with reality unrealizing, for the address had been on the card given him the last day at the resort.

Stimpson neglected to write Belding. He hardly knew why. But he was close-hugging his new sorrow, which Belding could not share. And then a letter came. It took him three minutes to read, and three hours to comprehend it. It ran:

MY DEAR MR. STIMPSON, — Until I am assured your letter is not a joke, how can I answer it? But it really can't be a joke, and yet I can account for it in no other way. I have never heard of any one named Belding, and I am engaged to no one.

Your letter was wrung from you under the impression I was, and what is a poor girl to do in such a case?

This is the natural place to stop, but I can't exactly do it. Do tell me where you heard all this. And you, poor fellow, to have written as you did under such a supposition! Of course it would be most unmaidenly to write anything more. I positively refuse to write a word more until you tell me all about it.

Cordially,

KATE PARKER.

As to the rest of their correspondence, is it not their affair, too sacred for the profanation of print?

Not so many months later a couple sat on the deck of a steamer. The woman said: "Do you know that I never can get used to writing my name 'Mrs. Stimpson'? And really, from what I 've seen of you, I am inclined to think I ought to write 'Mrs. Belding' instead."

He looked over and smiled. "As far as that is concerned," he said, "perhaps you had. I really hope so, don't you?"

But the bass of a whistle drowned her answer.

Eugene Richard White.

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AN ENGLISH WRITER'S NOTES ON ENGLAND.

THE NORTH.

TRAVELING north through the manufacturing district, particularly round Sheffield, I am struck once more by the ruthless barbarity of this industrialism; not merely the wholesale pollution of water and ground, the killing off of trees and blackening of the sky, but the litter, the heaps of refuse everywhere, the country dealt with worse than the lazy indifference of its inhabitants deals with a southern or Oriental town. The brilliant blue August sky is sicklied over for miles with smoke from almost invisible chimneys, from dim towns scarcely more than guessed at among the misty green uplands.

At what one might call the northern gate of Leeds is a great open square, set with rusty black benches and fences, and a few stunted, leafless bushes; barely a little grass on the blackened earth, and nothing flowering, of course, save colored billboards. This approach to a great city, this place of refreshment and rest for a hard-working people, is appropriately called Hyde Park Corner!

Adel, near Leeds. — Sitting on the rough wall or heaped-up black stones near the little Norman church, I feel that this "North Country" — where, alas, the factory chimney and the pit engine flourish as much as the oak and the ash of the ballad — is beginning to appeal once more to my imagination, with its strange mixture, so English, so modern, of overcrowding and desolation. The high-lying fields, checkered with black walls, stretch in all directions, and the few big trees, beeches and limes, of the churchyard, and the little ancient church itself, acquire deeper significance just because this country is so bleak, its trees so wind-warped, and itself so empty of all past.

This country has indeed taken hold of me again. Yesterday afternoon I bicycled a few miles in the Ilkley direction, over low slopes, very open to the gray sky, their brilliant pastures and pale crops rippled by the bracing air; rough black walls and scant blackish hedges only serving, with their irregular lines, to make this high-lying country more wide and open. On distant hillsides the chimneys appear, and the smoke of the factories creeping up from the valleys; and far off, in rain or mist, pale lilac ridges, the great heather moors! The old deserted road turns into a track across the fields, and suddenly comes to an end, — becomes a rough, natural stair between great beech trees; and, looking down, you see below you a stream, and opposite, through the misty air, the solitary hills, pale green, pale lavender, and gray, like faded tapestry. And, returning home, at certain bends of the road, between wind-troubled trees and pale, pale pastures, you get a glimpse, down in the valley, of the innumerable chimneys, the vague, endless roofs, the steaming smoke, of Leeds; I was going to say, of hell!

On the North Tyne. — The sense of depopulation, of emptiness of all human life, already so strong in the country in Yorkshire, goes in steady crescendo as one approaches the Scottish Border. We drove about eighteen miles yesterday, not anywhere near moors or waste places, but in the valleys, over excellent roads: only one village visible, houses scarcely any; cottages, one may say, none; traffic not the slightest; nothing but slopes of green and slopes of green; not much of cattle, even, or of sheep; no corn; only a few fields, far between, of oats. The inhabitants of the country seemed all mustered on the two cricket grounds we went to: one at Chollerford, where the Roman camp is; the other

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(with band and "all Tyneside" present) above the tiny town — metropolis of these valleys — of Hexham. And these inhabitants appeared to be only gentry and gentry's servants. What has become of mankind as such? One understands, when one remembers how long the Scotch express runs through abominable rows of workmen's houses, built on refuse heaps, before getting into Newcastle; and remembering also the look down the Tyne, the miles of roof, chimney, wharf, which one has from the high level bridge before entering the station. Modern industry, paradox though it sounds, has emptied these dales of the North and South Tynes more effectually than all the Border wars of Percies and of Douglases.

It is when one gets high enough, as we did yesterday toward sunset, that the real quality of Northumberland becomes manifest. The valleys close up, — mere details and accidents; the real country being the great flat, barely undulating moors of grass between them, — moors bare of trees, bare of houses, bare to the sun and storms, naked land, like one of these places which is called, doubtless after some mosstrooper's adventure, "Naked Man." The road we struck and drove along was the highroad from Newcastle to Carlisle; and across the Tyne the Watling Street runs north and south along similar hilltops. And along the crest of the hills, across the moors, there runs, emerging in black stone heaps among the thin black brambles, or showing through the green pasture, the Roman wall; it also affirming that the real country is the solitary Fell, not the valley. My friend remarked, as we drove along toward the pale sunset, that were but the distant Cumberland hills — faint, uncertain — a little higher, one might almost fancy one's self crossing the Campagna when in these false plains or hilltops and hidden or mist-veiled valleys. Indeed, it is curious to think that the Romans who built this wall would not have known what we meant; could never have conceived that a great solitude just like this, given over to sheep and birds, would one day stretch even round their town of towns. I remember, some years ago, seeing at Newcastle a Roman altar dedicated "Dis cultoribus huius loci." What can have been the feelings of a Roman legionary, from the Po, or the Straits of Messina, or the coast of Asia Minor, toward the divinities inhabiting such places as these?

The past of this Border country is recorded in the very fact that it has left solitude behind: a couple of castles, here and there a peel tower (like the one against which this house is propped), and this Roman wall! The past gone, disappeared utterly, with the wandering Picts against whom the wall was built; with the knights of Chevy Chase and of Otterburn; with the Jacobites of Derwentwater's rebellion; with the highwaymen who must have stopped the travelers in those more recent days when, as Scott had heard tell, the London mail would arrive at Edinburgh with only a single letter!

On our way up there (the place is called Sewingshields, and has legends of an underground palace of King Arthur) we went to tea at a rectory just under the moors, and found a party of curates and county ladies in feathered hats and blue and pink frocks playing croquet! Taken in conjunction with those neighboring solitudes, such a sight is funny and fantastic: this is all that the present has brought!

Still on the North Tyne. — Just returned from one of the few remaining castles (the only one near here besides the one I am writing from) of Tyneside. A great oblong donjon overlooking the river; added to and restored in the style of a railway hotel, but having kept, nevertheless, the small, gloomy rooms of its original state. We went on to the battlements, well preserved, up black corkscrew stairs, and into the flanking tur-

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rets or bartizans above what was once the guardroom, and looked down on the melancholy river and woods, and up the green, empty country swept by storm clouds. I have been reading Border minstrelsy every evening by the big carved fireplace of —— Castle; and I thought of that terrible ballad of Lambkin, where the lady, left alone at home, sees the enemy advancing, parleys from the roof, and knows her little ones will be butchered. One feels the possibility of such things here, although the great visored chimneys, clattering in the wind, are all that represents the knights of old.

Like nearly all the houses of this part of the world (Hezlyside, with the famous spur which used to be served up periodically, is let), this castle has many times changed hands; the present owners being partners of Armstrong's. The other Armstrong, the legendary mosstrooper Archie, sung in ballads, was found, 't is said (a common Border story), dead of starvation, his right arm gnawed, by a certain lord of Haughton who had forgotten him while on a journey. The spot was shown us, in the vaults, under the hooks where they now keep their bacon! Remarking on this story, my hostess tells me that the same is told, with little difference, of a certain Sir Reginald, who is said still to haunt the peel tower against which this beautiful Jacobean house is built. That was in legendary days. But a tradition exists of a certain Frank Skotoe, smuggler and general hero at the beginning of the eighteenth century, having delivered a squire of the North Tyne, whom his enemy, a Charlton, kept, after a long feud and attempted murder, chained to his kitchen chimney at Leehall, close by here. Savage people, those old Border folk!

And a savagely grand country! We went to-day, in beating rain, across the moors to a place called Thockrington: hard, brownish grass, wave on wave; a steel-blue tarn spilt on the surface of the moor; distant blue hills, the crags where King Arthur still holds state near the Roman wall. And suddenly, at a bend, on a knoll, a tiny black church, with only a gray stone farm, among wind-warped trees, behind it, — a tiny Norman church; within it the effigy of a lady in a coif, her feet on her dog, and one of those Northumbrian crosses interlaced with the sword of a nameless knight. The keys of the church were brought from the farm by a very pretty red-haired girl of fifteen, whose odd looks and gestures we could not at first understand. She was deaf and dumb!

Such infirmities, I am told, are common in these remote and scattered parishes, whence the inhabitants are constantly emigrating to pit and factory districts, and to which no girl from the dales consents to come; the marriages becoming, therefore, constantly more in and in. . . . The Fell, with its great battle of clouds, and its sere grass rippled by the cold wind, seemed as dumb as that young girl; waiting vainly, one might fancy, for some other Emily Brontë to give voice to its strength, its solemnity, and its tragic desolation.

But if Northumberland is waiting for an Emily Brontë, it is waiting also for a Stevenson. He should have given us the romance of the Derwentwater rising of 1715: that little rebellion undertaken as lightly as a hunting party, ending so tragically, and full of such odd, romantic incidents. The meeting place of the rebel squires is a few miles from here, a hillock called Green Rigg, above a lovely, sedgy tarn full of wild duck; the old Roman road, the Watling Street, runs past it in one of its relentlessly straight, ladder-like reaches, — a long ridge, with a few wind-torn pines, visible for miles in this empty, open country. The place at which the Miss Swinburnes, Jacobite Amazons, like Di Vernon, fetched and carried the treasonable dispatches is immediately opposite, beyond the Tyne, among those great moors near King Arthur's buried palace. The letters, it is

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said, were hidden under a Roman altar or milestone, come to the surface, somehow, of the great bleak, grassy places. And then, nearer still, is Tone Hall, the hiding place of the Jesuit who converted Charles II. ('t is said), and the place where, according to local tradition, the Derwentwater rebellion was plotted by the Jacobite squires of the North Tyne. "Would you like to see Tone Hall?" asks my hostess, seeing me poring, as usual, over the local histories by the big Jacobean chimney. "Would you like to see Tone Hall? It belongs to us. We can go and take tea with the tenants, if you care to." . . .

We have been to Tone Hall, and I feel more and more the sort of Stevenson romance of the whole Derwentwater business. You drive endlessly up and down the green, empty, undulating moors, always ruffled by the cold wind; then a screen of beeches, not apparently different from any of those other ragged lines of trees which accentuate the open country every mile or so. You turn it, and you are suddenly in a hollow on the top of the moor, sheltered, safe, hidden, among big trees and hayfields, — a bit of peaceful southern England got lost, inclosed, up here; and in it, among treetops, a little two-gabled gray stone house, flanked by gray steadings. A more remote-looking place, or a sadder, I cannot fancy, with no view save of endless undulations of green moor, and endless skies full of the strife of clouds. The tenants very kindly gave us tea in the front parlor: people come from other parts of the country, a family sadly diminished to an old mother and two sons; a wife gone, a sister dead, and a young brother. The sadness, the sort of subdued secrecy of the place, seemed hanging over them. They showed us the former kitchen, paneled, with oak pillars and frieze, where the Jacobites are said to have held their meetings; and the presumable place, in the wall, of a secret room, perhaps that of Charles II.'s Jesuit.

There had been rough doings at Tone in past days, they said, but seemed to know nothing further, — strangers there, and in a way, apparently, exiles.

We returned home by another way, if possible still sadder and remoter: long avenues of wind-warped beeches and pines; then three or four sharp pitches of the Watling Street, built relentlessly Roman up and down between its black walls of heaped-up stones; and then on to the endless moors, with only a little colliery, its cranes and smoky vent fantastic against the sky, breaking the monotony. Tone Hall, when we looked round, had utterly disappeared, and its very place got lost. . . .

Spent yesterday at Newcastle, going over the slums with a very pleasant High Church curate. These slums are in the old part of the town, a splendid trading town of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, like the old prints of London, and etched in grime on an atmosphere of smoke. I have rarely seen a place more grimly picturesque than this hilly quarter, running down to the great river, with the black mediæval castle at its highest point, the beautiful bird-cage tower of St. Giles, and the high-gabled dormers of the many-storied old houses; while above, on the high level bridge, immense trains are forever crashing along round Stephenson's poor little "Puffing Billy," forefather of all locomotives. We went down endless black steps, between broken red roofs, — glimpses of the Tyne, black, sullen, below; past the houses of the Surtees, rich eighteenth-century merchants, with tiers of uninterrupted balcony-like lattice windows; and finally got to the former town house of some people called A——. A noble old house, looking down plumb on the river (you can see, they say, the salmon jump under the windows), and across it to what was once open moor, and is now the unspeakable suburb of Gateshead, chimneys and blackened roofs on evil-looking green mounds. An old,

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old woman showed us round the dismantled house; paper hanging in shreds, wainscoting torn out, and lath and plaster lying in heaps. "It 's quite comfortable when you hae lit the *feuer*," the housekeeper assured us. Then to another old mansion, huge, bleak, black, literally crumbling into its oozy yard; every window smashed. And finally, along the street, getting filthier and filthier, to the curate's Mission Rooms. They were the old Assembly Rooms, once upon a time; and my friend had known an old, old lady who could remember when the whole street used to be blocked with the coaches of ball-goers! Now the ground floor of the building is occupied by a crazy public house, and the ballroom, all stuccoed in eighteenth-century taste, is turned into a chapel. We scrambled up the oak stairs, littered with herring heads and hung round with drying rags; vistas, here and there, into appalling workmen's rooms and kitchens. Women were washing in the yard, and the whole place swarmed with ragged urchins. The curate called one of them, a smart little chap, who sang us a Northumbrian song about "getting round the school-board man." These small townsmen were put, lately, through a course of — shall I call it natural history? "And when the milk has stood, what comes on the top?" "Rum," answered the boy.

As we returned sadly up the endless black flights of steps, the sound of an accordion came from an old, grimy inn, with the first bars of Auld Lang Syne on the signboard. Alas, it 's very, very far off, that past of Newcastle, — that past of not a hundred years ago, when the noble old houses stood by an undefiled mountain river, and their windows looked on to the moors!

Hawkshope Farm, up the North Tyne. — We have come up here for the 12th (though not for the shooting), to this solitary house on the moors, close to the Scottish Border. These moors are, of course, mainly grass; and what heather there is merely makes bands as of shadow on the grayish, yellowish green. The delicate intersection of these long, flattish, sloping lines; the washes of pale color, accentuated here and there by thin trees, pines or thorns, ragged against the sky, — all seems done with a blunt pencil, worked in misty sunshine. And toward sunset the gray stone farm buildings on the opposite side of the wide, shallow valley become part of the pale green moor, fall asleep, vanish along with it. On the moor itself no sense of distance, — or rather, every distance grown immense; the men, keepers, dogs, shooting pony, on the horizon, fantastically far off, approach within earshot in a few minutes. The dimness of the air, which makes hills five or six miles off look (to my eye) twenty or thirty, conduces, like the wide, shallow lines, to make this country large: one feels as if, for the moment, it were the whole world; at all events, one's whole world.

What a cumbersome thing, in the midst of this nature reduced, so to speak, to the fewest lines and elements (mere gray grass, sky, and constantly shifting banners and torn sails of cloud), is modern civilization! Seeing the "guns" striding over the moor, with keeper and man with the pony, a cart having had to carry up change of clothes and food; strict injunctions given to walk only in the already shot-over parts, for fear of scaring the birds; even the few sheep which the moor might maintain sacrificed for the sake of the grouse, — all brings home how much ground, service, time, and general complication are required, in this England, for a well-to-do man's amusement of a few hours, with no tangible result beyond a few brace of grouse. They are heaped up in a basket, with sprigs of heather: very lovely birds, dark tortoise shell over delicate gray, with a beautiful geranium-red round their dead eyes. How much better looking, how infinitely more desirable and precious, than the inhabitants of those Newcastle

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slums, whose labor, whose flocking into the great black city, has given the open country to the grouse and the grouse slayers!

I have just been to the Border, to the head of the North Tyne at Kielder, and come back, alone, over the moors. The country has the slightly convex lines, the flatness, of a watershed, and the feel of the air, the barrenness, remind one of an Alpine pass. The valley itself has become, so to speak, hill: no woods or hayfields by the little shallow Tyne, — only endless slopes of Bent grass, yellowed here and there by bog, and thinly dotted with sheep; no trees, save a gnarled holly or thorn by the river edge. In the nine miles I went over, along a highroad, not a village, and not as many cottages as miles. What an empty, spacious, airy country! — eternal, with no past, and seemingly no future. This is the culmination of what I think of as *the other half of England*, — the England which cannot or will not be cultivated, which rejects inhabitants or is forsaken of them; an England unknown to foreigners, little thought about (except for shooting) by English folk, and always left out of account in English literature. Yet it exists almost everywhere in England proper, and quite apart from Scotch or Welsh highlands: from the Southdowns to the Cotswolds, from the Chilterns to the Cornish moors and the moors of Yorkshire; and here, in Northumberland, on Tyneside, is its culmination.

It is a desolation, this, which is forever increasing. The Border, in the times of Chevy Chase, was thickly wooded, and studded with villages which have disappeared; the little towns have shrunk almost to hamlets. And the gray smoke cloud, the faint sickly scent, which rise up the Tyne valley with every wind from its mouth, explain the mystery: the men and women of this county, the men and women, more and more, of all England, have left the green places to winds and clouds, and are gone to live and work and die in the great black cities, where no flower will grow, and where the very trees of the suburbs lose their leaves, become dead sticks which blacken the hand that touches them.

In this North Country one is perpetually faced by the problem of what we call *progress*. Of course, the real moral value of what goes by this name (and the consequent condemnation of its opposite) lies in the fact that progress secures a certain amount of movement, energy, effort, of moral "weigh on." Living in southern counties makes one understand the complicated corruption due to lack of habitual activity. In order to drive a horse, you must have him up to his bit; but then comes the question whither to drive him. Work, as conceived and practiced by Anglo-Saxons, is so far a good thing that it is the reverse of idleness. But one wonders whether, besides this energy and activity, it has, *for the community at large*, produced much worth having. Thinking of Leeds and Newcastle, and of the desolate moors and fells and North Country dales, one grows rather skeptical; one gets to fear that all this activity does little besides sweep a larger amount of wealth into a few heaps, instead of scattering it into many, and sweep human life and activity into the great foul dust heaps called great cities.

THE "RIVER."

As there seems little room for holiday-making and for decorous leisure in English life, so there seems none for the "river" which represents them. The rivers of other countries announce their presence throughout the landscape: the whole country is made for them; their rough banks and beaches are in fact often their most important parts; and even in the plain, you can tell the Loire and the Po by the line of poplars making a guard of honor for their waters. But here in England — in river England — you walk

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in flat, quite uninteresting fields, as dry as a bone, and marked (fit symbol of the restrictions and class differences which diversify the dullness of English leisure) by thickset hedges and a few blackish elms. Your eye is caught at most by a line of green flowering weeds; and behold, you are suddenly in presence of the "river," of boats, movement, people, poetry, — of all which gives color, charm, and significance to the country.

Weybridge. — I strike Holiday England again with the Thames, by whose side I am seated, under a big willow, watching the boats on the stream, and listening to the birds and the faint sound of the oars dipping and adjusting in the rullocks. The sky is blue, and barely mottled with Watteau-looking, holiday clouds; the water made gay with the orange and green and red reflections of boats and cushions, and with the wonderful metallic cobalt of the reflected sky. Young men walk up and down the punts, plunging in the poles, women sitting under umbrellas in the stern, — all of them white. Patient, happy fishermen are moored in the stream. These people scarcely speak, and only in subdued tones. They are enjoying themselves in an oddly well-bred way. The church chimes of distant Weybridge are the loudest thing, and they also are decorously cheerful. In the distance great elm and pine tops, visibly park land. Even the green meadows, the newly reaped fields with yellow stacked corn, look as if intended as decoration, some kind of "harvest home." One cannot conceive the existence of farmers or peasants anywhere in this river landscape, and, in fact, one sees none.

Maidenhead. — The boat moored opposite the bridge: my friends painting. Under the wind, the expanse of silvery cat's-paw advancing perpetually toward one, broken by the long, orange reflection of a punt. The Thames is more and more holiday. Near Great Marlowe, some miles higher, a splendid circular weir, looking like a garden decoration under the clear, windy sky: the water barred cobalt with reflected sky and white with foam. Long, low white houses along the bank behind the thin green rushes. And swans, of course, — swans with blue shadows, sailing and standing on the weir's brink. A wonderful harmony in pure blue, green, and white, as fresh as some charming summer silks. The Kate Greenaway houses of Marlowe look as if put there for play, and Medmenham Abbey, its gables among elms, might be a *folly*. Yesterday evening we stood watching Boulter's lock, — crammed: large steam launches coming back from Henley, and even house boats, and skiffs and canoes crushed against the sides, bobbing as the water pours in or sinks suddenly. The usual kind of music (the same at Oban, at Richmond, and even at Oxford at Commemoration) which seems to accompany English pleasure-taking, — dance or music-hall music, absolutely without any sentiment. There is a crude, though by no means vulgar element in English holiday-making of the better class; an absence of that using up of sentimental association or historical romance which one feels everywhere in Germany, and even in the singing boats before Venetian hotels. It goes with the rather crude light of English river scenery, the mottled blue and white sky and green water, and the railway-station quality given by steam and electric launches. These people are too unæsthetic, too shy, perhaps too deeply, silently sensitive, to be otherwise than superficial in their holiday-makings.

Kingston. — Yet there is something really charming in this English river life; at least, seen from a distance. We drove along the wide towing path. There was a regatta somewhere: barges with bunting out and band playing, little bright launches, quantities of decorated boats all the way up, whole families out, and girls in white frocks punting. Boats drawn up

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alongside for tea; punts moored in midstream with patient gudgeon fishers. Big willows, with lots of large house boats, brightly colored barges with flowers at windows and on terraces, among them. A great impression of rather crude daintiness as of new summer frocks.

Even Bank Holiday takes a sort of decorum on the river, and scarcely disturbs the trim, toy-box, Old World quality of the places on its banks. The red brick villages, with Georgian churches or Norman belfries, flowery terraces, lawns and weeping willows, all vaguely *willow pattern*, are not really intruded on by the 'Arries in boats and launches, or those who dash through in breaks; there is something pensive in the unseen fiddles and melancholy accordions. And there remains the predominance of neat outriggers sweeping along the stream, and Japanese parasols in punts. The old Jacobean house by the wide Thames certainly knows nothing of Bank Holiday. Behind its screen of thick elms spreads the surprise of its Roman villa gardens, with Scotch firs pretending to be stone pines, with its statues and busts of Cæsars in niches. Carriages are drawn up at the end of the long, green avenue, and guests pouring in and out in thin streams. Others are strolling through the great reception rooms, full of Italian furniture, cabinets, and pseudo-Titians and pseudo-Claudes, — every one very quiet, detached, indifferent, vague; while some one plays, unnoticed, on an old harpsichord in the great hall. There is some kind of reception going on; but one gets no impression of hosts or guests, — only of a beautiful, unlikely, Old World palace, with well-bred, subdued people moving about in it and around it.

Higher up on the River. — A bridge-keeper's house, covered with superb Marshal Niel roses, and having a little conservatory full of choice flowers; yet they let out boats, and even sell ginger beer. A young man is starting off in a boat, with portmanteaus and hatbox and liberty-silk cushions; what an odd English impression of dainty practical pleasure-taking, not without a spice of poetry! As dusk falls on the water, there comes from the hayfields an incessant bleating of lambs, and from the willows and reeds the song of all kinds of birds. The stream, already narrow, is islanded near the banks with little flotillas of water-lily leaves. After leaving the river, we return home in twilight, driving across the charming bridge at Abingdon, past its delightful Queen Anne town hall. Oxford, tower and domes, gray, dim, misty, lies at the bottom of a long slope, as in a Turner water color.

Oxford. — The "river" impression, made up, as it is, of England's leisure, daintiness, youthful decorous pleasure, and Old World well-preserved stateliness, is of course at its height at Oxford; especially when one enters from the Headington side, on a splendid morning like to-day's. The parapets of Magdalen bridge, the river, the parklike willowed meadows below, the cedars of the Botanic Gardens, the whole guarded by the towers and almost castellated buildings of Magdalen, unite into a whole of aristocratic magnificence; while the utter absence of low or mean houses affects one like a holiday. This was the way by which the coach used to enter Oxford from London; and the youths whom it carried must have felt, as they crossed Magdalen bridge and rolled up the Broad, flanked with monumental and majestic buildings and overtopped by great trees, as if they were entering an enchanted land of pomp and privilege and youthful leisure, far more than a land of study, of discipline, or of boyish recklessness.

Even the railways do not disturb the pastoral and privileged quality of the "river" district, nor take off from its holiday character. All these trains, perpetually hurtling all round, flinging puffs of vapor or flares of red smoke across the landscape, do not suggest

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business, and even less travel. One is never made to think of partings, and meetings after cruel absence, but merely of people "going down into the country" at their convenience, and bent on some form of outing. Even at the station people loiter, with predominance of youths and maidens, dressed in flannels, and carrying rackets, cricket bags, and rods; there seem always footmen about, waiting for guests. The very engines and the vans being unloaded are merely preliminaries to punts moored in midstream, and dapper skiffs shipping oars among the water lilies, and tea in the hayfield, where the forget-me-nots cluster at the foot of the willows, whose coral roots steep in the water.

Vernon Lee.

OVER HERMON.

Scaling mighty Hermon's crown,
Oh, the windings up and down
That the dizzy pathway took!
Now along the craggy bed
Of a sun-dried mountain brook;
Now along a ledge that led
By a chasm's crumbling brink,
Dropping deep and sheer away
Through the golden Syrian day
To the dreamy blur of pink
That the oleanders made, —
Here in sun, and there in shade.

Up, and up, and up we went,
While a spacious azure tent,
Arabesqued with morn, the sky
Hung above us radiantly.
We beheld the glowing urn
Of the red anemone;
Nodding 'mid the parsley-fern
Saw the poppy chalice burn;
Marked in cyclamen the bee
Ply his roving robbery.

Now we passed the flower line; now
Left behind the fruited bough;
Came to where, in crannies deep,
Summer-long the snowdrifts sleep,
That the thirsty Damascene,
In his orchard-garden green,
Blesses, as he raises up
To his lips the sherbet cup
Where the snows, dissolving, swim
At the beaker's crystal brim.

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Now we stood on Hermon's crown,
Broad and barren, bleak and brown,
Where the long-since-riven veil
Hid the sacred shrine of Baal.
Everywhere, outspread for us,
Shone the scene miraculous:
Cinctured by the rush and reed,
Like a mirror Merom lay;
And a strip of tawny brede,
Jordan wound its gleaming way;
Lebanon outstretched afar,
Violet and cinnabar;
And beyond green Galilee
Burned the blue Sidonian sea.

And, oh, sovereign and supreme,
The dream-city of our dream,
Bosomed in its bloomy bowers,
Showed its minarets and towers!
What a coil of strife and sin
Slept its gloomy past within, —
Khalid, Timur, Saladin!
And the while we gazed we knew
With what jostle and what jars
Still along its packed bazaars
Ebbed and surged a motley crew,
Druse and Dervish, Frank and Jew.

Ay, the olden lure was there,
Calling through the orient air:
Waters lucid as the morn;
Blossoms whiter than the thorn;
All the fairest fabrics spun
In the countries of the sun;
Blades and jewels strangely blent;
Attar richly redolent;
Ruddy fruitage, melting ripe,
And the bubbling water-pipe;
Then, at eve, the nightingale,
Burdened with its deathless tale!

Such the charm that drew us down
From majestic Hermon's crown.

Clinton Scollard.

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AUDREY.[1]

XVI.[2]

AUDREY AND EVELYN.

HUGON went a-trading to the Southern Indians, but had lately returned to his lair at the crossroads ordinary, when, upon a sunny September morning, Audrey and Mistress Deborah, mounted upon the sorriest of Darden's sorry steeds, turned from Duke of Gloucester into Palace Street. They had parted with the minister before his favorite ordinary, and were on their way to the house where they themselves were to lodge during the three days of town life which Darden had vouchsafed to offer them.

For a month or more Virginia had been wearing black ribbons for the King, who died in June, but in the last day or so there had been a reversion to bright colors. This cheerful change had been wrought by the arrival in the York of the Fortune of Bristol, with the new Governor on board. His Excellency had landed at Yorktown, and, after suitable entertainment at the hands of its citizens, had proceeded under escort to Williamsburgh. The entry into town was triumphal, and when, at the doorway of his Palace, the Governor turned, and addressed a pleasing oration to the people whom he was to rule in the name of the King and my Lord of Orkney, enthusiasm reached its height. At night the town was illuminated, and well-nigh all its ladies and gentlemen visited the Palace, in order to pay their duty to its latest occupant. It was a pleasure-loving people, and the arrival of a governor an occasion to be made the most of. Gentlemen of consideration had come in from every county, bringing with them wives and daughters. In the mild, sunshiny weather the crowded town overflowed into square and street and garden. Everywhere were bustle and gayety,—gayety none the less for the presence of thirty or more ministers of the Established Church. For Mr. Commissary Blair had convoked a meeting of the clergy for the consideration of evils affecting that body, — not, alas, from without alone. The Governor, arriving so opportunely, must, too, be addressed upon the usual subjects of presentation, induction, and all-powerful vestries. It was fitting, also, that the college of William and Mary should have its say upon the occasion, and the brightest scholar thereof was even now closeted with the Latin master. That the copy of verses giving the welcome of so many future planters, Burgesses, and members of Council would be choice in thought and elegant in expression, there could be no reasonable doubt. The Council was to give an entertainment at the Capitol; one day had been set aside for a muster of militia in the meadow beyond the college, another for a great horse race; many small parties were arranged; and last, but not least, on the night of the day following Darden's appearance in town, his Excellency was to give a ball at the Palace. Add to all this that two notorious pirates were standing their trial before a court-martial, with every prospect of being hanged within the se'nnight; that a deputation of Nottoways and Meherrins, having business with the white fathers in Williamsburgh, were to be persuaded to dance their wildest, whoop their loudest, around a bonfire built in the market square; that at the playhouse Cato was to be given with extraordinary magni-

[1] Copyright, 1901, by MARY JOHNSTON.

[2] A summary of the preceding chapters may be found on the seventh advertising page.

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ficence, and one may readily see that there might have been found, in this sunny September week, places less entertaining than Williamsburgh.

Darden's old white horse, with its double load, plodded along the street that led to the toy Palace of this toy capital. The Palace, of course, was not its riders' destination; instead, when they had crossed Nicholson Street, they drew up before a particularly small white house, so hidden away behind lilac bushes and trellised grapevines that it gave but here and there a pale hint of its existence. It was planted in the shadow of a larger building, and a path led around it to what seemed a pleasant, shady, and extensive garden.

Mistress Deborah gave a sigh of satisfaction. "Seven years come Martinmas since I last stayed overnight with Mary Stagg! And we were born in the same village, and at Bath what mighty friends we were! She was playing Dorinda, — that 's in The Beaux' Stratagem, Audrey, — and her dress was just an old striped Persian, vastly unbecoming. Her Ladyship's pink alamode, that Major D—— spilt a dish of chocolate over, she gave to me for carrying a note; and I gave it to Mary (she was Mary Baker then), — for I looked hideous in pink, — and she was that grateful, as well she might be! Mary, Mary!"

A slender woman, with red-brown hair and faded cheeks, came running from the house to the gate. "At last, my dear Deborah! I vow I had given you up! Says I to Mirabell an hour ago, — you know that is my name for Charles, for 't was when he played Mirabell to my Millamant that we fell in love, — 'Well,' says I, 'I'll lay a gold-furbelowed scarf to a yard of oznaburg that Mr. Darden, riding home through the night, and in liquor, perhaps, has fallen and broken his neck, and Deborah can't come.' And says Mirabell — But la, my dear, there you stand in your safeguard, and I 'm keeping the gate shut on you. Come in. Come in, Audrey. Why, you 've grown to be a woman! You were just a brown slip of a thing, that Lady Day, two years ago, that I spent with Deborah. Come in the both of you. There 's cakes and a bottle of Madeira."

Audrey fastened the horse against the time that Darden should remember to send for it, and then followed the ex-waiting-woman and the former queen of a company of strollers up a grassy path and through a little green door into a pleasant room, where grape leaves wreathed the window and cast their shadows upon a sanded floor. At one end of the room stood a great, rudely built cabinet, and before it a long table, strewn with an orderly litter of such slender articles of apparel as silk and tissue scarfs, gauze hoods, breast knots, silk stockings, and embroidered gloves. Mistress Deborah must needs run and examine these at once, and Mistress Mary Stagg, wife of the lessee, manager, and principal actor of the Williamsburgh theatre, looked complacently over her shoulder. The minister's wife sighed again, this time with envy.

"What with the theatre, and the bowling green, and tea in your summer house, and dancing lessons, and the sale of these fine things, you and Charles must turn a pretty penny! The luck that some folk have! *You* were always fortunate, Mary."

Mistress Stagg did not deny the imputation. But she was a kindly soul, who had not forgotten the gift of my Lady Squander's pink alamode. The chocolate stain had not been so very large.

"I 've laid by a pretty piece of sarcenet of which to make you a capuchin," she said promptly. "Now, here 's the wine. Shan't we go into the garden, and sip it there? Peggy," to the black girl holding a salver, "put the cake and wine on the table in the arbor; then sit here by the window, and call me if

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any come. My dear Deborah, I doubt if I have so much as a ribbon left by the end of the week. The town is that gay! I says to Mirabell this morning, says I, 'Lord, my dear, it a'most puts me in mind of Bath!' And Mirabell says — But here's the garden door. Now, is n't it cool and pleasant out here? Audrey may gather us some grapes. Yes, they're very fine, full bunches; it has been a bounteous year."

The grape arbor hugged the house, but beyond it was a pretty, shady, fancifully laid out garden, with shell-bordered walks, a grotto, a summer house, and a gate opening into Nicholson Street. Beyond the garden a glimpse was to be caught through the trees of a trim bowling green. It had rained the night before, and a delightful, almost vernal freshness breathed in the air. The bees made a great buzzing amongst the grapes, and the birds in the mulberry trees sang as though it were nesting time. Mistress Stagg and her old acquaintance sat at a table placed in the shadow of the vines, and sipped their wine, while Audrey obediently gathered clusters of the purple fruit, and thought the garden very fine, but oh, not like — There could be no garden in the world so beautiful and so dear as that. And she had not seen it for so long, so long a time. She wondered if she would ever see it again.

When she brought the fruit to the table, the two women made room for her kindly enough; and she sat and drank her wine and went to her world of dreams, while her companions bartered town and country gossip. It has been said that the small white house adjoined a larger building. A window in this structure, which had much the appearance of a barn, was now opened, with the result that a confused sound, as of several people speaking at once, made itself heard. Suddenly the noise gave place to a single high-pitched voice: —

"'Welcome my son! Here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.'"

A smile irradiated Mistress Stagg's faded countenance, and she blew a kiss toward the open window. "He does Cato so extremely well; and it's a grave, dull, odd character, too. But Mirabell — that's Charles, you know — manages to put a little life in it, a *Je ne sais quoi*, a touch of Sir Harry Wildair. Now — now he's pulling out his laced handkerchief to weep over Rome! You should see him after he has fallen on his sword, and is brought on in a chair, all over blood. This is the third rehearsal; the play's ordered for Monday night. Who is it, Peggy? Madam Travis! It's about the lace for her damask petticoat, and there's no telling how long she may keep me! My dear Deborah, when you have finished your wine, Peggy shall show you your room. You must make yourself quite at home. For says I to Mirabell this morning, 'Far be it from me to forget past kindnesses, and in those old Bath days Deborah was a good friend to me, — which was no wonder, to be sure, seeing that when we were little girls we went to the same dame school, and always learned our book and worked our samplers together.' And says Mirabell — Yes, yes, ma'am, I'm coming!"

She disappeared, and the black girl showed the two guests through the hall and up a tiny stairway into a little dormer-windowed, whitewashed room. Mistress Deborah, who still wore remnants of my Lady Squander's ancient gifts of spoiled finery, had likewise failed to discard the second-hand fine-lady airs acquired during her service. She now declared herself excessively tired by her morning ride, and martyr, besides, to a migraine. Moreover, it was enough to give one the spleen to hear Mary Stagg's magpie chatter, and to see how some

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folk throve, willy-nilly, while others just as good — Here tears of vexation ensued, and she must lie down upon the bed and call in a feeble voice for her smelling salts. Audrey hurriedly searched in the ragged portmanteau brought to town the day before in the ox-cart of an obliging parishioner, found the flask, and took it to the bedside, to receive in exchange a sound box of the ear for her tardiness. The blow reddened her cheek, but brought no tears to her eyes. It was too small a thing to weep for; tears were for blows upon the heart.

It was a cool and quiet little room, and Mistress Deborah, who had drunk two full glasses of the Madeira, presently fell asleep. Audrey sat very still, her hands folded in her lap and her eyes upon them, until their hostess's voice announced from the foot of the stairs that Madam Travis had taken her departure. She then slipped from the room, and was affably received below, and taken into the apartment which they had first entered. Here Mistress Stagg became at once extremely busy. A fan was to be mounted; yards of silk gathered into furbelows; breast knots, shoulder knots, sword knots, to be made up. Her customers were all people of quality, and unless she did her part not one of them could go to the ball. Audrey shyly proffered her aid, and was set to changing the ribbons upon a mask.

Mistress Stagg's tongue went as fast as her needle: "And Deborah is asleep! Poor soul! she's sadly changed from what she was in old England thirteen years ago. As neat a shape as you would see in a day's journey, with the prettiest color, and eyes as bright as those marcasite buttons! And she saw the best of company at my Lady Squander's, — no lack there of kisses and guineas and fine gentlemen, you may be sure! There's a deal of change in this mortal world, and it's generally for the worse. Here, child, you may whip this lace on Mr. Lightfoot's ruffles. I think myself lucky, I can tell you, that there are so few women in Cato. If 't were n't so, I should have to go on myself; for since poor, dear, pretty Jane Day died of the smallpox, and Oriana Jordan ran away with the rascally Bridewell fellow that we bought to play husbands' parts, and was never heard of more, but is supposed to have gotten clean off to Barbadoes by favor of the master of the Lady Susan, we have been short of actresses. But in this play there are only Marcia and Lucia. 'It is extremely fortunate, my dear,' said I to Mirabell this very morning, 'that in this play, which is the proper compliment to a great gentleman just taking office, Mr. Addison should have put no more than two women.' And Mirabell says — Don't put the lace so full, child; 't won't go round."

"A chair is stopping at the gate," said Audrey, who sat by the window. "There's a lady in it."

The chair was a very fine painted one, borne by two gayly dressed negroes, and escorted by a trio of beribboned young gentlemen, prodigal of gallant speeches, amorous sighs, and languishing glances. Mistress Stagg looked, started up, and, without waiting to raise from the floor the armful of delicate silk which she had dropped, was presently curtsying upon the doorstep.

The bearers set down their load. One of the gentlemen opened the chair door with a flourish, and the divinity, compressing her hoop, descended. A second cavalier flung back Mistress Stagg's gate, and the third, with a low bow, proffered his hand to conduct the fair from the gate to the doorstep. The lady shook her head; a smiling word or two, a slight curtsy, the wave of a painted fan, and her attendants found themselves dismissed. She came up the path alone, slowly, with her head a little bent. Audrey, watching her from the window, knew who she was, and her

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heart beat fast. If this lady were in town, then so was he; he would not have stayed behind at Westover. She would have left the room, but there was not time. The mistress of the house, smiling and obsequious, fluttered in, and Evelyn Byrd followed.

There had been ordered for her a hood of golden tissue, with wide and long streamers to be tied beneath the chin, and she was come to try it on. Mistress Stagg had it all but ready, — there was only the least bit of stitchery; would Mistress Evelyn condescend to wait a very few minutes? She placed a chair, and the lady sank into it, finding the quiet of the shadowed room pleasant enough after the sunlight and talkativeness of the world without. Mistress Stagg, in her rôle of milliner, took the gauzy trifle, called by courtesy a hood, to the farthest window, and fell busily to work.

It seemed to grow more and more quiet in the room: the shadow of the leaves lay still upon the floor; the drowsy humming of the bees outside the windows, the sound of locusts in the trees, the distant noises of the town, — all grew more remote, then suddenly appeared to cease.

Audrey raised her eyes, and met the eyes of Evelyn. She knew that they had been upon her for a long time, in the quiet of the room. She had sat breathless, her head bowed over her work that lay idly in her lap, but at last she must look. The two gazed at each other with a sorrowful steadfastness; in the largeness of their several natures there was no room for self-consciousness; it was the soul of each that gazed. But in the mists of earthly ignorance they could not read what was written, and they erred in their guessing. Audrey went not far wide. This was the princess, and, out of the fullness of a heart that ached with loss, she could have knelt and kissed the hem of her robe, and wished her long and happy life. There was no bitterness in her heart; she never dreamed that she had wronged the princess. But Evelyn thought: "This is the girl they talk about. God knows, if he had loved worthily, I might not so much have minded!"

From the garden came a burst of laughter and high voices. Mistress Stagg started up. "'T is our people, Mistress Evelyn, coming from the playhouse. We lodge them in the house by the bowling green, but after rehearsals they 're apt to stop here. I 'll send them packing. The hood is finished. Audrey will set it upon your head, ma'am, while I am gone. Here, child! Mind you don't crush it." She gave the hood into Audrey's hands, and hurried from the room.

Evelyn sat motionless, her silken draperies flowing around her, one white arm bent, the soft curve of her cheek resting upon ringed fingers. Her eyes yet dwelt upon Audrey, standing as motionless, the mist of gauze and lace in her hands. "Do not trouble yourself," she said, in her low, clear voice. "I will wait until Mistress Stagg returns."

The tone was very cold, but Audrey scarce noticed that it was so. "If I may, I should like to serve you, ma'am," she said pleadingly. "I will be very careful."

Leaving the window, she came and knelt beside Evelyn; but when she would have put the golden hood upon her head, the other drew back with a gesture of aversion, a quick recoil of her entire frame. The hood slipped to the floor. After a moment Audrey rose and stepped back a pace or two. Neither spoke, but it was the one who thought no evil whose eyes first sought the floor. Her dark cheek paled, and her lips trembled; she turned, and going back to her seat by the window took up her fallen work. Evelyn, with a sharp catch of her breath, withdrew her attention from the other occupant of the room, and fixed it upon

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a moted sunbeam lying like a bar between the two.

Mistress Stagg returned. The hood was fitted, and its purchaser prepared to leave. Audrey rose and made her curtsy, timidly, but with a quick, appealing motion of her hand. Was not this the lady whom he loved, that people said he was to wed? And had he not told her, long ago, that he would speak of her to Mistress Evelyn Byrd, and that she too would be her friend? Last May Day, when the guinea was put into her hand, the lady's smile was bright, her voice sweet and friendly. Now, how changed! In her craving for a word, a look, from one so near him, one that perhaps had seen him not an hour before; in her sad homage for the object of his love, she forgot her late repulse, and grew bold. When Evelyn would have passed her, she put forth a trembling hand and began to speak, to say she scarce knew what; but the words died in her throat. For a moment Evelyn stood, her head averted, an angry red staining neck and bosom and beautiful, down-bent face. Her eyes half closed, the long lashes quivering against her cheek, and she smiled faintly, in scorn of the girl and scorn of herself. Then, dragging her skirts from Audrey's clasp, she passed in silence from the room.

Audrey stood at the window, and with wide, pained eyes watched her go down the path. Mistress Stagg was with her, talking volubly, and Evelyn seemed to listen with smiling patience. One of the bedizened negroes opened the chair door; the lady entered, and was borne away. Before Mistress Stagg could reenter her house Audrey had gone quietly up the winding stair to the little whitewashed room, where she found the minister's wife astir and restored to good humor. Her sleep had helped her; she would go down at once and see what Mary was at. Darden, too, was coming as soon as the meeting at the church had adjourned. After dinner they would walk out and see the town, until when Audrey might do as she pleased. When she was gone, Audrey softly shut herself in the little room, and went and lay down upon the bed, very still, with her face hidden in her arm.

With twelve of the clock came Darden, quite sober, distrait in manner and uneasy of eye, and presently interrupted Mistress Stagg's flow of conversation by a demand to speak with his wife alone. At that time of day the garden was a solitude, and thither the two repaired, taking their seats upon a bench built round a mulberry tree.

"Well?" queried Mistress Deborah bitterly. "I suppose Mr. Commissary showed himself vastly civil? I dare say you 're to preach before the Governor next Sunday? Or maybe they 've chosen Bailey? He boasts that he can drink you under the table! One of these fine days you 'll drink and curse and game yourself out of a parish!"

Darden drew figures on the ground with his heavy stick. "On such a fine day as this," he said, in a suppressed voice, and looked askance at the wife whom he beat upon occasion, but whose counsel he held in respect.

She turned upon him. "What do you mean? They talk and talk, and cry shame, — and a shame it is, the Lord knows! But it never comes to anything" —

"It has come to this," interrupted Darden, with an oath: "that this Governor means to sweep in the corners; that the Commissary — damned Scot! — to-day appointed a committee to inquire into the charges made against me and Bailey and John Worden; that seven of my vestrymen are dead against me; and that 'deprivation' has suddenly become a very common word!"

"Seven of the vestry?" said his wife, after a pause. "Who are they?"

Darden told her.

"If Mr. Haward" — she began slowly,

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her green eyes steady upon the situation. "There 's not one of that seven would care to disoblige him. I warrant you he could make them face about. They say he knew the Governor in England, too; and there 's his late gift to the college, — the Commissary would n't forget that. If Mr. Haward would" — She broke off, and with knit brows studied the problem more intently.

"If he would, he could," Darden finished for her. "With his interest this cloud would go by, as others have done before. I know that, Deborah. And that 's the card I 'm going to play."

"If you had gone to him, hat in hand, a month ago, he 'd have done you any favor," said his helpmate sourly. "But it is different now. He 's over his fancy; and besides, he 's at Westover."

"He 's in Williamsburgh, at Marot's ordinary," said the other. "As for his being over his fancy, — I 'll try that. Fancy or no fancy, if a woman asked him for a fairing, he would give it her, or I don't know my gentleman. We 'll call his interest a ribbon or some such toy, and Audrey shall ask him for it."

"Audrey is a fool!" cried Mistress Deborah. "And you had best be careful, or you 'll prove yourself another! There 's been talk already. Audrey, village innocent that she is, is the only one that does n't know it. The town 's not the country; if he sets tongues a-clacking here" —

"He won't," said Darden roughly. "He 's no hare-brained one-and-twenty! And Audrey 's a good girl. Go send her here, Deborah. Bid her fetch me Stagg's inkhorn and a pen and a sheet of paper. If he does anything for me, it will have to be done quickly. They 're in haste to pull me out of saddle, the damned canting pack! But I 'll try conclusions with them."

His wife departed, muttering to herself, and the reverend Gideon pulled out of his capacious pocket a flask of usquebaugh. In five minutes from the time of his setting it to his lips the light in which he viewed the situation turned from gray to rose color. By the time he espied Audrey coming toward him through the garden he felt a moral certainty that when he came to die (if ever he died) it would be in his bed in the Fair View glebe house.

XVII.

WITHIN THE PLAYHOUSE.

Haward, sitting at the table in Marot's best room, wrote an answer to Audrey's letter, and tore it up; wrote another, and gave it to Juba, to be given to the messenger waiting below; recalled the negro before he could reach the door; destroyed the second note, and wrote a third. The first had been wise and kind, telling her that he was much engaged, lightly and skillfully waving aside her request — the only one she made — that she might see him that day. The second had been less wise. The last told her that he would come at five o'clock to the summer house in Mistress Stagg's garden.

When he was alone in the room, he sat for some time very still, with his eyes closed and his head thrown back against the tall woodwork of his chair. His face was stern in repose: a handsome, even a fine face, with a look of power and reflection, but to-day somewhat worn and haggard of aspect. When presently he roused himself and took up the letter that lay before him, the paper shook in his hand. "Wine, Juba," he said to the slave, who now reentered the room. "And close the window; it is growing cold."

There were but three lines between the "Mr. Haward" and "Audrey;" the writing was stiff and clerkly, the words very simple, — a child's asking of a favor. He guessed rightly that it was the first letter of her own that she had ever

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written. Suddenly a wave of passionate tenderness took him; he bowed his head and kissed the paper; for the moment many-threaded life and his own complex nature alike straightened to a beautiful simplicity. He was the lover, merely; life was but the light and shadow through which moved the woman whom he loved. He came back to himself, and tried to think it out, but could not. Finally, with a weary impatience, he declined to think at all. He was to dine at the Governor's. Evelyn would be there.

Only momentarily, in those days of early summer, had he wavered in his determination to make this lady his wife. Pride was at the root of his being, — pride and a deep self-will; though because they were so sunken, and because poisonous roots can flower most deceivingly, he neither called himself nor was called of others a proud and willful man. He wished Evelyn for his wife; nay, more, though on May Day he had shown her that he loved her not, though in June he had offered her a love that was only admiring affection, yet in the past month at Westover he had come almost to believe that he loved her truly. That she was worthy of true love he knew very well. With all his strength of will, he had elected to forget the summer that lay behind him at Fair View, and to live in the summer that was with him at Westover. His success had been gratifying; in the flush of it, he persuaded himself that a chamber of the heart had been locked forever, and the key thrown away. And lo now! a touch, the sudden sight of a name, and the door had flown wide; nay, the very walls were rived away! It was not a glance over the shoulder; it was full presence in the room so lately sealed.

He knew that Evelyn loved him. It was understood of all their acquaintance that he was her suitor; months before he had formally craved her father's permission to pay his addresses. There were times in those weeks at Westover when she had come nigh to yielding, to believing that he loved her; he thought that with time he could make her do so. . . . But the room, the closed room, in which now he sat!

He buried his face in his hands, and was suddenly back in spirit in his garden at Fair View. The cherries were ripe; the birds were singing; great butterflies went by. The sunshine beat on the dial, on the walks, and the smell of the roses was strong as wine. His senses swam with the warmth and fragrance; the garden enlarged itself, and blazed in beauty. Never was sunshine so golden as that; never were roses so large, never odors so potent-sweet. A spirit walked in the garden paths: its name was Audrey. . . . No, it was speaking, speaking words of passion and of woe. . . . Its name was Eloïsa!

When he rose from his chair, he staggered slightly, and put his hand to his head. Recovering himself in a moment, he called for his hat and cane, and, leaving the ordinary, turned his face toward the Palace. A garrulous fellow Councilor, also bidden to his Excellency's dinner party, overtook him, and, falling into step, began to speak first of the pirates' trial, and then of the weather. A hot and feverish summer. 'T was said that a good third of the servants arriving in the country since spring had died of their seasoning. The slaver lying in the York had thrown thirty blacks overboard in the run from Barbadoes, — some strange sickness or other. Adsbud! He would not buy from the lot the master landed; had they been white, they had showed like spectres! September was the worst month of the year. He did not find Mr. Haward in looks now. Best consult Dr. Contesse, though indeed he himself had a preventive of fever which never failed. First he bled; then to two ounces of Peruvian bark —

Mr. Haward declared that he was very well, and turned the conversation piratewards again.

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The dinner at the Palace was somewhat hurried, the gentlemen rising with the ladies, despite the enticements of Burgundy and champagne. It was the afternoon set apart for the Indian dance. The bonfire in the field behind the magazine had been kindled; the Nottoways and Meherrins were waiting, still as statues, for the gathering of their audience. Before the dance the great white father was to speak to them; the peace pipe, also, was to be smoked. The town, gay of mood and snatching at enjoyment, emptied its people into the sunny field. Only they who could not go stayed at home. Those light-hearted folk, ministers to a play-loving age, who dwelt in the house by the bowling green or in the shadow of the theatre itself, must go, at all rates. Marcia and Lucia, Syphax, Sempronius, and the African prince made off together, while the sons of Cato, who chanced to be twin brothers, followed with a slower step. Their indentures would expire next month, and they had thoughts, the one of becoming an overseer, the other of moving up country and joining a company of rangers: hence their somewhat haughty bearing toward their fellow players, who — except old Syphax, who acted for the love of it — had not even a bowing acquaintance with freedom.

Mr. and Mrs. Stagg saw their minions depart, and then themselves left the little white house in Palace Street. Mistress Deborah was with them, but not Audrey. "She can't abide the sight of an Indian," said the minister's wife indifferently. "Besides, Darden will be here from the church presently, and he may want her to write for him. She and Peggy can mind the house."

The Capitol clock was telling five when Haward entered the garden by the Nicholson Street gate. There had arisen a zephyr of the evening, to loosen the yellow locust leaves and send them down upon the path, to lay cool fingers upon his forehead that burned, and to whisper low at his ear. House and garden and silent street seemed asleep in the late sunshine, safe folded from the storm of sound that raged in the field on the border of the town. Distance muffled the Indian drums, and changed the screams of the pipes into a far-off wailing. Savage cries, bursts of applause and laughter, — all came softly, blent like the hum of the bees, mellow like the sunlight. There was no one in the summer house. Haward walked on to the grape arbor, and found there a black girl, who pointed to an open door, pertaining not to the small white house, but to that portion of the theatre which abutted upon the garden. Haward, passing a window of Mistress Stagg's domicile, was aware of Darden sitting within, much engaged with a great book and a tankard of sack. He made no pause for the vision, and another moment found him within the playhouse.

The sunlight entered in at the door and at one high window, but yet the place was dim. The gallery and the rude boxes were all in shadow; the sunbeams from the door struck into the pit, while those from the high window let fall a shaft of misty light upon the stage itself, set for a hall in Utica, with five cane chairs, an ancient settle, and a Spanish table. On the settle, in the pale gold of the falling light, sat Audrey, her hands clasped over her knees, her head thrown back, and her eyes fixed upon the shadowy, chill, and soundless space before her. Upon Haward's speaking her name she sighed, and, loosing her hands, turned toward him. He came and leaned upon the back of the settle. "You sent for me, Audrey," he said, and laid his hand lightly upon her hair.

She shrank from his touch. "The minister made me write the letter," she said, in a low voice. "I did not wish to trouble you, sir."

Upon her wrist were dark marks. "Did Darden do that?" demanded Haward, as he took his seat beside her.

Audrey looked at the bruise indiffer-

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ently; then with her other hand covered it from sight. "I have a favor to ask of Mr. Haward," she said. "I hope that after his many kindnesses he will not refuse to do me this greatest one. If he should grant my request, the gratitude which I must needs already feel toward him will be increased tenfold." The words came precisely, in an even voice.

Haward smiled. "Child, you have conned your lesson well. Leave the words of the book, and tell me in your own language what his reverence wants."

Audrey told him, but it seemed to her that he was not listening. When she had come to an end of the minister's grievances, she sat, with downcast eyes, waiting for him to speak, wishing that he would not look at her so steadily. She meant never to tell him her heart, — never, never; but beneath his gaze it was hard to keep her cheek from burning, her lip from quivering.

At last he spoke: "Would it please you, Audrey, if I should save this man from his just deserts?"

Audrey raised her eyes. "He and Mistress Deborah are all my friends," she said. "The glebe house is my home."

Deep sadness spoke in voice and eye. The shaft of light, moving, had left her in the outer shadow: she sat there with a listless grace; with a dignity, too, that was not without pathos. There had been a forlorn child; there had been an unfriended girl; there was now a woman, for Life to fondle or to wreak its rage upon. The change was subtle; one more a lover or less a lover than Haward might not have noted it. "I will petition the Commissary to-night," he said, "the Governor to-morrow. Is your having in friends so slight as you say, little maid?"

Oh, he could reach to the quick! She was sure that he had not meant to accuse her of ingratitude, and pitifully sure that she must have seemed guilty of it. "No, no!" she cried. "I have had a friend" — Her voice broke, and she started to her feet, her face to the door, all her being quiveringly eager to be gone. She had asked that which she was bidden to ask, had gained that which she was bidden to gain; for the rest, it was far better that she should go. Better far let him think her dull and thankless as a stone than see — than see —

When Haward caught her by the hand, she trembled and drew a sobbing breath. "'I have had a friend,' Audrey?" he asked. "Why not 'I have a friend'?"

"Why not?" thought Audrey. "Of course he would think, why not? Well, then" —

"I have a friend," she said aloud. "Have you not been to me the kindest friend, the most generous" — She faltered, but presently went on, a strange courage coming to her. She had turned slightly toward him, though she looked not at him, but upward to where the light streamed through the high window. It fell now upon her face. "It is a great thing to save life," she said. "To save a soul alive, how much greater! To have kept one soul in the knowledge that there is goodness, mercy, tenderness, God; to have given it bread to eat where it sat among the stones, water to drink where all the streams were dry, — oh, a king might be proud of that! And that is what you have done for me. . . . When you sailed away, so many years ago, and left me with the minister and his wife, they were not always kind. But I knew that you thought them so, and I always said to myself, 'If he knew, he would be sorry for me.' At last I said, 'He is sorry for me; there is the sea, and he cannot come, but he knows, and is sorry.' It was make-believe, — for you thought that I was happy, did you not? — but it helped me very much. I was only a child, you see, and I was so very lonely. I could not think of mother and Molly, for when I did I saw them as — as I had seen

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them last. The dark scared me, until I found that I could pretend that you were holding my hand, as you used to do when night came in the valley. After a while I had only to put out my hand, and yours was there waiting for it. I hope that you can understand — I want you to know how large is my debt. . . . As I grew, so did the debt. When I was a girl it was larger than when I was a child. Do you know with whom I have lived all these years? There is the minister, who comes reeling home from the crossroads tavern, who swears over the dice, who teaches cunning that he calls wisdom, laughs at man and scarce believes in God. His hand is heavy; this is his mark." She held up her bruised wrist to the light, then let the hand drop. When she spoke of the minister, she made a gesture toward the shadows growing ever thicker and darker in the body of the house. It was as though she saw him there, and was pointing him out. "There is the minister's wife," she said, and the motion of her hand again accused the shadows. "Oh, their roof has sheltered me; I have eaten of their bread. But truth is truth. There is the schoolmaster with the branded hands. He taught me, you know. There is" — she was looking with wide eyes into the deepest of the shadows — "there is Hugon!"

Her voice died away. Haward did not move or speak, and for a minute there was silence in the dusky playhouse. Audrey broke it with a laugh, soft, light, and clear, that came oddly upon the mood of the hour. Presently she was speaking again: "Do you think it strange that I should laugh? I laughed to think I have escaped them all. Do you know that they call me a dreamer? Once, deep in the woods, I met the witch who lives at the head of the creek. She told me that I was a dream child, and that all my life was a dream, and I must pray never to awake; but I do not think she knew, for all that she is a witch. They none of them know, — none, none! If I had not dreamed, as they call it, — if I had watched, and listened, and laid to heart, and become like them, — oh, then I should have died of your look when at last you came! But I 'dreamed;' and in that long dream you, though you were overseas, you showed me, little by little, that the spirit is not bond, but free, — that it can walk the waves, and climb to the sunset and the stars. And I found that the woods were fair, that the earth was fair and kind as when I was a little child. And I grew to love and long for goodness. And, day by day, I have had a life and a world where flowers bloomed, and the streams ran fresh, and there was bread indeed to eat. And it was you that showed me the road, that opened for me the gates!"

She ceased to speak, and, turning fully toward him, took his hand and put it to her lips. "May you be very happy!" she said. "I thank you, sir, that when you came at last you did not break my dream. The dream fell short!"

The smile upon her face was very sweet, very pure and noble. She would have gone without another word, but Haward caught her by the sleeve. "Stay awhile!" he cried. "I too am a dreamer, though not like you, you maid of Dian, dark saint, cold vestal, with your eyes forever on the still, white flame! Audrey, Audrey, Audrey! Do you know what a pretty name you have, child, or how dark are your eyes, or how fine this hair that a queen might envy? Westover has been dull, child."

Audrey shook her head and smiled, and thought that he was laughing at her. A vision of Evelyn, as Evelyn had looked that morning, passed before her. She did not believe that he had found Westover dull.

"I am coming to Fair View, dark Audrey," he went on. "In its garden there are roses yet blooming for thy hair; there are sweet verses calling to be read; there are cool, sequestered walks to be

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trodden, with thy hand in mine, — thy hand in mine, little maid. Life is but once; we shall never pass this way again. Drink the cup, wear the roses, live the verses! Of what sing all the sweetest verses, dark-eyed witch, forest Audrey?"

"Of love," said Audrey simply. She had freed her hand from his clasp, and her face was troubled. She did not understand; never had she seen him like this, with shining eyes and hot, unsteady touch.

"There is the ball at the Palace to-morrow night," he went on. "I must be there, for a fair lady and I are to dance together." He smiled. "Poor Audrey, who hath never been to a ball; who only dances with the elves, beneath the moon, around a beechen tree! The next day I will go to Fair View, and you will be at the glebe house, and we will take up the summer where we left it, that weary month ago."

"No, no," said Audrey hurriedly, and shook her head. A vague and formless trouble had laid its cold touch upon her heart; it was as though she saw a cloud coming up, but it was no larger than a man's hand, and she knew not what it should portend, nor that it would grow into a storm. He was strange to-day, — that she felt; but then all her day since the coming of Evelyn had been sad and strange.

The shaft of sunshine was gone from the stage, and all the house was in shadow. Audrey descended the two or three steps leading into the pit, and Haward followed her. Side by side they left the playhouse, and found themselves in the garden, and also in the presence of five or six ladies and gentlemen, seated upon the grass beneath a mulberry tree, or engaged in rifling the grape arbor of its purple fruit.

The garden was a public one, and this gay little party, having tired of the Indian spectacle, had repaired hither to treat of its own affairs. Moreover, it had been there, scattered upon the grass in view of the playhouse door, for the better part of an hour. Concerned with its own wit and laughter, it had caught no sound of low voices issuing from the theatre; and for the two who talked within, all outward noise had ranked as coming from the distant, crowded fields.

A young girl, her silken apron raised to catch the clusters which a gentleman, mounted upon a chair, threw down, gave a little scream, and let fall her purple hoard. "'Gad!" cried the gentleman. One and another exclaimed, and a withered beauty seated beneath the mulberry tree laughed shrilly.

A moment, an effort, a sharp recall of wandering thoughts, and Haward had the situation in hand. An easy greeting to the gentlemen, debonair compliments for the ladies, a question or two as to the entertainment they had left, then a negligent bringing forward of Audrey. "A little brown ward and ancient playmate of mine, — shot up in the night to be as tall as a woman. Make thy curtsy, child, and go tell the minister what I have said on the subject he wots of."

Audrey curtsied and went away, having never raised her eyes to note the stare of curiosity, the suppressed smile, the glance from eye to eye, which had trod upon her introduction to the company. Haward, remaining with his friends and acquaintances, gathered grapes for the blooming girl and the withered beauty, and for a little, smiling woman who was known for as arrant a scandalmonger as could be found in Virginia.

XVIII.

A QUESTION OF COLORS.

Evelyn, seated at her toilette table, and in the hands of Mr. Timothy Green, hairdresser in ordinary to Williamsburgh, looked with unseeing eyes at her own fair reflection in the glass before

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her. Chloe, the black handmaiden who stood at the door, latch in hand, had time to grow tired of waiting before her mistress spoke. "You may tell Mr. Haward that I am at home this morning, Chloe. Bring him here."

The hairdresser drew a comb through the rippling brown tresses and commenced his most elaborate arrangement, working with pursed lips, and head bent now to this side, now to that. He had been a hard-pressed man since sunrise, and the lighting of the Palace candles that night might find him yet employed by some belated dame. Evelyn was very pale, and shadows were beneath her eyes. Moved by a sudden impulse, she took from the table a rouge pot, and hastily and with trembling fingers rubbed bloom into her cheeks; then the patch box, — one, two, three Tory partisans. "Now I am less like a ghost," she said. "Mr. Green, do I not look well and merry, and as though my sleep had been sound and dreamless?"

In his high, cracked voice, the hairdresser was sure that, pale or glowing, grave or gay, Mistress Evelyn Byrd would be the toast at the ball that night. The lady laughed, for she heard Haward's step upon the landing. He entered to the gay, tinkling sound, bent over the hand she extended, then, laying aside hat and cane, took his seat beside the table.

"'Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair,'"

he quoted, with a smile. Then: "Will you take our hearts in blue to-night, Evelyn? You know that I love you best in blue."

She lifted her fan from the table, and waved it lightly to and fro. "I go in rose color," she said. "'T is the gown I wore at Lady Rich's rout. I dare say you do not remember it? But my Lord of Peterborough said" — She broke off, and smiled to her fan.

Her voice was sweet and slightly drawling. The languid turn of the wrist, the easy grace of attitude, the beauty of bared neck and tinted face, of lowered lids and slow, faint smile, — oh, she was genuine fine lady, if she was not quite Evelyn! A breeze blowing through the open windows stirred their gay hangings of flowered cotton; the black girl sat in a corner and sewed; the supple fingers of the hairdresser went in and out of the heavy hair; roses in a deep blue bowl made the room smell like a garden. Haward sighed, so pleasant was it to sit quietly in this cool chamber, after the glare and wavering of the world without. "My Lord of Peterborough is magnificent at compliments," he said kindly, "but 't would be a jeweled speech indeed that outdid your deserving, Evelyn. Come, now, wear the blue! I will find you white roses; you shall wear them for a breast knot, and in the minuet return me one again."

Evelyn waved her fan. "I dance the minuet with Mr. Lee." Her voice was sweet and languid, her manner most indifferent. The thick and glossy tress that, drawn forward, was to ripple over white neck and bosom was too loosely curled. She regarded it in the mirror with an anxious frown, then spoke of it to the hairdresser.

Haward, smiling, watched her with heavy-lidded eyes. "Mr. Lee is a fortunate gentleman," he said. "I may gain the rose, perhaps, in the country dance?"

"That is better," remarked the lady, surveying with satisfaction the new-curled lock. "The country dance? For that Mr. Lightfoot hath my promise."

"It seems that I am a laggard," said Haward.

The knocker sounded below. "I am at home, Chloe," announced the mistress; and the slave, laying aside her work, slipped from the room.

Haward played with the trifles upon the dressing table. "Wherein have I offended, Evelyn?" he asked, at last.

The lady arched her brows, and the

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action made her for the moment very like her handsome father. "Why, there is no offense!" she cried. "An old acquaintance, a family friend! I step a minuet with Mr. Lee; I stand up for a country dance with Mr. Lightfoot; I wear pink instead of blue, and have lost my liking for white roses, — what is there in all this that needs such a question? Ah, you have broken my silver chain!"

"I am clumsy to-day!" he exclaimed. "A thousand pardons!" He let the broken toy slip from his fingers to the polished surface of the table, and forgot that it was there. "Since Colonel Byrd (I am sorry to learn) keeps his room with a fit of the gout, may I — an old acquaintance, a family friend — conduct you to the Palace to-night?"

The fan waved on. "Thank you, but I go in our coach, and need no escort." The lady yawned, very delicately, behind her slender fingers; then dropped the fan, and spoke with animation: "Ah, here is Mr. Lee! In a good hour, sir! I saw the bracelet that you mended for Mistress Winston. Canst do as much for my poor chain here? See! it and this silver heart have parted company."

Mr. Lee kissed her hand, and took snuff with Mr. Haward; then, after an ardent speech crammed with references to Vulcan and Venus, chains that were not slight, hearts that were of softer substance, sat down beside this kind and dazzling vision, and applied his clever fingers to the problem in hand. He was a personable young gentleman, who had studied at Oxford, and who, proudly conscious that his tragedy of Artaxerxes, then reposing in the escritoire at home, much outmerited Haward's talked-of comedy, felt no diffidence in the company of the elder fine gentleman. He rattled on of this and that, and Evelyn listened kindly, with only the curve of her cheek visible to the family friend. The silver heart was restored to its chain; the lady smiled her thanks; the enamored youth hitched his chair some inches nearer the fair whom he had obliged, and, with his hand upon his heart, entered the realm of high-flown speech. The gay curtains waved; the roses were sweet; black Chloe sewed and sewed; the hairdresser's hands wove in and out, as though he were a wizard making passes.

Haward rose to take his leave. Evelyn yielded him her hand; it was cold against his lips. She was nonchalant and smiling; he was easy, unoffended, admirably the fine gentleman. For one moment their eyes met. "I had been wiser," thought the man, "I had been wiser to have myself told her of that brown witch, that innocent sorceress! Why something held my tongue I know not. Now she hath read my idyl, but all darkened, all awry." The woman thought: "Cruel and base! You knew that my heart was yours to break, cast aside, and forget!"

Out of the house the sunlight beat and blinded. Houses of red brick, houses of white wood; the long, wide, dusty Duke of Gloucester Street; gnarled mulberry trees broad-leafed against a September sky, deeply, passionately blue; glimpses of wood and field, — all seemed remote without distance, still without stillness, the semblance of a dream, and yet keen and near to oppression. It was a town of stores, of ordinaries and public places; from open door and window all along Duke of Gloucester Street came laughter, round oaths, now and then a scrap of drinking song. To Haward, giddy, ill at ease, sickening of a fever, the sounds were now as a cry in his ear, now as the noise of a distant sea. The minister of James City parish and the minister of Ware Creek were walking before him, arm in arm, set full sail for dinner after a stormy morning. "For lo! the wicked prospereth!" said one, and "Fair View parish bound over to the devil again!" plained the other. "He's

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firm in the saddle; he 'll ride easy to the day he drinks himself to death, thanks to this sudden complaisance of Governor and Commissary!"

"Thanks to" — cried the other sourly, and gave the thanks where they were due.

Haward heard the words, but even in the act of quickening his pace to lay a heavy hand upon the speaker's shoulder a listlessness came upon him, and he forbore. The memory of the slurring speech went from him; his thoughts were thistledown blown hither and yon by every vagrant air. Coming to Marot's ordinary he called for wine; then went up the stair to his room, and sitting down at the table presently fell asleep, with his head upon his arms.

After a while the sounds from the public room below, where men were carousing, disturbed his slumber. He stirred, and awoke refreshed. It was afternoon, but he felt no hunger, only thirst, which he quenched with the wine at hand. His windows gave upon the Capitol and a green wood beyond; the waving trees enticed, while the room was dull and the noises of the house distasteful. He said to himself that he would walk abroad, would go out under the beckoning trees and be rid of the town. He remembered that the Council was to meet that afternoon. Well, it might sit without him! He was for the woods, where dwelt the cool winds and the shadows deep and silent.

A few yards, and he was quit of Duke of Gloucester Street; behind him, porticoed Capitol, gaol, and tiny vineclad debtor's prison. In the gaol yard the pirates sat upon a bench in the sunshine, and one smoked a long pipe, and one brooded upon his irons. Gold rings were in their ears, and their black hair fell from beneath colored handkerchiefs twisted turbanwise around their brows. The gaoler watched them, standing in his doorway, and his children, at play beneath a tree, built with sticks a mimic scaffold, and hanged thereon a broken puppet. There was a shady road leading through a wood to Queen's Creek and the Capitol Landing, and down this road went Haward. His step was light; the dullness, the throbbing pulses, the oppression of the morning, had given way to a restlessness and a strange exaltation of spirit. Fancy was quickened, imagination heightened; to himself he seemed to see the heart of all things. Across his mind flitted fragments of verse, — now a broken line just hinting beauty, now the pure passion of a lovely stanza. His thoughts went to and fro, mobile as the waves of the sea; but firm as the reefs beneath them stood his knowledge that presently he was going back to Fair View. To-morrow, when the Governor's ball was over, when he could decently get away, he would leave the town; he would go to his house in the country. Late flowers bloomed in his garden; the terrace was fair above the river; beneath the red brick wall, on the narrow little creek shining like a silver highway, lay a winged boat; and the highway ran past a glebe house; and in the glebe house dwelt a dryad whose tree had closed against her. Audrey! — a fair name. Audrey, Audrey! — the birds were singing it; out of the deep, Arcadian shadows any moment it might come, clearly cried by satyr, Pan, or shepherd. Hark! there was song —

It was but a negro on the road behind, singing to himself as he went about his master's business. The voice was the voice of the race, mellow, deep, and plaintive; perhaps the song was of love in a burning land. He passed the white man, and the arching trees hid him, but the wake of music was long in fading. The road leading through a cool and shady dell, Haward left it, and took possession of the mossy earth beneath a holly tree. Here, lying on the ground, he could see the road through the intervening foliage; else the place had seemed the heart of an ancient wood.

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It was merry lying where were glimpses of blue sky, where the leaves quivered and a squirrel chattered and a robin sang a madrigal. Youth the divine, halfway down the stair of misty yesterdays, turned upon his heel and came back to him. He pillowed his head upon his arm, and was content. It was well to be so filled with fancies, so iron of will, so headstrong and gay; to be friends once more with a younger Haward, with the Haward of a mountain pass, of mocking comrades and an irate Excellency.

From the road came a rumble of oaths. Sailors, sweating and straining, were rolling a very great cask of tobacco from a neighboring warehouse down to the landing and some expectant sloop. Haward, lying at ease, smiled at their weary task, their grunting and swearing; when they were gone, smiled at the blankness of the road. All things pleased. There was food for mirth in the call of a partridge, in the inquisitive gaze of a squirrel, in the web of a spider gaoler to a gilded fly. There was food for greater mirth in the appearance on the road of a solitary figure in a wine-colored coat and bushy black peruke.

Haward sat up. "Ha, Monacan!" he cried, with a laugh, and threw a stick to attract the man's attention.

Hugon turned, stood astare, then left the road and came down into the dell.

"What fortune, trader?" smiled Haward. "Did your traps hold in the great forest? Were your people easy to fool, giving twelve deerskins for an old match-coat? There is charm in a woodsman life. Come, tell me of your journeys, dangers and escapes."

The half-breed looked down upon him with a twitching face. "What hinders me from killing you now?" he demanded, with a backward look at the road. "None may pass for many minutes."

Haward lay back upon the moss, with his hands locked beneath his head. "What indeed?" he answered calmly. "Come, here is a velvet log, fit seat for an emperor — or a sachem; sit and tell me of your life in the woods. For peace pipe let me offer my snuffbox." In his mad humor he sat up again, drew from his pocket, and presented with the most approved flourish, his box of chased gold. "Monsieur, c'est le tabac pour le nez d'un monarque," he said lazily.

Hugon sat down upon the log, helped himself to the mixture with a grand air, and shook the yellow dust from his ruffles. The action, meant to be airy, only achieved fierceness. From some hidden sheath he drew a knife, and began to strip from the log a piece of bark. "Tell me, you," he said. "Have you been to France? What manner of land is it?"

"A gay country," answered Haward; "a land where the men are all white, and where, at present, periwigs are worn much shorter than the one monsieur affects."

"He is a great brave, a French gentleman? Always he kills the man he hates?"

"Not always," said the other. "Sometimes the man he hates kills him."

By now one end of the piece of bark in the trader's hands was shredded to tinder. He drew from his pocket his flint and steel, and struck a spark into the frayed mass. It flared up, and he held first the tips of his fingers, then the palm of his hand, then his bared forearm, in the flame that licked and scorched the flesh. His face was perfectly unmoved, his eyes unchanged in their expression of hatred. "Can he do this?" he asked.

"Perhaps not," said Haward lightly. "It is a very foolish thing to do."

The flame died out, and the trader tossed aside the charred bit of bark. "There was old Pierre at Monacan-Town who taught me to pray to *le bon Dieu.* He told me how grand and fine is a French gentleman, and that I was the son of many such. He called the English great pigs, with brains as dull and muddy as the river after many rains. My mother was the daughter of a chief.

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She had strings of pearl for her neck, and copper for her arms, and a robe of white doeskin, very soft and fine. When she was dead and my father was dead, I came from Monacan-Town to your English school over yonder. I can read and write. I am a white man and a Frenchman, not an Indian. When I go to the villages in the woods, I am given a lodge apart, and the men and women gather to hear a white man speak. . . . You have done me wrong with that girl, that Ma'm'selle Audrey that I wish for wife. We are enemies: that is as it should be. You shall not have her, — never, never! But you despise me: how is that? That day upon the creek, that night in your cursed house, you laughed" —

The Haward of the mountain pass, regarding the twitching face opposite him and the hand clenched upon the handle of a knife, laughed again. At the sound the trader's face ceased to twitch. Haward felt rather than saw the stealthy tightening of the frame, the gathering of forces, the closer grasp upon the knife, and flung out his arm. A hare scurried past, making for the deeper woods. From the road came the tramp of a horse and a man's voice singing, —

"'To all you ladies now on land'" —

and an inquisitive dog turned aside from the road, and plunged into the dell.

The rider, having checked his horse and quit his song in order to call to his dog, looked through the thin veil of foliage and saw the two men beneath the holly tree. "Ha, Jean Hugon!" he cried. "Is that you? Where is that packet of skins you were to deliver at my store? Come over here, man!"

The trader moistened his dry lips with his tongue, and slipped the knife back into its sheath. "Had we been a mile in the woods," he said, "you would have laughed no more."

Haward watched him go. The argument with the rider was a lengthy one. He upon horseback would not stand still in the road to finish it, but put his beast into motion. The trader, explaining and gesticulating, walked beside his stirrup; the voices grew fainter and fainter, — were gone. Haward laughed to himself; then, with his eyes raised to the depth on depth of blue, serene beyond the grating of thorn-pointed leaves, sent his spirit to his red brick house and silent, sunny garden, with the gate in the ivied wall, and the six steps down to the boat and the lapping water.

The shadows lengthened, and a wind of the evening entered the wood. Haward shook off the lethargy that had kept him lying there for the better part of an afternoon, rose to his feet, and left the green dell for the road, all shadow now, winding back to the toy metropolis, to Marot's ordinary, to the ball at the Palace that night.

The ball at the Palace! — he had forgotten that. Flare of lights, wail of violins, a painted, silken crowd, laughter, whispers, magpie chattering, wine, and the weariness of the dance, when his soul would long to be with the night outside, with the rising wind and the shining stars. He half determined not to go. What mattered the offense that would be taken? Did he go he would repent, wearied and ennuyé, watching Evelyn, all rose-colored, moving with another through the minuet; tied himself perhaps to some pert miss, or cornered in a card-room by boisterous gamesters, or, drinking with his peers, called on to toast the lady of his dreams. Better the dull room at Marot's ordinary, or better still to order Mirza, and ride off at the planter's pace, through the starshine, to Fair View. On the river bank before the store MacLean might be lying, dreaming of a mighty wind and a fierce death. He would dismount, and sit beside that Highland gentleman, Jacobite and strong man, and their moods would chime as they had chimed before. Then on to the house and to the eastern window! Not to-night, but to-morrow night, perhaps, would the darkness be pierced by the

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calm pale star that marked another window. It was all a mistake, that month at Westover, — days lost and wasted, the running of golden sands ill to spare from Love's brief glass. . . .

His mood had changed when, with the gathering dusk, he entered his room at Marot's ordinary. He would go to the Palace that night; it would be the act of a boy to fling away through the darkness, shirking a duty his position demanded. He would go and be merry, watching Evelyn in the gown that Peterborough had praised.

When Juba had lighted the candles, he sat and drank and drank again of the red wine upon the table. It put maggots in his brain, fired and flushed him to the spirit's core. An idea came, at which he laughed. He bade it go, but it would not. It stayed, and his fevered fancy played around it as a moth around a candle. At first he knew it for a notion, bizarre and absurd, which presently he would dismiss. All day strange thoughts had come and gone, appearing, disappearing, like will-o'-the-wisps for which a man upon a firm road has no care. Never fear that he will follow them! He sees the marsh that it has no footing. So with this Jack-o'-lantern conception, — it would vanish as it came.

It did not so. Instead, when he had drunken more wine, and had sat for some time methodically measuring, over and over again, with thumb and forefinger, the distance from candle to bottle, and from bottle to glass, the idea began to lose its wildfire aspect. In no great time it appeared an inspiration as reasonable as happy. When this point had been reached, he stamped upon the floor to summon his servant from the room below. "Lay out the white and gold, Juba," he ordered, when the negro appeared, "and come make me very fine. I am for the Palace, — I and a brown lady that hath bewitched me! The white sword knot, sirrah; and cock my hat with the diamond brooch" —

It was a night that was thronged with stars, and visited by a whispering wind. Haward, walking rapidly along the almost deserted Nicholson Street, lifted his burning forehead to the cool air and the star-strewn fields of heaven. Coming to the gate by which he had entered the afternoon before, he lifted the latch and passed into the garden. By now his fever was full upon him, and it was a man scarce to be held responsible for his actions that presently knocked at the door of the long room where, at the window opening upon Palace Street, Audrey sat with Mistress Stagg and watched the people going to the ball.

Mary Johnston.

(*To be continued.*)

MATIN SONG.

Arise! Arise!
Dawns not the day within thy waking eyes:
The mist that on them lies
Delays the blossom of the eastern skies.
'T is at their light alone the darkness flies,
And Night, despairing, dies:
Behold thine altar free for sacrifice!
Arise! Arise!

John B. Tabb.

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THE AUTHOR OF OBERMANN.

In November, 1849, Matthew Arnold, then a young man of twenty-seven, almost at the beginning of his literary career, wrote some Stanzas in Memory of the Author of Obermann, an obscure French poet, whose name and writings had, until then, been scarcely known outside of France, and who had died, almost unnoticed, three years before. These were followed, many years after, by other stanzas, Obermann Once More. It is through these two poems by Matthew Arnold that the author of Obermann, Étienne Pivert de Senancour, has been chiefly known to the reading public of England and America. But while his name has in this way become familiar to many, his writings have never attained celebrity; and even in his own country he is not famous. The prose poem Obermann has been read by a few, who have been attracted by its rare poetic quality and interpretative power, but it has not received general recognition, nor been awarded by the public its just rank as a work of marked talent.

There are good reasons why the author of Obermann should have remained without fame beyond a narrow circle of admirers, as we shall see by a study of his character. His own description of this isolation, which oppressed him, even though he sought it, is filled with a sense of pain. On the 12th of October, in Letter XXII., he writes from Fontainebleau:

"I am alone. . . . I am here in the world, a wanderer, solitary in the midst of a people for whom I care nothing; like a man deaf for many years, whose eager eyes gaze upon the crowd of silent beings who move and pass before him. He sees everything, but everything is withheld from him; he suffers the silence of all things in the midst of the noise of the world; . . . he is apart from the entirety of beings; . . . in vain do all things exist around him; he lives alone, he is severed from the living world."

Although the author of Obermann separated himself by choice from the life of his times, and, while the turmoil of events swept past him, stood apart as a solitary figure, deaf to their noise and seemingly unconscious of their object, yet he must take his place as a member — the most isolated, it is true — of the sentimental democratic movement which had its rise in the second half of the eighteenth century. By right of talent, through affinity of sentiment and feeling, he belonged to that romantic school of France which was the successor of classicism and intellectual atheism, and numbered in its ranks a Rousseau, a Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, a Chateaubriand, a Madame de Staël, whose names sounded like clarion notes through the end of the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth. But even the gentler lights among the pantheists of literature, Vigny, Maurice de Guérin, Lamartine, Musset, Amiel, received wider recognition than the solitary dreamer who has, nevertheless, written pages more beautiful, perhaps, in their simplicity, charm, grandeur even, than have many of his better known contemporaries or successors.

These pages, which formed the repository of the intimate personal reveries of a nature delicately responsive to every impression and emotion, and which contained a depth of feeling and experience not appreciated by the many, were, however, we are told by Sainte-Beuve, cherished by a small band of admirers, — Sautelet, Bastide, Ampère, Stapfer, Nodier, — young and ardent spirits, who looked up to their author with reverence as to a master, and by a group of men of letters which counted such names as Rabbe, Ballanche, Pierre Leroux, and Boisjolin, the editor of the second edition

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of Obermann. More than this, Sainte-Beuve himself, George Sand, and in recent years Jules Levallois, attracted by his rare gifts and his singular charm, have done for him in France what Matthew Arnold has done in England, and Alvar Tornüdd in Finland: they have made him a name to the many, and more than a name to the few who appreciate beauty of style and the poet's power to interpret nature.

Several of the writers of the romantic school possessed to a remarkable degree this gift of rendering nature. Chateaubriand possessed it, though often in a studied form; Maurice de Guérin had it in all its naturalness and grace; Senancour had it with a simplicity, grandeur, and eloquence which have seldom been surpassed. He has given us pictures of singular beauty, both as a landscapist and as a poet; for he not only paints nature in her outward semblance, but he leads us into close companionship with what is hidden and intimate in her life. This is why Obermann has outlived obscurity. Although Senancour made no use of metrical form, he held more of the poetic gift of understanding and appreciating nature, and of interpreting her with subtle sympathy, than did many poets who wrote in verse. And in this feeling for nature he was perhaps less akin to Lamartine, the chief singer of French romanticism, than to Wordsworth and others among the English poets.

It may appear singular that the only countries where the works of Senancour have been widely appreciated are the lands of the far north, Finland, Sweden, and Norway. But his strong sympathy with all that was primitively sublime and titanic in nature and in man, which inspired him to write in Obermann, "It is to the lands of the north that belong the heroism born of enthusiasm, and the titanic dreams bred of sublime melancholy," must have formed a powerful attraction to a people whose early literature represented types of primeval man and nature.

Obermann, written during 1801 to 1803, and first published in 1804, is a book of disconnected impressions and meditations, in the form of letters to a friend, containing the reveries of a recluse on life and nature. But although Obermann is an internal autobiography of Senancour, we must guard against taking too literally its external details, for the author purposely altered facts and dates in order to mislead the reader.

Étienne Pivert de Senancour was born in Paris in 1770, the year of the birth of Wordsworth. His father, who belonged to a noble and a comparatively rich family of Lorraine, and who held the office of comptroller of the revenues under Louis XVI., was a man of inflexible will, and of small sympathy with youth or with what goes to make youth gay. Young Senancour's childhood was not happy; he had little companionship, and no pleasures. A profoundly melancholy temperament, given him by nature, developed by all the conditions of his home life, made him prematurely sombre and discontented; ill health and his father's sternness increased a self-repression, apathy, and awkwardness which were the result partly of physical immaturity, and partly of mental precocity. Romantic from childhood, thirsting for joy with an intensity rarely seen in one so young, receiving back from life only disillusions and unsatisfied longings, he soon became acquainted with suffering, and could say with reason that he had never been young. Born without the power, but with the fierce desire, for happiness, his "joy in everything" was withered before it bloomed. The few allusions in Obermann to those early years show how greatly they influenced his after life. But among these memories of his youth one ray of content pierces now and then the general gloom, — his love for his mother, and her sympathy with him. Later, after death had separated him from her,

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he pictures, with unwonted tenderness, the walks they took together in the woods of Fontainebleau, when he was a schoolboy spending his vacations with his parents in the country. He was only fifteen at that time, but showed even then his love for all things beautiful in nature, his longing for solitude, his premature seriousness, his changeful moods, his ardent, sensitive, restless temperament which gave him no peace. At Paris, on the 27th of June, in Letter XI., this recollection comes to him as an inspiration: —

"The first time I went to the forest I was not alone. . . . I plunged into the densest part of the woods, and when I reached a clearing, shut in on all sides, where nothing could be seen but stretches of sand and of juniper trees, there came to me a sense of peace, of liberty, of savage joy, the sway of nature first felt in careless youth. Yet I was not gay. . . . Enjoyment grew wearisome, and a feeling of sadness crept over me as I turned my steps homeward. . . . Often I was in the forest before the rising of the sun. I climbed the hills, still deep in shadow; I was all wet from the dew-covered underbrush; and when the sun shone out I still longed for that mystic light, precursor of the dawn. I loved the deep gullies, the dark valleys, the dense woods; I loved the hills covered with heather; I loved the fallen boulders and the rugged rocks; and still better I loved the moving sands, their barren wastes untrodden by the foot of man, but furrowed here and there by the restless tracks of the roe or the fleeing hare. . . . It was then that I noticed the birch, a lonely tree, which even in those days filled me with sadness, and which since that time I have never seen without a sense of pleasure. I love the birch; I love that smooth, white, curling bark, that wild trunk, those drooping branches, the flutter of the leaves, and all that abandonment, simplicity of nature, attitude of the deserts."

Here, then, at Fontainebleau, came the first awakening of his feeling for nature, — a feeling which had perhaps already been unconsciously stirred at Ermenonville, a small village in the Valois, where Rousseau had died a few years before, in 1778. Young Senancour, who had early shown his love of study, and when only seven years old had devoured with feverish ardor every book of travel that fell into his hands, had been sent to school at Ermenonville, and lived with the curé of the parish. There, as an impressionable boy, he must have stood by the tomb of Rousseau; must have wandered in the castle grounds where Rousseau had spent his later years; have listened to the "rustling leaves of the birches;" have seen "the quiet waters, the cascade among the rocks, . . . and the green that stretches beyond like a prairie, above which rise wooded slopes," as Gérard de Nerval, in Sylvie, pictures it to us in the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

At fifteen Senancour entered the Collége de la Marche, at Paris, where he followed the four years' course diligently, not brilliantly, but successfully, and graduated with honor. In those four years, his mind, already open to philosophic doubt, was definitely led into channels which destroyed whatever religious belief may have been feebly lodged there by his mother's teaching. He left college an atheist. It had been the intention of the elder Senancour that his son should enter the priesthood, and, being a man of imperious will, unaccustomed to remonstrance or opposition, he immediately made arrangements for Étienne to take a two years' preparatory course at the seminary of Saint-Sulpice.

By nature without depth of Christian religious feeling, by temperament fiercely opposed to rules and institutions, by education steeped in the philosophic thought of the day, the young student of Malebranche and Helvétius rose in revolt against a step which "essentially shocked his nature." In August, 1789,

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with the help of his mother, he left Paris, and buried himself in the solitudes of the Swiss Alps: there, in the region of perpetual ice, the primitive man in him strove to wrest from primitive nature the key to life.

At this period, when we see in him so much to "essentially shock" our natures, — his atheism, his antagonism to Christianity, his bitterness against institutions, — he has at least the merit of austere sincerity and of scrupulous morality. With a nature so sincere and so strongly opposed to a religious vocation, he could not bring himself to enter the priesthood solely for the sake of earning a living, or to play the hypocrite in order to satisfy an exacting parent.

"I could not sacrifice my manhood," he protests, "in order to become a man of affairs."

And in another place, in the same letter, he says: —

"It is not enough to look upon a profession as honest for the simple reason that one can earn an income of thirty or forty thousand francs without theft."

Sincerity he regarded as one of the natural, simple virtues. The grander virtues he had also known; he writes: —

"I have known the enthusiasm of the great virtues. . . . My stoical strength braved misfortunes as well as passions; and I felt sure that I should be the happiest of men if I were the most virtuous."

This stoicism was merely a phase; it went hand in hand with an atheism and a fatalism which were also nothing more than phases. They were not destined to endure long, but they produced his first work, Rêveries sur la Nature Primitive de l'Homme, written during the early years of his exile in Switzerland, and published in 1799, when he had returned secretly to Paris. During those ten years France had passed through her great crisis; but the distant rumblings of the Revolution which had shaken his country to her foundations, and had reëchoed throughout Europe, seem to have left Senancour unmoved. Buried in his mountain solitudes, surrounded by the silence of the snows, absorbed in the contemplation of natural forces, he remained apparently unconscious of the movement of the gigantic social forces around him. He represents passivity in an age of intense moral and social activity, the sage among soldiers, the dreamer of ideas for which the rest of the world were fighting, the believer in a new system which was even then overturning society, and which fifty years later was to produce men of his stamp.

But the Revolution which he ignored did not pass him by unnoticed, as he might have wished. His noble ancestry, and his abrupt departure from Paris immediately before the outbreak of the Revolution, were sufficient reasons to lay him open to suspicion, and for him to be classed as an *émigré:* thus his voluntary retirement was turned into a forced exile. Obliged, for political reasons, to make Switzerland his home, we find him, not long after his arrival, living in the house of a patrician family in the canton of Fribourg. A daughter of the house, unhappy in her home, and in her engagement to a man for whom she had no attachment, became interested in Senancour; they saw each other constantly, even began to write a romance together; she confided her troubles to him, and at last broke her engagement. Young Senancour, sensitive, scrupulous, believing himself to be morally, though unintentionally, bound to the young girl, married her in 1790, at the age of twenty. The marriage was not a happy one, but he remained a devoted husband until his wife's early death. He had been in love once, some years before, — a transient fancy, as he then thought, but one that had for a moment opened before him visions of happiness which might have been his, and that returned to him, in later years, with almost overwhelming force in the hour of his great moral crisis.

In Letter XI., from Paris, he writes: —

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"It was in March; I was at L——. There were violets at the foot of the thickets, and lilacs in a little meadow, springlike and peaceful, open to the southern sun. The house stood high above. A terraced garden hid the windows from sight. Below the meadow, steep and rugged rocks formed wall upon wall; at the foot, a wide torrent; and beyond, other ledges, covered with fields, with hedges, and with firs! Across all this stretched the ancient walls of the city; an owl had made his home among the ruined towers. In the evening, the moon shone, distant horns gave answering calls; and the voice that I shall never hear again . . . !"

These dreams had passed, and in their place had come misfortunes in a long and overwhelming train. The loss of his fortune through the French Revolution, and of his wife's inheritance through the Swiss Revolution, a painful nervous trouble which deprived him throughout his life of the natural use of his arms, the long and mortal illness of his wife, the death of his father and of his much-loved mother, separation from his son and from his friends, — all these formed the setting of a grief, stifling and sombre, that found frequent expression in the book which was the Journal Intime of Senancour's inward experience.

In a life so grave, so full of disillusions, Senancour turned for support to nature, — to a nature calm, broad, majestic, that brought him moments of content, almost of happiness. His sensitive organization responded like an echo to every impression from the natural world, yet his enjoyment of nature had in it as much of an intellectual as of an emotional quality. His style attracts us, not so much from the sound of the words as from the musical flow of the phrase and the exquisitely harmonious turn of the sentence, the falling cadence at the close, with here and there a sudden break in the rhythm. No one who reads Obermann can fail to find rare delight in the charm of its cadences, in the remarkable power of language which it shows, and in the magic faculty of the artist to see the elements that constitute a picture.

On the 19th of July, in Letter IV., Senancour writes from Thiel of a night spent on the shores of Lake Neuchâtel:

"In the evening, before the rising of the moon, I walked beside the green waters of the Thièle. Feeling inclined to dream, and finding the air so soft that I could pass the whole night in the open, I followed the road to Saint-Blaise. At the small village of Marin I turned aside to the lake at the south, and descended a steep bank to the shore, where the waves came to die on the sands. The air was calm; not a sail could be seen on the lake. All were at rest, — some in the forgetfulness of toil, others in the oblivion of sorrow. The moon rose: I lingered long. Toward morning she spread over the earth and the waters the ineffable melancholy of her last rays. Nature appears immeasurably grand when, lost in reverie, one hears the rippling of the waves upon the solitary shore, in the calm of a night still resplendent and illumined by the setting moon.

"Ineffable sensibility, charm and torment of our fruitless years, profound realization of a nature everywhere overwhelming and everywhere inscrutable, all-absorbing passion, deepened wisdom, rapturous self-abandonment, — all that a human soul can experience of deep desire and world-weariness, — I felt it all, I lived it all, on that memorable night. I have taken a fatal step toward the age of decay; I have consumed ten years of my life. Happy the simple man whose heart is always young!"

This passage has been quoted before; it cannot be quoted too often. There is a sentence in one of Emerson's Letters to a Friend that reminds one of it. He has been reading the Vedas "in the sleep of the great heats," and writes: —

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"If I trust myself in the woods or in a boat upon the pond, nature makes a Brahmin of me presently. Eternal necessity, eternal compensation, unfathomable power, unbroken silence, — this is her creed. Peace, she saith to me, and purity and absolute abandonment."

Less lyrical than Maurice de Guérin, Senancour was more of a Titan in power and daring; he was the epic poet of landscape. Nature in her bolder moods appealed to him most strongly: it was not her smiles, her graceful fancies, her waywardness, her exuberance, that moved him, as they did the more "elusive," changeful temperament of Maurice de Guérin; it was the rugged in her, the mysterious, the vast; he loved to grapple with the strength, the difficulties, of a wild and savage region. And in this he showed an intellectual rather than a sensuous quality, a quality which it is interesting to trace even in the words used to express the elements in nature that aroused his sympathy. Maurice de Guérin was attracted by the evanescence and grace of nature; Senancour by her "permanence" and "austerity." This austerity and permanence are especially insisted upon in one of the most striking of the Obermann letters, — the letter in which he tells of a day spent on the Dent du Midi.

On the 3d of September, in Letter VII., he writes from Saint-Maurice: —

"I have been to the region of perpetual ice, on the Dent du Midi. Before the sun shone upon the valley I had already reached the bluff overlooking the town, and was crossing the partly cultivated stretch of ground which covers it. I went on by a steep ascent, through dense forests of fir trees, leveled in many places by winters long since passed away: fruitful decay, vast and confused mass of a vegetation that had died, and had regerminated from the wrecks of its former life. At eight o'clock I had reached the bare summit which crowns the ascent, and which forms the first salient step in that wondrous pile whose highest peak still rose so far beyond me. Then I dismissed my guide, and put my own powers to the test. I wanted that no hireling should intrude upon this Alpine liberty, that no man of the plains should come to weaken the austerity of these savage regions. . . . I stood fixed and exultant as I watched the rapid disappearance of the only man whom I was likely to see among these mighty precipices. . . .

"I cannot give you a true impression of this new world, or express the permanence of the mountains in the language of the plains."

The whole of that day he spent among the chasms, the granite rocks, and the snows of the Alps, taken possession of by the inexpressible permanence of life in those silent regions, which seemed to have in them less of change than of immutability.

We can see the landscapes which Senancour paints: they are bold, vivid, and full of atmosphere. And we can feel the mysterious hidden life which he feels so profoundly, which becomes a passion with him, subdues him, absorbs him, until he has grown to be a part of it. The great Pan claims him. We must not, however, mistake Senancour. He loves nature, but to him man is the highest part of nature; only, man troubles him by departing from primitive standards, and nature does not. "It is true I love only nature," he writes, "but men are still the part of nature that I love the best."

It is not social man, as he existed at the close of the eighteenth century, that fills this high place in Senancour's affections. He pictures to himself a primitive life, simple, austere, uniform; a state of human relationships in which friendship such as the ancients knew it — the friendship of Cicero and Atticus, of Lælius and Africanus — holds a conspicuous place. By nature strong in the affections, this bond of two minds and souls, united in

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thought, feeling, and belief, the "absolute running of two souls into one," as Emerson expresses it, has for him a deep attraction. He realizes what Emerson emphasizes with greater force when he writes that "the sweet sincerity of joy and peace, which I draw from this alliance with my brother's soul, is the nut itself whereof all nature and all thought is but the husk and shell." And so Senancour writes: "Peace itself is a sad blessing when there is no hope of sharing it."

Believing firmly in the inborn goodness of humanity, he feels that the dictates of one's own nature are safe guides to be followed in life, "convinced," he declares, "that nothing that is natural to me is either dangerous or to be condemned." Yet these impulses which he acknowledges as wise leaders are never to be other than moderate, for, he says, "dejection follows every immoderate impulse." And the goodness which he broadly ascribes to all human nature is far from being of a commonplace order, to judge from his own definition: "True goodness requires wide conceptions, a great soul, and restrained passions." Himself a man of restrained passions, he willingly believes that all men are originally made virtuous, and he insists upon the melancholy degeneration of man as he has been made by the "caprices of this ephemeral world."

This forms the keynote of his aversion for the world, and the reason for his appeal to nature, when overwhelmed with despair at "the hopeless tangle of our age;" and with a full sense of his own impotence, he seeks solace in the strength of the stars and the peace of the solitary hills. For nature "holds less of what we seek, but . . . we are surer of finding the things that she contains." And thus, he believes, the tie is often stronger between man and the "friend of man" than between man and man; for "passion goes in quest of man, but reason is sometimes obliged to forsake him for things that are less good and less fatal." Alone, battling with the "obstacles and the dangers of rugged nature, far from the artificial trammels and the ingenious oppression of men," he feels his whole being broaden. I cannot refrain from quoting in this connection a vivid description of one of his first communings with the "friend of man," after he had fled from a world which oppressed him, and against which he had neither the courage nor the power to struggle. In Letter VII., on the 3d of September, he writes from Saint-Maurice: —

"On those desert peaks, where the sky is measureless, and the air is more stable, and time less fleeting, and life more permanent, — there all nature gives eloquent expression to a vaster order, a more visible harmony, an eternal whole. There man is reinstated in his changeful but indestructible form; he breathes a free air far from social emanations; . . . he lives a life of reality in the midst of sublime unity."

In this very year Wordsworth was writing: —

> "To her fair works did Nature link
> The human soul that through me ran;
> And much it grieved my heart to think
> What man has made of man."

We can now, I think, understand in a measure why Senancour has remained obscure. He shunned the world, and the world neglected him; he could not make his way with a public whom he ignored and disliked. Shrinking from contact with men, craving neither applause nor popularity, despising every means of obtaining celebrity that savored of intrigue or expedient, he marked out for himself a rigid line of sincerity and truth. "If it is not sufficient," he writes, "to say things that are true, and to strive to express them in persuasive language, I shall not have success." And in harmony with this ideal of literary simplicity and directness was the feeling he had that an author should not strive to re-

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ceive "approbation during his lifetime." The only success he honored and desired was the austere success of the future which assigns a work "to its right place." Surely this was not the temperament from which springs the desire to court notoriety or the power to win it.

Another reason for Senancour's failure to reach general appreciation is perhaps his unevenness. Like Wordsworth, he falls, at times, far below his level; not that he is ever weak, but in his tendency to repetition he becomes tiresome. Although in his later work he shows more unity and a clearer sense of proportion, in Obermann he is wanting in what is necessary to the creation of a complete work of art, — the power to distinguish between the essential and the non-essential. It is this power which makes Chateaubriand's René a finished painting, and the lack of this power which makes Obermann a portfolio of sketches as exquisite as Turner's water colors, intermingled with minute studies of unimportant details.

Obermann has been compared to René. Both books describe the same order of psychologic experience; they are both the expression of thwarted lives, of unsatisfied cravings. But there exists this difference between them: René represents passionate struggle, and, later, victory; Obermann, despairing acceptance, and, later, resignation. With René, nature is secondary to moral power; his expression is strong, brilliant, vigorous. With Obermann, nature is the spring of all beauty and perfection, — she is mystic, vast, inscrutable; his expression has something of the sensitive, the hidden charm which he has caught from the inner life of nature.

We know that Senancour became familiar with the works of his great contemporary, Chateaubriand; and that in 1816 he published a critical study of the Génie du Christianisme, in which he exposed with merciless candor and logic the insincerity of Chateaubriand's religious position. But at the time that Senancour wrote Obermann, while he had read Atala, as he himself tells us, René and the Génie du Christianisme were still unknown to him. Whatever similarity existed between Obermann and René was therefore due to the spirit that animated the whole literary movement of the time, to the romantic tendency of which they were the simultaneous expression.

Another parallel that suggests itself is with Amiel; but here, too, there is a marked difference. Senancour's rendering of nature, which makes him worthy of being classed among the poets, is on a far higher plane of beauty than Amiel's, while he is greatly Amiel's inferior in strength of intellect, culture, and mental training. It is Amiel's keenness and justness as a critic of life and things, of men and books, that give him his claim to distinction. Senancour is a poet and moralist, Amiel a critic and speculative philosopher. The difference in their style is equally marked: Amiel is at his best where he is incisive, critical, epigrammatic, full of verve, cutting to the root of his subject like fine steel; Senancour, where he is poetical and meditative. The philosophy of Amiel is on a far more intricate scale, and takes a more prominent place in his Journal than does that of Senancour in Obermann; but the idea of the indefinite, miscalled the infinite, appeals equally to both, though in different ways. Amiel is fascinated by it, — his individual life is absorbed, evaporated, lost, in the universal nothing; while Senancour, alone, as an individual, stands face to face with an immutable and inscrutable eternity, which terrifies and overwhelms him, but which he desires to comprehend through an etherealized intelligence. The common ground on which they meet is their desire to be in unison with the life of nature, their mystical pantheism, and their morbid melancholia which leads them into pessimism, — all of these traits being an in-

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heritance from their great progenitor, Rousseau. It was the malady of the century, — "melancholy, languor, lassitude, discouragement," as we find in Amiel's Journal, — lack of will power, the capacity to suffer, a minute psychologic analysis, the turning of life into a dream without production, that furnished the basis of their affinity.

We must, in fact, go back to the ideas which formed the spring of the Revolutionary movement and changed the conditions of modern society, to find the common meeting ground of all the romanticists. Unswerving belief in human nature, desire for the simplification of life and dislike of the complicated social conditions of the old order, passionate love of the natural world, full return to nature as the ideal of life, glorification of savage man, — these ideas, formulated by Rousseau, were the inspiration of Chateaubriand, Senancour, and Amiel. Rousseau, as the father of the movement, became the chief influence in the work of his successors: he set the type for their beliefs; he opened the path through which all were to walk, — some as leaders, like Chateaubriand, others as recluses, like Senancour; his spirit pervaded not only France, but Europe; from him proceeded Childe Harold, Werther, and René, as well as Obermann.

The poet with whom Senancour has most of kinship in mood, in feeling, in charm of expression, is Matthew Arnold. That Obermann exerted a strong influence over Matthew Arnold's early years is clear from several references in both of the Obermann poems. "We feel thy spell!" the English poet cries; and that spell draws him to solitude, to sad reverie, to companionship with the eremite, the "master of my wandering youth," the name he gives, many years later, to Obermann. But stronger still than this inclination is the opposite impulsion, the necessity which is upon him to go out into the strife of men, — an unseen driving power which he calls fate, but which we might call conscience. And so he cries: —

> "I go, fate drives me; but I leave
> Half of my life with you."

Yet with him he carries into the world that thing which

> "has been lent
> To youth and age in common discontent,"

and the

> "infinite desire
> For all that might have been,"

and

> "The eternal note of sadness."

It is the poet in Matthew Arnold that claims "fellowship of mood" and sympathy with the poet in Senancour. This may explain why Matthew Arnold has not given of him one of his delightful critical portraits. The affinity is too close, the influence too subtile, to be brought within the limits of analysis. But beyond this personal affinity of mood, Matthew Arnold reveres Obermann as a sage and seer. Every one will recall those verses, in the first Obermann poem, beginning:

> "Yet, of the spirits who have reigned
> In this our troubled day,
> I know but two who have attained,
> Save thee, to see their way."

These two spirits are Wordsworth and Goethe.

Twenty years later he returns to "Obermann once more," and in a vision is charged by the ancient sage to carry to the world the message of that hope for which Senancour had so passionately longed. Obermann, addressing the younger poet, urges him to bear

> "'Hope to a world new-made!
> Help it to fill that deep desire,
> The want which crazed our brain,
> Consumed our soul with thirst like fire,
> Immedicable pain.'"

Matthew Arnold here constitutes himself the disciple and exponent of Obermann, the interpreter of his aspirations, and the complement, as it were, of his unfulfilled and disappointed life.

The fellowship of Matthew Arnold

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with Obermann is seen in several of his poems, — in The Grande Chartreuse, The Youth of Nature, The Youth of Man, and markedly in Self-Dependence.

Indirectly, it is also apparent in many modes of thought and feeling. In both poets there is a ground tone of melancholy underlying the passionate craving for tranquillity and joy, which leaves them forever reaching out toward a goal that can never be attained. Together with this is the sense of the futility of human effort, and a blind reliance on fate. Both are stoical in their austerity, and both are transcendental in their tendencies. In both we find a deep discontent with "the thousand discords" and the "vain turmoil" of the world; a desire to be in sympathy and union with the inner life of the universe, — to

> "Yearn to the greatness of Nature;"

and the final appeal to nature, whose glory and greatness and calm are alone enduring, while all else is subject to change, — a nature who can say of men in Matthew Arnold's words, —

> "'They are dust, they are changed, they are gone!
> I remain.'"

And how like Senancour is the spirit of these lines! —

> "For the world, which seems
> To lie before us like a land of dreams,
> So various, so beautiful, so new,
> Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
> Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain."

But this resemblance, strong as it is in many ways, belongs more to their moods, their ethical attitude toward life, the peculiar temper of their minds, than to character, or intellect, or creative power. As a result of this affinity of sentiment is a certain similarity in rhythm, the outward but elusive expression of the inner feeling. In both writers we find the same note of sadness in the cadence, the same grace and charm of diction, the same dying fall at the end of the sentence, like the ebb and flow of the waves on the shore. Especially is this evident in The Youth of Man, The Youth of Nature, parts of Tristram and Iseult, and Dover Beach. There exists this difference between them: in Senancour the expression is spontaneous and natural; in Matthew Arnold it is finished, and the result of art and study.

Senancour's inward changes during the twenty-five years that followed the appearance of his first work, the Rêveries, were great; they formed a gradual and continuous growth, from despair to resignation, from restlessness to calm, from doubt to belief, from materialism through pantheism to theism. Throughout Obermann we see traces of a passionate longing for more than nature could give him, something higher than nature. On the 17th of August, in Letter XVIII., he writes from Fontainebleau: —

"I am filled with an unrest that will never leave me; it is a craving I do not comprehend, which overrules me, absorbs me, lifts me above the things that perish. . . . You are mistaken, and I too was once mistaken; it is not the desire for love. A great distance lies between the void that fills my heart and the love that I have so deeply desired; but the infinite stretches between what I am and what I crave to be. Love is vast, but it *is not the infinite. I do not desire enjoyment*; I long for hope, I crave knowledge! . . . I desire a good, a dream, a hope, that shall be ever before me, beyond me, — greater even than my expectation, greater than what passes away."

At the time he wrote these words, he had no belief in the immortality of the soul, no hope beyond this world. Later, this belief and this hope were to come to him; but even then he had glimpses of the future peace, as when he writes, in Letter XIX., on the 18th of August: —

"There are moments when I am filled with hope and liberty; time and things pass before me with majestic harmony, and I feel happy. . . . I have surprised myself returning to my early years; once

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more I have found in the rose the beauty of delight and its celestial eloquence. Happy! I? And yet I am; and happy to overflowing, like one who reawakens from the terrors of a dream to a life of peace and liberty, — like one who emerges from the filth of a dungeon, and, after ten years, looks once again upon the serenity of the sky; happy like the man who loves the woman he has saved from death! But the moment passes; a cloud drifts across the sun and shuts out its inspiring light; the birds are hushed; the growing darkness drives away both my dream and my joy."

The time was to come when this life of "peace and liberty" would no longer be seen by snatches, between the drifting clouds, but would fill him with the serenity he so ardently craved. Perhaps he little dreamed that his prayer, framed as a question, was to be answered in his life with the same beauty that he pictured it in words. In Letter XXIII., dated on the 18th of October from Fontainebleau, we find this passage: —

"Will it also be given to man to know the long peace of autumn after the unrest of the strength of his years, — even as the fire, after its haste to be consumed, lingers before it is quenched?

"Long before the equinox the leaves had fallen in quantities, yet the forest still holds much of its verdure and all of its beauty. More than forty days ago everything looked as though it would end before its time, and now everything is enduring beyond its allotted days; receiving, at the very door of destruction, a lengthened life, which lingers on the threshold of its decay with abundant grace or security, and seems to borrow, as it weakens with gentle loitering, both from the repose of approaching death and from the charm of departing life."

This we may take as a picture of his own old age. Not that his material surroundings had in any way improved; the change was internal, and was the fulfillment of his own words: "The true life of man is within himself; what he absorbs from the outside world is merely accidental and subordinate." The fruit of this change came to maturity in his last important work, Libres Méditations, written fifteen years after Obermann. In the writer of the Méditations we see a man who has profoundly suffered, and whose spirit has been softened, chastened, harmonized. His last word to the world is the calm, majestic expression of one who has realized the existence of a distant truth, and has succeeded in lessening the space which separated him from it. It is the answer to the restless questionings, the doubt, of Obermann. Even in Obermann he had begun to feel that nature was not the beginning and the end of all things. On a day in August, in Letter XVI., he wrote from Fontainebleau: —

"What noble sentiments! What memories! What quiet majesty in a night, soft, calm, luminous! What grandeur! But the soul is overwhelmed with doubt. It sees that the feelings aroused by sentient things lead it into error; that truth exists, but in the far distance."

In the Méditations the pursuit of this distant truth has led him to belief in a God, in a future life, in a governing power in the universe; nature is the proof of divine wisdom; the world we live in, and the world to which we are pressing forward, are the results of divine justice. The Méditations is a work of distinct ethical value; its writer, a moralist of the type of Marcus Aurelius. The classic dignity and repose of its style, its full and measured numbers, like the solemn harmonies of church music, are the perfect outward expression of elevation of thought, a poised nature, a spirit of peace and consolation. We are lifted above the strife of the world to a region of moral grandeur. The poet is lost in the philosopher.

This change, although so fundamental, is not a mark of inconsistency. The youth of nineteen, who ran away from

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home to avoid acting a part, is still the man of maturity, who wrote the Méditations; genuineness, simplicity, and the love of truth form the basis of his nature.

Senancour lived for twenty-seven years after writing the Méditations, and the spirit of calm continued to grow upon him; yet his external life can scarcely have held more of happiness in his old age than it had in his youth. He had left Switzerland many years before, soon after the completion of Obermann, and had returned to Paris, where, poor and almost in want, he lived a secluded life, with his daughter as his only companion, in a house near the Place de la Bastille, on the Rue de la Cerisaie, a street of interesting historic memories connected with Charles VI. and Francis I. There, a recluse in the midst of the world, he composed his Méditations, and there, obliged to live by his pen, the only way open to him, he wrote for the periodicals and journals of Paris, edited encyclopædias, prepared historical summaries, and spent years in the drudgery of the literary profession. In 1846, four years before the death of Wordsworth, at the age of seventy-six, he died at Saint-Cloud, a lonely old man.

Jessie Peabody Frothingham.

SMALL VOICES OF THE TOWN.

When this roaring, stony, aching city dies; when its harbor is choked, and commerce goes elsewhere; when corruption and oppression, or a hope of exercising them, have driven the last of its cave dwellers to the tenements of rival towns, the grass will sprout in its streets, its Babel towers will soften into ruin, the birds will return, and within a twelvemonth Nature will have declared herself in the place that had forgotten her. The bird's voice, then, is not its racial memory alone: it utters prophecy. How futile this hiding from the universal will! Law finds us in every habitation. Perch we never so high, we cannot cheat gravity; delve we never so low, the moral also seeks us. At its worst the town is open to some beauty, and has lately, in alarm for its own state, widened its gates to more. Public parks, gardens, playgrounds, recreation piers, and boulevards are creations almost of our day, and have been forced into being by the huddling of mankind into a throng, with faces turned inward. That meant the denial and desertion of every benefit the town stands for. A city of a million without a breathing spot, — conceive it! A barbarism! A monstrosity! It is astonishing and pathetic that multitudes come and go along the avenues and years without knowledge of the silence, the music, the grace, hue, light, substance, and resource of the world. They are not so to pass forever. Voices have begun to call from the fields, and they listen. They are learning the need of touch with the soil. They have discovered air. They have seen water, and have timidly put their hands into it. Their children have been haled away to the farms, and have come back brown and strong; and their sons have gone away as soldiers, discovering, as they marched with their regiments, that parts of the earth had no buildings, and yielded only grateful smells and colors. When these town folk are stubborn, and keep out even of the parks, the darkness, the miasm, and the uproar do their work, and in the third generation their line runs to its end.

But not only are the masses learning to use their parks: they are beginning to watch for those estrays who come in from that region round about the city, — that

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region of vague report where trees grow, where creatures call and sing, where water flows strangely among rocks instead of through pipes, and where one can even walk on grass! Not all these waifs are of our own species. No; for they bring proof instead of rumor. There are feathered bipeds who can speak on this point, and without looking up statistics, which I cannot venerate, I should not dare to say how many species of birds have been seen in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and particularly in the wicked town of Chicago. Certainly there were scores. Most of these are astonished and unhappy migrants, who pause in their flight to the North or South; but now and again some robin, bluebird, swallow, crow, or warbler goes deliberately to town to see what manner of place it is, and lingers for two or three days, making bold to sing of a morning in the supposed security of a shade tree. Wood thrushes have been seen and heard in crowded sections of New York, and in my yard in town I have been honored by the visit of a humming bird to my honeysuckles.

Even the house sparrow, or, as we usually name him, the English sparrow, carries in his voice and flight a hint of wildness and liberty, albeit no other bird is so seldom wild and wants less freedom. Some of us are undergoing a reluctant change of heart toward this little beggar. He is so noisy, quarrelsome, greedy, and assertive that we don't like to concede any good in him; yet he does scavenger service about our streets. He did eat up the cankerworms that used to dangle from our shade trees and measure their length along our coats and hats, and once in a while he tries his luck with bigger game. In a park, the other day, I saw a cock sparrow pounce on the slithy green grub of one of our largest moths, a creature nearly as long as himself, give him a dislocating flip with his beak, such as a terrier gives to a rat, and leave him dead. Whether or no he would have eaten the grub I cannot say; for just then he caught my eye, and, discovering me to be of a stone-throwing race, flew off discreetly. Animals pain me by such reflections on the human species; for it is not such a bad species when we catch it young and train it right. The sparrow resembles it in that he is a social imp. He wants no end of his own society, and will not endure to be far from ours. It is by sheer force of numbers, by taking to himself all available nesting and roosting places, that he has so nearly driven our shy and tuneful wild birds from the town. Nearly, I say; for in our Southern and Western cities, albeit the sparrow has arrived, we may still hear the choirs at practice.

If ever you should be cast away in one of those towns, in Missouri or Kansas, where you change cars at four in the morning, and which your own train does not leave till nine, if it gets in on time, do not take the case too sorely. If it is the opera season, — say June, — walk about the streets in the dawn, and hear the mocking birds and their rivals; the brown thrushes. The sparrows have not driven them away, at all events. These artists will stand on the ridgepoles of houses and barns, on the locked arms of windmills, on telegraph wires, on treetops, and deliver themselves to the joy of song. I will not believe that all this melody is for mates and children in the nests: it is pure exuberance and delight in music. Sometimes I fancy that it flatters them to have an audience, not too near, and I am always ready to subscribe for a box for these concerts; still, they like to sing just as Paderewski likes to play. The brown thrush or thrasher, who is a better singer in the West than in the East, and is as tame as the mocking bird, is one of the most delightful of soloists. The brightness, range, and variety of his performance, in which he suggests rather than copies the notes of other birds, give to his song a frequent surprise and enduring interest that contrast indeed with

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the monotony of the sparrow's rasping chirp. Yet, if you listen, you will find that the sparrow has variety, likewise. If, did I say? Alack! there is no alternative. You do not go to him to hear what he may disclose: he brings his remarks to you. Probably you have never seen an English sparrow so far away as a mile from any house; and it is a question of only a few years when all the other birds will retire to the woods, and leave the peopled districts to him.

Beyond the Missouri the wild birds are almost as plenty in the towns as they were in the Eastern cities until just after the war. Not many days ago, in a walk through Wichita, Kansas, I stopped to discover the cause of a bobbery that was going on at a stone's toss from the main street. It was in a big apple tree in a front yard, where a blackbird was evidently trying to rear a family. A jay had called to see how the industry was progressing, and the blackbird, being disturbed in his mind, was launching at the visitor a series of opinions that were not fit for publication. The jay would stand secreted in another tree till the father of the family had calmed himself, when he would venture on another visit, and would again be driven forth with contumely. I have a fancy that the jay took a malicious delight in rousing his neighbor's temper, and the whole thing may have been a lark, — if a jay can be a lark.

The owner of the premises, noting my interest, came to the gate, and looking at the jay asked, "Did you know those fellows would steal poultry? The other day one of them pounced on to a small chicken in my yard, and pecked his head and neck till the blood ran; then he lifted him and had him fairly in the air before I made a rush. I was only thirty feet away. It did n't do much good to save the chicken, though, for it died next morning." Such a feral tendency on the part of this bird is surprising; but another man, in a town a hundred miles from there, had already told me the same thing, so it seems as if the tale were true. I had heard of crows eloping with chickens, but never before of the blue jay as an abductor. Yet I should not wonder if he and his friends were learning vices from civilization; for winged people, who see us somewhat distantly, and suffer no end of wrong from our cruelty, greed, and appetite, must take us to be the embodiment of all the mischiefs. Even the sparrow might have had a better voice, if he had not so often heard us quarreling and discussing our affairs in a needless octave above the pleasant. He is almost the only bird of whom it may be said that his voice is disagreeable; yet that may be merely because we do not know how to read it. There are voices and voices, and some of the sparrows hint at music.

As to the variety which pertains in vocal modulations alone, — not in quality, frequency, or duration; only in the order of tones, — another town bird will give us all the illustration we can ask. It is the cock of the common domestic fowl, who, for reasons theoretically associated with fresh eggs, is permitted to haunt the abiding places of men, and trouble their morning sleep. The cat is occasional, but the cock is chronic. The cat sings with a motive: it is love or fighting. But the cock's clarion has no discovered reason, at least when he blows it at two in the morning; and if his noise breaks loose at that hour, every bird of his sex and species who has heard him will arise in the darkness and say so. They tell us you can keep him quiet during the night by putting his perch a few inches below a roof or shelf, so that he will not have room to stretch his neck. Also, they say, you can cut his vocal cords, if you know where to look for them, and do not cut his jugular or any other of his more important works instead; and a friend has described to me the astonishment of a cock who had been subjected to this surgery, when he tried to crow next morning. He strained himself

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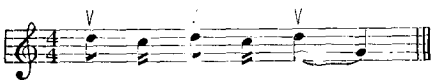
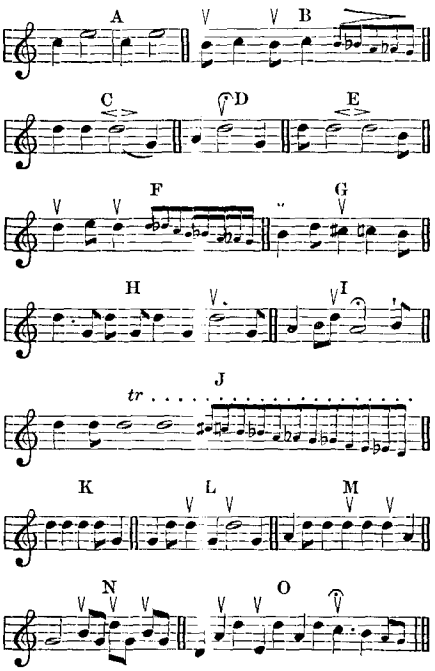
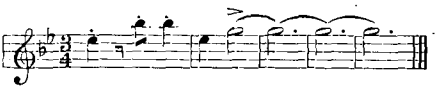
almost into an apoplexy, and hearing no sound except a faint hissing, like the escape of gas, he looked over the earth, with eyes that bulged in marveling, as if he had lost his voice somewhere in the grass. If we listen to this bird, instead of heaping reproof upon him, however, we shall learn something of animal personality. We of course know that in size, form, weight, color, plumage, markings, and so on, he is different from all his fellows, but we have to know him a little better than as a nuisance to discover that in conduct and character he is also apart. His voice betokens his habits and thinking, if only we could read it; and while there is a type of his crow that we all recognize, there are as many variants as there are birds. The type song is in 4–4 time, accented on the first three beats, with a hold on the third, and a diminuendo thence to the closing note, which is usually a fifth below: —



Here are a few of these calls of the cock:

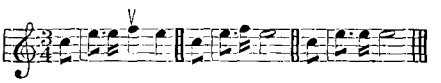


Those last fellows will be musicians, if they keep on. Which suggests the question if any other musician than Saint-Saëns ever made use of the cock-crow in a serious work. He brings it in near the end of his Death Dance, when the skeletons that have been clattering about the graveyard in their mad waltz are put to flight by this herald of the dawn, whose voice is idealized by the oboe, and whose phrase is idealized, too, as observe: —



The "rooster," having decided upon his crow, usually keeps to it; yet the same fowl may sing false notes, or change the tempo, or introduce a Chopinesque rubato. Here are two consecutive attempts of one of these songsters: —

In a space of a couple of minutes I have heard another cock give three separate versions of his challenge. Do you suppose he made them up, on purpose, or that they were accidental and unconscious?



The rhythm, as may be noticed, is the same in each of these three versions, and the differences are slight, yet they are differences. And we might follow these instances with others, to show that birds have a larger scope of vocal expression, in proportion to their size and presumed mental activity, than men have, — oh, far more. It is of interest to reduce matters of this kind to notes, for it proves that music, instead of being a device of man, is one of the basal functions; that it is as inevitable in nature as is molecular or atomic change. And what, pray, are the chemical alliances of the elements but silent chords — har-

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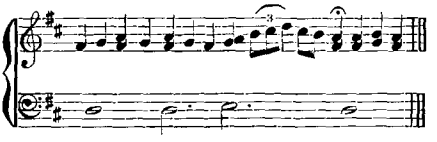
monies of material — expressing themselves to the eye in the perfectness and loveliness of the crystal?

This matter of animal voices is commended to naturalists. If they inquire patiently, they will learn something, we may be sure. Other voices, also, there are, which speak to us in whispers or faint music, too commonly without a listener. I dare guess that the turmoil of Broadway would resolve itself into a melodious or even harmonious roar, if we could take it at a distance, — say from a balloon. Niagara's anthem has been recorded in double-double B flat, with fifths and octaves; and while reading on an October afternoon, I found my attention straying to listen to this eerie crooning of the wind in a stovepipe: —



How did the overtones and bass get in? The substance and stimulus for the arts abound everywhere, and new arts await development by those who look, and feel, and taste, and smell, and hear. Who knows but that one of these days our stovepipes will be fluting the pilgrims' chorus from Tannhäuser, when the wind blows; and that in blossom time human beings, even in the cities, will as joyously harmonize with the environment which is their right as do the birds and butterflies? Flowers are least common in the city, but for that reason they are the more esteemed. When we see carriages and coffins decorated with them, we wonder why they have not also been adapted to the adornment of living creatures; at least to the extent of providing wreaths for our heads, in place of hats. We show stupidity in no other thing so strikingly as in our thick, hot, unsuitable clothing. When we wear a dress fitting for the summer, we shall have borrowed the robes of the angels. Think, now, of a mantle of rose petals, velvety, tender, pink, fragrant, edged with yarrow leaves, lacy, curling, fine, and spicy; a crown of pansies, modest, cheerful; a water-lily stem for belt, its pure flower for a knot or buckle, unless you will have honeysuckle, which will more copiously enrich the air about you; and a golden coreopsis at the throat. Not a costume for iron moulders, but I wish any of us were worthy of this attire. How timidly we would accept it, till Mrs. Grundy said we might! For we are averse to experiment, and find fewest briers and least resistance in the beaten track. We occupy our middle plane in the world, seeing and knowing what we find at that level. The microscope and the telescope, the poet and the minister, the bird and the blossom, hint at our losses and ignorances. Some of the matters missed by our thick ears and weak sight are missed luckily; but others are so beautiful that we should weep for the lack, if only we realized it. And, good faith! we are even loath to recognize the coarse beauty of the streets, seeing nothing there till an artist has shown us what to look for, and repining at the picturesque itself as a want of slickness. For picturesqueness is merely the return to nature; it is honesty. Poverty makes pictures, for example, until it becomes self-conscious, and smirks and whitewashes itself, when it grows tedious and commonplace.

As I sit at my desk at ten o'clock on a sultry August night, a hornet bounces in from somewhere, runs over my paper, takes a dry wash on the wall, bumps into the shade over the gas so that it rings; then he disappears, and is still for a time, but later he is slashing about the room again; then retires to a corner, and visibly emerges no more. Is he after moths, flies, mosquitoes, or light? Whatever his errand, I welcome him; for he reminds me of that country which lies about the town so still to-night. I hear the buzz of his fellows, and smell the incense which the fields are offering to

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the moon. The primrose candles are lighted, out there, and the moths are dancing about them. When I bury my face in a mass of roses and revel in their fragrance, I am smitten by a sense of unfitness for this blessing. It is the gay, pure-souled insect for whom the flower was made. He takes only a simple, trusting mind to it. If we could carry such natures into the world, maybe we also should find our paths hedged everywhere by flowers. And to think! It was but yesterday we were taught that nature was made for man! Now we know that man has been graciously allowed to adapt himself to nature. And I am grateful to the hornet that he has brought in these hints of the open, and proved anew that the town is pervious to wild presences and good influences. He sheds visions from his wings, and I see green and hear the birds. Let us be thankful for these dreams, — thankful that in our idle moments we can be more than ever busy; that we can offset our conduct with intentions, our misfortunes with hopes, our earthiness with heaven, the loneliness and heaviness of town with love. For what our lame, tired, heavy bodies refuse our minds may do, even though they move on so light a vehicle as the gossamer wing of a hornet. Imagination is the blessed compensate for material lack: through it the invalid becomes the athlete; the timid becomes the hero; the poor revels in a bounty that money could never supply; and the shut-in is free to the uttermost range of space.

My hornet has a sting, but he confides in me, and I in him: hence there is no violence. I do not strike at him. I merely wonder how he survived the journey through the streets. If he were fifty times as large and entirely harmless, he would have been struck down somewhere on the way. This infamous rage for killing! Oh, the gallons, the tuns, of good red blood that are poured over the earth every day the world turns round! The suffering that the men with guns impose: the happy creatures mangled in their play and flight; the crippled that drag themselves to the woods and hills to die, with unheard groaning; the little ones in fur and feathers that perish of cold and hunger, wondering in their baby way why the father and mother that were good to them come back no more!

How strange would be the sight of a man feeding a wild animal, carrying water to a wounded deer, setting the broken wing of a bird, covering a chilled, forsaken creature with leaves, or earning from the clear, soft eyes one look of astonished gratitude! Oh, brothers of the tongue that speaks, the hand that works such other good, the brain that thinks so high and kindly for those of your own species, will you not hear and heed the plaint in these wild voices that reach you even at your windows? Will you not have mercy on these harmless ones, that, after centuries of persecution, know and think of you only with aversion and terror? Hang up the gun, burn the whip, put down the sling, the bow, the trap, the stone, and bid them live. Let their joyous voices greet the sun again, as in the days before they learned the fear of men. Take their drooping carcasses out of your hat, my lady, and set an example such as a gentle, well-bred woman should give to her ignorant sisters. Be ministers and friends, not persecutors and enemies. Shoot at targets all you please. Punish the evil in the human race, if you will be stern. But spare, for their sake, yet more for your own sake, our little brothers of the fields.

Charles M. Skinner.

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A PROBLEM IN ARITHMETICAL PROGRESSION.

THE house was very still, and the little boy was all alone. His mother and uncle had gone downtown an hour ago, and the servant girl had taken advantage of their absence to slip out for a gossip in a neighboring kitchen. The blinds were closed to keep out the sun, and the scent of lilac blossoms stole into the darkened rooms through the open windows. The boy had been sitting on the lounge in the study, regarding attentively the frontispiece to Sturm's Reflections for Every Day in the Year, which represented a gentleman and lady examining a vase of goldfishes. The author's reflection appertinent to this plate was given upon page 234; but the boy was unable to profit by it, for the letterpress was beyond him as yet. Instead, he had reflections of his own upon the gentleman's swallow-tailed coat and the bell-crowned hat which he politely held in his hand, — as the boy himself had been taught to do when indoors. The lady's ringlets and very short-waisted gown also invited reflection; and the goldfishes would lend themselves to decorative purposes, if only one had not mislaid the camel's-hair brush belonging to the box of water-color paints upstairs.

There was no sound about the house except the sucking and flapping of a shade in one of the study windows, as it drew in and out in the soft spring air. But presently there blended with this something more insistent, more distinctly rhythmical, and suggestive of human agency. The boy listened. Yes, it was unmistakably the strains of a hand-organ, though very far away. He turned the pages of moral Sturm, and arrived at the engraving of a youth playing on the harp in a lofty, bare apartment, whose furniture consisted of a globe and a pair of compasses. These emblems were mysterious; but the harp seemed to be subtly allusive to that other musical instrument, the sound of which, however, had now failed. Suddenly it started up again, and much nearer. The artist was in our own street.

The boy dropped his book, and ran to the front door. The door itself was open, but the blinds were shut, and he stood behind them, expectant, "in the sunlight greenly sifted." Before long the music stopped again, and soon the hand-organ man himself was seen approaching, with his melodious burden on his back. It was a quiet street of shady dooryards and houses inhabited by elderly people. Few children were there at any time, and now it was the middle of the long forenoon, and school was in. So the minstrel's progress along the lonely block was unattended, and he glanced wistfully from house to house, uncertain of a harvest.

Finally he arrives before the house of the boy. He pauses; he regards the green door blinds. Moment big with fate! Slowly he unslings his hurdy-gurdy. He is going to play here, — right here. Ours is the divinely selected mansion. It would not have occurred to the little boy to do anything himself toward influencing the decision. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and the principle which governs a hand-organist in passing by one gate, and stopping before another, is inscrutable by human boys. Older people might have suspected that, in this instance, the row of small finger tips visible between the slats of the door blind had something to do with the choice.

A lover of soda water has assured me that in Germany he found only two flavors, — *mit* and *ohne*. Mit is red; ohne is white. Even so, at a New England rural fair, an itinerant fizz-vender was wont to explain to his customers

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the distinction between his "serrops." "Rawsberry 'n' sars'p'rilla," he would announce: "rawsberry 's red; sars'p'rilla 's yaller." Of hand-organs, also, the kinds are two: mit, with a monkey; ohne, without. There used to be sometimes a third species, that had cardboard figures in the front, which danced to the music; but this was so rare that it may be disregarded in the classification.

This hand-organ, of which I tellë you my tale, was of the ohne variety, and it was more fitting so. Among the respectable dwellers in this back street — what the policeman on the beat once called "the nobility of the block" — and in the still profundity of the mid-forenoon — what the Greeks called "the deep of the morning" — the antics of even the most melancholy monkey would have been little short of an outrage.

And now the instrument began to play. The first tune on its list was Old Dog Tray, a good, droning melody which might seem to have been composed expressly for hand-organs. Behind his screen the boy listened invisibly, until a click in the machinery announced that the tune was changed. When the Marseillaise struck up, he was emboldened to throw open the shutters and seat himself on the stone doorstep. He was having the performance all to himself. No neighbor came along the sidewalk; not even the baker's cart passed. He was like the late King Ludwig of Bavaria, sitting alone in the vast, empty, brilliantly lighted theatre, while Wagner's operas were played for his sole benefit.

But presently he bethought himself that it was customary to give pennies or other coin to organ grinders. He had seen the thing done repeatedly, and this grinder would doubtless expect it. He knew where his uncle kept his money, and he went to the study to get it. There was a desk, in whose upper compartments were writing materials and other articles: a tray of quill pens; a perforated receptacle for sand, — black, glittering sand, with which the uncle would pepper a freshly written sheet, to dry the ink, and which it was fun to scrape off afterwards with the paper folder, when it rustled fascinatingly against the paper; a box of varicolored wafers, nice to wet with the tongue — flavored, as they were, with wintergreen — and stick in patterns upon the closet door; sticks of red, green, and yellow sealing wax, with a seal which stamped a monogram on the wax when melted; a shoehorn, simulating a scimiter; and a lamp pick, which, withdrawn from its spool-like sheath, made an excellent dagger to stab enemy Turks.

But in the drawer of the desk there was treasure: rolls of bright red new copper cents, done up in paper, gummed at the ends, twenty in a roll; better still and more easy to come at, a chamois-skin bag containing silver of all denominations, from the tiny pieces that Ki Graham, the cook's nephew, called "thripenny bits" up to big round dollars.

Arrived with all this wealth at the front door, the boy sat down upon the mat, untied the string which fastened the mouth of the bag, emptied the silver coins on the broad top landing of the doorsteps, and proceeded to arrange them in glittering rows, beginning with the three-cent pieces, — mere thin wafers of white metal, — and running up through an ascending series of half-dimes, dimes, quarters, half-dollars, and dollars. It was his plan to give a coin after each tune, commencing with the smallest, and when they were all gone rising to the next higher denomination. He had an imperfect understanding of money values, but he argued, from the analogy of candies and other possessions, that the biggest must be the best; and he calculated that, in this way, not only would he get music as long as the money held out, but the constantly increasing size of the reward would stimulate the hand-organ man to higher exertions.

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The Italian's black eyes glistened, but he did not swoop down upon the treasure, gather it in, and march off. Perhaps he was a good hand-organ man; perhaps he thought the risk too great. He did not even glance up and down the street to see if any one was coming, but, with eyes fixed lovingly upon this potentiality of wealth, and with a grin about his bearded lips, he entered heartily into the spirit of the thing, and ground away with steady rapidity. The Marseillaise had been followed by Pop Goes the Weasel, Rosalie the Prairie Flower, and a number of national airs, and the row of threepenny bits was sensibly diminishing.

> "Grinder, who serenely grindest
> At my door the Hundredth Psalm,
> Till thou ultimately findest
> Pence in thine unwashen palm,"

exhibited no greater patience and forbearance than did this favorite of fortune, as he saw the beginning of the half-dime row approaching. *Ohne Hast, ohne Rast*, he wielded his crank. He had played clear through his repertory of tunes, and now commenced on them again. But repetition did not pall upon his audience. So have I seen school children, — reinforced with a luncheon of cookies and chocolate caramels, — after a long forenoon at a "continuous performance," when the programme began its round again, greet each familiar feature of the show with unimpaired eagerness.

It was in the midst of a spirited execution of Dandy Jim of Caroline that the shuffle of feet and the rap of a cane made themselves heard along the sidewalk. A gentleman and lady stopped at the gate. At the same moment footsteps sounded along the entry, and the servant girl arrived upon the scene, R. U. E. and pat as the conclusion of an old comedy. There was a momentary tableau, and then the lady pounced upon the boy, and smothered him with kisses and laughter; the maid, with a shriek, threw herself upon the silver, and swept it into the bag; the gentleman lifted his hat ironically to the musician, who touched his own grimy headpiece in answer, with a sympathetic grin, and then, shouldering his organ, strolled pensively down the street; while the boy was borne into the penetralia of the house, struggling and protesting that the concert was only just begun.

Henry A. Beers.

THE ILLS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

"In the long run," wrote Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, in a passage which is said to have cost him fifty thousand Quaker votes, "a class of professional non-combatants is as hurtful to the best interests of a community as a class of professional wrong-doers." These words, we shall see, set forth one of the causes of Pennsylvania's political corruption.

But before we lay Pennsylvania's shame at the doors of a sect whose personal morality is leagues above the average of other denominations, let us inquire a moment.

"What 's the matter with Pennsylvania?" shouted the Quay captains, flushed with victory, after the famous fight of 1895; and from every corner of Harrisburg, from the marching columns of heelers with which Quay delights to add a touch of mediæval pageantry to his battles, from lips that smacked with the thought of the loaves and fishes of official plunder, came the slow, hoarse, exultant slogan, "She 's all right!" But a few weeks ago, when Philadelphia tried to borrow $9,000,000 at 3 per cent, and got only $5000, then the bankers and

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business men would have taken time to think before answering the question, "What's the matter with Pennsylvania?" When political knavery reaches the point where the state's financial credit is impaired, then even calloused Pennsylvania realizes it is no longer a mere cry of "wolf," and begins a searching of hearts.

What's the matter with Pennsylvania? Indeed, she hath more than one disease. But the principal one is, she is politically the most corrupt state in the Union. I know the editor of the Philadelphia Press denied this vehemently. "We only seem so," said he, "because the lid is off just now; instead of being blamed we ought to be praised. We took the lid off, ourselves; other states leave it on." His loyalty I appreciate; his logic I deplore. I am more inclined to the testimony of another Philadelphia editor: "I lived in Nevada in the boom times; I have lived in New York through several administrations; I have lived in the easy virtue of official Washington. Pennsylvania beats them all. Pennsylvania has every kind of political deviltry I ever saw or heard of elsewhere, and a few more that she has evolved herself."

Now why? Why cannot Philadelphia borrow money at 3 per cent, when other large cities can, and Baltimore can borrow for less? Why do you expect a fresh tale of political debauchery in Pennsylvania in your morning paper as regularly as floods in Texas or train robberies in Montana? Why does your casual acquaintance in the smoking car, when you tell him your native state, ask you, "What's the matter with that state of yours, anyhow?" And what answer ought you to make him, if you had made a thorough study of the deeper causes of the trouble? If it were New York, the question would insult your intelligence. You would merely point to the ships at the immigrant station, adding two hundred a day to the voting population, — many of them ignorant and venal; making 82 per cent of New York's population foreign-born or the children of foreign-born. But in Pennsylvania — Here is the story: —

Massachusetts:	
Native-born of native parents	44 per cent.
Foreigners	56 per cent.
Pennsylvania:	
Native-born of native parents	66 per cent.
Foreigners	34 per cent.
Boston:	
Native-born of native parents	35 per cent.
Foreigners	65 per cent.
Philadelphia:	
Native-born of native parents	47 per cent.
Foreigners	53 per cent.

As Webster said, "Massachusetts, — there she stands." And Pennsylvania, — there she stands, too. Philadelphia is the most native-born and the most evil large city in America. You can't dismiss Pennsylvania's problem with a shrug of the shoulders and an easily uttered "Oh, hordes of ignorant foreigners!" You may go over the whole list of the bosses and sub-bosses of the state, and find hardly ever a "Mac," or an "O," or a "berg," or a "stein," or a "ski." It is sons of the Revolution, descendants of the first inhabitants, that are responsible for Pennsylvania's condition. Now why? Why is Massachusetts, with her native-born in a numerical minority, the best governed commonwealth in the Union, while Pennsylvania, with her native-born in large majority, wallows in corruption?

The first answer is, Because Pennsylvania has an overwhelming Republican majority. But this is too obvious to be good. It does n't carry us anywhere. Why does Pennsylvania have such Republican majorities? Again the obvious answer, Because it is a manufacturing state, and wants a protective tariff. But so is Massachusetts a manufacturing state, so does Massachusetts want a protective tariff. Massachusetts' delegations in Congress have been just as largely in favor of protection as Pennsylvania's; Massachusetts has just as uniformly gone

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Republican in general elections when protection was involved; yet the Massachusetts Republican voter does not obey the Pennsylvania behest, "Hold your nose and vote the straight ticket."

No, you must look deeper than the tariff for the cause of Pennsylvania's corruption. In the long run, the politician is a correct representative of the people. You can't have corrupt politicians without some moral deficiency in the mass of the voters. And that is precisely what you have in Pennsylvania. If Mr. Quay ever reduces the lessons of his valuable experience into a Confucian book of maxims, the first will be, "Every man has his price." For carload lots, f. o. b. at Baltimore, to serve as repeaters at the Philadelphia elections, $1.00 per head; for a member of the legislature at a critical pinch, $37,000; for a respectable business man and church official to lend the dignity of his name to a Quay meeting, a reduced assessment on his property, or a franchise to a company of which he is a director; for a socially ambitious *nouveau riche*, the appointment of his son as under secretary of a foreign legation.

A very popular clergyman in Philadelphia — popular in the sense of being widely known, and drawing congregations notable rather for numbers than for discriminating intelligence — included among his philanthropic activities the presidency of a large hospital. The institution depends for maintenance chiefly on state aid, appropriations made by the legislature at each session. Two years ago the clergyman was in the ranks of the reformers, and his hospital was not on the list when the appropriation bill was passed. This year the clergyman needed $50,000 for his hospital, needed it badly. The machine just as badly needed moral support, clerical support, a badge of respectability for a notorious bill then pending before the legislature. The conditions were just right for a deal. The clergyman, not very gracefully, made a public speech in favor of the bill, and got his appropriation, — $50,000; not for himself, for he probably would n't sell his vote or his influence for his personal profit, but for his hospital.

"Does a thing like this shock Pennsylvania?" I asked a business man.

"Well," he said, "did n't the preacher do right? Ain't he doing better to get $50,000 for his hospital and help the sick than to set himself up as a holier-than-thou reformer and get nothing? You 've got to be practical in this world."

Now, I know that this sort of thing is mere "log-rolling." I know it happens, in one shape or another, in other legislatures, and even in better places than legislatures are commonly counted. I know it is not forbidden by the decalogue, nor yet by human statute. It is not even a thing for which we blackball men at the club. It is not looked on as an evil; but it is none the less the thing that keeps the machine in power.

Every hospital, every institution, that depends on state appropriations is compelled to yield tribute in this way. I know a state senator in an interior town who is offensive, because of his allegiance to Quay, to the majority of his constituents, but has been returned again and again on this argument: "He stands in with the machine, and can get us an appropriation. If we send the Wanamaker candidate to Harrisburg, he 'll be an outsider, and we 'll have to close our hospital." The hospital, in this case, is an institution of much local pride, and its welfare commands enough unwilling votes to return a Quay member of the legislature from a naturally anti-Quay district. Not only do the hospitals pay tribute in the shape of votes, as in the case just mentioned; they are also compelled to pay by giving a mantle of decency to the machine cause, as in the case of the clergyman. The directorates of the hospitals and normal schools of the state include the most worthy men in their communities, the natural leaders of the

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reform movement. But they are constrained, for their institutions' good, to pay the tribute of silence, or often of actual moral support, to the machine.

Another club much used by the machine is its power to harass the citizen's individual business interests. Here is an instance: A large cotton mill in the northern part of Philadelphia wanted a new street opened and larger water mains laid. The manager of the mill brought the matter to the attention of the city council in the ordinary way, but it was tabled. On inquiry, it was intimated that the matter could be "fixed" for $15,000. But the manager did n't believe in doing things that way, and held out for over a year. Meanwhile, the mill was prevented from making contemplated enlargements, and suffered financially. The directors became restive, investigated, and found that a manager with a Scotch sense of morality was standing between them and profits. They decided they wanted a more "practical" man for manager (this word "practical" has in Pennsylvania a peculiar shade of meaning indigenous to the state), and at the next annual meeting they made the change. Here is another example: An official of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, a man of great wealth and influence, was mentioned as a good man to preside at the reform meeting brought about by the recent franchise scandals. Apropos of the suggestion a minion of the machine remarked, "Oh, I guess he won't lift up his voice a great ways." The reason for his confidence was that there is a public alley between two buildings of the Baldwin works. It is closed at one end. Nobody uses it, nobody could possibly want to use it, from one year's end to the other, except the Baldwin company, who have it filled with machinery and material. But it would be an easy matter for a vindictive mayor to order the alley cleared, to the great inconvenience of the Baldwin company.

The way in which Mr. Wanamaker's business interests have been blackmailed is well known even outside Pennsylvania. His store is an inadequate old two-story building, a transformed freight shed. He has long wanted to put up a new one. On one occasion he had gone so far as to buy the structural iron. He asked for a permit to put the heating apparatus, for purposes of cheaper insurance, in another building he owned, farther down the street, and conduct the pipes underground to the new building. The permit was refused by the mayor, and the merchant's plans were blocked. Last year, on the day before Christmas, when his store was filled with customers, an officer of the Department of Public Safety visited Mr. Wanamaker, and ordered him to move his tables, on which holiday goods were displayed, back from the aisles. The weight of the crowds may have been dangerous; but every one understood that Mr. Wanamaker's financial loss, rather than the safety of the public, was the object of the city government's interference. All these incidents are familiar in Philadelphia. They are discussed as generally as the new elevated road in Boston, but they shock no one.

As for the buying of individual votes, that is so common I almost neglected to mention it. I was driving with a lawyer friend in one of the southwestern counties, a community Scotch-Irish in origin, and native American two centuries back. We met a shirt-sleeved farmer, an acquaintance of the lawyer. The farmer was a man of action. No empty formalities about the weather for him. He came to business at once.

"Well, colonel," he said to the lawyer, "I suppose we 'll be able to do a little business together next week?"

"I 'm afraid not, Henry," replied the lawyer; "there 's no money at all floatin' around, this campaign."

"All right," said the farmer truculently, as he slapped the reins on his horse's back. "No money, no votes, I guess. Get ep, Jinny."

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"Now, Old Godly Purity," said my friend, who knew my ideas about bribery, "there 's a case for you. That man owns a two-hundred-acre farm clear, and he 's got four thousand dollars' worth of bank stock; but he 's mad clean through because I won't give him five dollars for his vote and his hired man's. I told him the truth: there is no money this time, for there 's no fight on. But I suppose I 'll have to give him something, just to keep him in line for the time when I need him. I would n't mind if he was a poor man: you can't expect a man to leave his cornfield and go two miles to vote for nothing. But that fellow 's an old skinflint. He counts on five dollars for his family's vote twice a year just as certainly as he depends on the sale of his wheat crop and his fat hogs."

A word should be said about the reformers. "Reformers?" said a distinguished Philadelphia woolen manufacturer, who had given me much light on other aspects of the situation. "One half fools, the other half frauds." Now, like all epigrams, that is an exaggeration. Undoubtedly, even my cynical business friend would except at least one or two of the better known leaders; and I should except a very large body of independent voters, most of them well-to-do farmers and small tradesmen in the interior counties. These men, in the face of discouraging defeat, each year take up the fight with unfailing enthusiasm. One must admire their sincerity and endurance; but their blind faith in their leaders, their inability to realize or refusal to acknowledge that they have been betrayed again and again, diminishes one's sympathy. Every six months one or another of the Quay captains becomes dissatisfied over the division of spoils, and leaves, or is forced to leave, the machine. Immediately the reformers receive him as a prophet. Their newspapers hail him in hysteric headlines. He takes hold of the reform forces. He is a good leader, or else he would never have been a machine captain. He makes a good fight; and when he is strong enough to be dangerous, there are overtures from the machine, and he "sells out," as the Pennsylvania vocabulary has it. This has happened again and again. Were a quarrel to come to-day between Quay and Ashbridge, Ashbridge would be found to-morrow commanding the enthusiastic loyalty of the reformers. An analogous thing happened a few years ago. Three fourths of the reform leaders to-day were formerly high in the Quay councils, and their names are associated with the worst acts of the machine. The reformers have a curious inability to realize that this prejudices their cause. "We 've found out how to do it now," said one of them naïvely, speaking of the present fight: "this time we 're going to fight the devil with fire. We 're hiring a lot of the machine's own 'ward men' and 'window men'" (heelers who attend to getting out the vote on election day).

To show how easily the reformers are imposed on, I have a story from a Quay member of the legislature. Two years ago a machine leader holding a seven-thousand-dollar office resigned, with much flourish of trumpets about his conscience and the error of his ways, and for six months stood high in the councils of the reformers. Then he turned a back somersault into the Quay camp again. The whole performance was planned in advance. It was a simple and successful instance of sending a spy into the enemy's stronghold.

How is the Democratic party kept small, disorganized, and inefficient? Again the tariff? By no means. Quay rules the Democratic party perhaps more effectively than the Republican. Enough of the local leaders are in his pay to sway the party. Democrats who got into the state and federal offices when Cleveland and Pattison were in power are retained by Quay as the price of guiding the party for his interests. Some of them, to be

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sure, are protected by the civil service rules. But they have little faith in that protection. They feel far more comfortable when they are working for the interests of the Republican machine, and so are secure from disturbance. An aggressive, ambitious young man of Democratic antecedents, likely to become a leader, is marked by the Republican machine before he comes of age. Before he has a chance to make trouble he is seduced by a policeman's uniform or an easy official birth. Thus is the minority party kept inefficient.

Now, what does all this indicate, — this placing of material interest above civic duty, this sale of votes and influence, by the masses for cash, by the educated for favor, for office, for hospital appropriations? It means sluggish moral vitality, a low moral thermometer. And this inference is borne out by the conditions in other fields than politics.

Philadelphia is the arch-hypocrite of cities. One newspaper in Philadelphia supports the machine; the other eight pay daily homage to reform, in double-leaded editorials and three-column headlines. This is the Philadelphia idea exactly: for eight ninths of the papers to preach reform publicly, while eight ninths of the people practice the other thing privately. You are virtuous in Philadelphia by appearing so, not by being so. Appearances are everything. Respectability is a thing entirely divorced from conduct. It consists in living on a certain street, belonging to a certain club. You cannot get a glass of wine in a Philadelphia hotel on Sunday, with meals or without them. But the Law and Order League can raid two hundred "speak-easies" between midnight and dawn of a single night. There is a Pharisaical cry raised by those who deplore the present agitation. "Don't expose the city," they say: "it is bad policy. It will keep money from the city. It will keep business away. Let us not clean our Augean stables; let us hide them from the eyes and nostrils of outsiders."

If I were dealing in glittering generalities and comfortable platitudes instead of facts, I might repeat, with the same ample gesture, the words of the speaker at the town meeting: "At last Philadelphia is aroused; the plunderers have gone too far." But the appropriate comment is that brief but eloquent one of Sir Admiral Hawser, K. C. B., "Bah!" Philadelphia never gets aroused. It is unbecoming, undignified, to be aroused. The Puck and Judge and New York Sun jokes are not so far wrong. Philadelphia's vitality is that of a fireside grandfather, who sleeps twenty hours of the day, and nods the other four. All this fuss is a part of Philadelphia's habitual hypocrisy. It is of a piece with her press pretensions of reform. Yearly, on the eve of election, the papers shriek in three-column headlines: "At last! The city is aroused!" Yearly, the morning after, they wail: "Alas! The city is snowed under" — with bogus ballots. And what if the present movement should win? What is the office at issue? District attorney. These waves of reform occur too regularly in "off" years, — the years when tax collectors and coroners are to be elected, — and never when the governorship or the senator's seat is at issue!

Since the monumental rascality recently exposed, Pennsylvania has had much sympathy. This pleases Pennsylvania mightily; for a state of weak moral fibre, like an individual, loves sympathy. Philadelphia reprints in her own papers pages of condolences from outside, and in her own editorial columns wails lugubriously. But is Philadelphia really indignant? Is the cartoon correct that represents William Penn, with disheveled hair, brandishing in his hand a nine-lashed whip to drive the rascals out? No. The editorial wailings, the town meetings with a hundred speakers

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and a thousand vice presidents, all have an effect as of stage thunder, and leave us unconvinced.

After he has noticed the statue of William Penn, and commented on the universal white marble steps and door-sills, the next conspicuous object to catch the stranger's eye in the Quaker City is the "busybody." Just below the second-story windows of row after row of houses projects a three-sided mirror arrangement, designed to reflect affairs on the sidewalk into the room above. In the case of your own acquaintances, of course, this serves a legitimate purpose. Madam in the second story can tell, without leaning out of the window, after the fashion of McFadden's alley, who her caller is at the door below, and can decide whether or not she is at home before the maid goes down. But the universal name "busybody" suggests a less worthy use of these mirrors, — in families other than your own acquaintances, of course. The busybody is distinctly a Philadelphia institution. I know no one who has seen it in any other city. Fifty thousand women spending their afternoons in fifty thousand rocking chairs, observing the callers at their neighbors' doors, the passers-by on the sidewalk, and even happenings in their neighbors' second stories, — this is perhaps an even more depressing feature of a city's life than stolen franchises and bribed councilmen.

Philadelphia was once the capital of the United States; she was once the metropolis. Philadelphia was once the centre of New World society; she had once the greatest foreign commerce in America. Philadelphia was once the American centre of art and literature. She has lost all these claims to distinction; if she loses her good name, she will have one virtue left, — consistency.

Massachusetts and Pennsylvania persistently invite comparison. In the matter of their respective contributions to the American gallery of immortals, the difference is so striking it need only be suggested. Practically, it is the comparison of a blank page with a full one. Frederic Harrison, I believe it is, in an essay on Reading, remarks that for a young man born in poverty, and ambitious to make his way in the world, there is no author like Benjamin Franklin. Franklin's career, as Franklin's writings, is essentially an inspiration toward getting on in the world. Franklin is preëminently the apostle of "brownstone-front respectability." All Poor Richard's maxims are but variations of one exhortation, "Young man, put money in thy purse." It is a fair expression of all Franklin's philosophy. Compare it with any epigrammatic summing up you may attempt of the career and teachings of Whittier, of Sumner, of Phillips, of Adams, of Garrison. By all means, if there be any dispute about it, give Pennsylvania one niche in the Hall of Fame; Massachusetts has enough and to spare. Credit Franklin, not to the land of his birth, but to the congenial soil of his fruition, the enthusiastic and literal disciple of his worldly wisdom.

A gentleman of broad experience and keen observation, who has been in a position to employ large numbers of educated young men in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, says he has become accustomed to three distinct types of the letter of introduction, one indigenous to each city. In Boston: "Permit me to introduce Mr. Jones, who graduated with highest honors in classics and political economy at Harvard, and later took a degree at Berlin. He speaks and writes French and German, and if you employ him I am sure his learning will make his services extremely valuable to you." In New York: "The bearer, Mr. Brown, is the young fellow who took hold of Street and Company's Chicago branch when it was so run down, a few years ago, and built it up to a hundred thousand a year. He also made a great hit as Jackson and Company's representative in London.

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He 's a hustler, all right, and you 'll make no mistake if you take him on." In Philadelphia: "SIR, — Allow me the honor to introduce Mr. Rittenhouse Penn. His grandfather on his mother's side was a colonel in the Revolution, and on his father's side he is connected with two of the most exclusive families in our city. He is related by marriage with the Philadelphia lady who married Count Taugenichts, and his family has always lived on Spruce Street. If you should see fit to employ him, I feel certain that his desirable social connections would render him of great value to you." This story, I am well aware, looks suspiciously like an amplification of a very ancient tale, of uncertain origin, which every one has heard; but it has a responsible father, and it serves to represent the tests by which men are measured in the three cities.

Pennsylvania is a state of large corporations. Office in them is more attractive than political office. The president of the Pennsylvania Railroad gets $50,000 a year; the governor of the state, $10,000. The president of the railroad controls over 150,000 employees; the governor, perhaps 500. The presidency of the railroad lasts for life; the governorship, for a thorny, uncertain four years. There are in the Pennsylvania Railroad system more than two hundred officials that have more pay and more power than the governor of the state; and there are in the state a score of corporations only a little less imposing than the Pennsylvania Railroad. Is it any wonder that the best of the young men take to the corporations, and devote their every energy to promotion therein, leaving politics to the less capable, the less intelligent, the less moral? At one time it was the young lawyer's ambition to come to the front in politics; now it is to become a corporation counsel. So he leaves speech-making alone, and devotes himself to corporation law.

Besides, in Pennsylvania, the young men of wealth and good birth look with disfavor on politics. No less a Philadelphian than Mr. Owen Wister, who was born in a position to know whereof he speaks, tells this story: The descendant of an old Philadelphia family had written some verses, and showed them to a fellow clubman. "Excellent," said his friend. "I shall publish them," said the author. The other was horrified. "The verses are all very well," he said, when pressed for a reason, "but — publish a book — is that the sort of thing one does, don't you know?" Now, politics, like publishing books, is not "the sort of thing one does, don't you know," in Philadelphia. Had Senator Lodge and the late Governor Wolcott been born in Philadelphia, they might have attained fame as golf champions or cotillion leaders, but never as writers, college professors, or politicians, except at the sacrifice of social position.

There is an historic reason. The Quakers were — and are — a good people. This cannot be too much emphasized. Membership in the Society of Friends is as strong an evidence as can be given that a man possesses every personal virtue. For the conditions that beset Pennsylvania the present generation of Quakers are in no sense responsible. They are now too few to sway the state one way or another. But if the early Quakers had had the spirit of the Puritan fathers, Pennsylvania might have been held steadier to the moorings of civic decency. It is unnecessary to draw any comparison between the personal virtues of the Puritans and the Quakers. That question was thrashed out at length on Boston Common some years ago, and was decided, in the manner of the time, to the satisfaction of the Puritans at least, by a gallows rope with a Quaker at the end of it.

It is one of the anomalies of history that when the Puritan hanged the Quaker, both were happy, — the one to hang a man for his belief, the other to die for

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his belief. This brings out strongly the distinction between them. The Puritans were a church militant. The Puritan went to church with a Bible in one hand, and in the other a musket for hostile Indians. The Quaker settled his difficulties with the Indians by reading tracts to them. When the Quaker came to the Puritan commonwealth to spread a doctrine which the Puritan did n't like, the Puritan beat him and drove him out; and when the Quaker came meekly back to turn the other cheek, the Puritan hanged him. The point is this: the Puritan insisted on governing his commonwealth in his own way. He founded his commonwealth to carry out a certain set of ideas, and he never let his eye wander from that purpose. What the Puritan resolved upon was to be done: he would have no objector, be he Roger Williams, Anne Hutchinson, or Quaker. The Puritan formed the dominating habit, and to this day Puritan ideas dominate the essentially non-Puritan population of Massachusetts.

Among the Quakers, on the other hand, meekness was the cardinal virtue. Their creed forbids them to bear arms. It does not, in so many words, forbid them to take part in politics, but certainly the rough and tumble of actual party contest is hostile to the ideal which the Quaker seeks to follow. The early Quakers, instead of strangling doctrines not in agreement with their own, instead of casting out the apostles of strange creeds, welcomed them, tolerated them. They soon came to the point where they were tolerating intolerance. Put in a minority by the unrestricted immigration of less worthy people, and lacking the strenuous, dominating spirit of the Puritans, the early Quakers soon let the control of the colony pass into the hands of the less desirable elements; and there it has always remained.

A Pennsylvanian.

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS TO READ.

It is everywhere conceded, in commercial pursuits, that the manufacturer must comply with the demands of the market. He must be ready to forsake the old hand-powered methods and adopt machinery. To-day, it is less important that any one bolt in a bedplate, for instance, shall be beautifully chased than that it shall be exactly like every one of a thousand of that standard thread and size. The British manufacturer, we are told, is penalized heavily, in the world's commerce, because he insists upon sacrificing time to unnecessary finish and solidity. The American manufacturer is passed by, in the race for new markets, because he makes his packages too large for carriage on a mule's back, or wraps his wares in brown paper, when the heathen purchaser prefers red, as being luckier.

For general manufactures these timely hints are conveyed to us in the consular reports, which, next to the necessity of rewarding political fidelity, are our greatest reason for maintaining agents in foreign parts. It is to be regretted, therefore, that for the professional literary man there is no official bureau of statistical information on such subjects as: what flavor of literary product may be put forth in carload lots, what may be tentatively introduced in small quantities, and what the public will not take on any condition; what lucky labels may be affixed to make slow sellers go like hot cakes, and so forth and so on. It must be confessed that many or most of

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those who get their living by writing would pay no heed to such reports, if they existed, for they are as conservative or obstinate (it comes to the same thing) as any British bridgebuilder that ever lost a contract in the Soudan. They lay off each book or article as differently as possible from every other book of the same kind. Instead of fitting adjectives to nouns after standard patterns, they fuss and fiddle by the hour hunting up new arrangements. Instead of snatching up the first word that comes handy, they paw over the whole big dictionary to find just the right one. And then, when the parts are all assembled, they take a rag and some putz pomade and go over all the bright work till you can see to comb your hair in it. A heavy coat of green paint, say, for such running gear as descriptions of scenery, wears better and gives as good general satisfaction, but you can't beat that into their heads.

I admit that there will always be a market for hand-made literature, though it rarely pays adequately to the time expended upon it. There are plenty of British manufacturers that never ship out of the United Kingdom, and plenty of American manufacturers that do not care a pin if the folks in Bogota or Hankow never see or hear tell of their goods; but great fortunes are to be amassed by those who study the wants of the multitude, and it is important that the young writer, desirous of becoming rich by his pen or typewriter, shall consider this while his mind is yet plastic, and before it becomes obsessed by "devotion to his art."

Some little inkling is to be had from talks with editors, though most of them have learned their trade under the old hand-powered system. Their words are full of wisdom, but the public gets from them, not what it wants, but as much as their prejudices will let get into print. They are like papa buying Christmas gifts for baby. When it is n't something deadly instructive, it is some footy tin toy that winds up with a key.

No. To learn the wants of the public, one must study the public, which I take to mean that portion of the American people that can read, that wants to read, and that will pay money for a book instead of drawing it out of the free library. In the default of consular reports, there is much to be picked up from the consideration of recent popular successes. Some of them have done fairly well, though, as compared with the book to which I propose directing your attention, there is no occasion for enthusiasm over them. Each in its brief day has been much in evidence; but at present one had almost rather be caught whistling After the Ball than reading Richard Carvel, and what typewriter lady rides to the office now with her nose in David Harum? The volume I have in mind loses not its charm with one perusal, but is carried about in trolley car and ferryboat year after year, read and re-read and read again, until its tattered leaves, browned at the edges and rounded at the corners from much thumbing, drip from its broken binding. Even in the advertising columns of the publisher few of these "books of the season" pass the quarter-of-a-million mark, but this one has. Really, that figure should be doubled; for of these "books of the season," what must one pay for a copy? At the most $1.75, oftener $1.00, to say nothing of department-store prices. But this book of 651 pages, none too well printed on indifferent paper, and bound in the ugliest of brown muslin, sells for $3.00, and at wholesale $2.75. The American Bible Society will retail a book twice as big, of the same type, and better paper and binding, for 50 cents; so that it is fair to suppose that the author's share is not the common beggarly royalty of 15 cents on every $1.50 book, but nearer $2.50 on each of the 250,000 copies sold. This does not include the profits on editions in "levant, divinity circuit, leather-

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lined to edge, round corners, gold edges, silk-sewed, each, prepaid, $6.00."

A little swift arithmetic will show that even these enormous profits will not foot up a million dollars (which is the reputed fortune of the author, who was once very poor), but as the adherents to the book's doctrine have been mainly well-to-do persons, their personal gifts have been large. Bellamy's novel made him a following, and the disciples of Henry George are extant unto this day; but their converts were mainly among those to whom the world had not been kind. Martyrs in a mild, tepid sort of way they certainly have been; but so far as I know, there is no instance in this country where a Socialist or Single Taxer has ever offered up his life for his principles. This book can number hundreds of such cases; it can even boast of baby martyrs.

But who is this fortunate author that has discovered exactly what the public wants? What the hitherto unexploited province of thought? What the secret charm of style?

I have half a mind to keep you waiting till the last, did I not know that, devoured by curiosity, you would turn the leaves to look, and then, in revenge, reading no farther, would miss my consular report. I will be frank with you. Ladies and gentlemen, I take great pleasure in introducing to you the most popular writer of the day, the Rev. Mary Morse Baker Glover Patterson Eddy, author of Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures. (I think I have all the name as per schedule. Some say there ought to be a "Mason" in there somewhere; some say not. The lady herself preserves silence, as she does in regard to the date of her birth.) She has also published: Miscellaneous Writings, 1883–1896; Christ and Christmas; Retrospection and Introspection; Pulpit and Press; Unity of Good; and several pamphlets, sermons, and poems, — all offered at about double the prices ordinarily asked for works of the same size. Photographs for sale for her own benefit: tinted, $3.00; untinted, $1.00, only correct, authorized, and latest likeness, taken in 1865.

The success which has crowned the lady's literary efforts has been due, in the first place, to the accuracy with which she has planted her arrow in the very centre of Americanism, which is: We are all right; and if we are not, we don't want to hear about it. Through a glass darkly the editors have been permitted to glimpse a little of this great truth; for, as the kind-hearted Mr. Editor of one of our leading magazines has recently confessed, they have "a predilection for stories that end happily," — a statement that may be multiplied by ten and still come far short in intensity of what the editor would say were he not so gentle with the young author.

So far as I have been permitted to observe, and hence to generalize, the beginner in literature is unfailingly sad. Whether or not it is the ink that engenders his gloom I cannot say, but his first stories are either about little children dying amid peculiarly heart-rending circumstances, or adults that perish in the most discouraging and depressing manner. When he essays verse, he becomes so downhearted and distrustful of this naughty world that editors dare not read more than one of his submitted stanzas, lest they be thereby unfitted for business.

Now, I grant you that this is a pretty tragic world, and that it is much easier to make a story true to life that is fairly soggy with tears than one that fizzes with joy. It is a world conducted on business principles, and to get a verisimilar hero into a tight place, whence he can be extricated by nobility of character, without making him look silly, and so forfeit respect, is extremely difficult. That is just it. If it were easy to do these things, there would n't be any money in the business. It is easier to pick up dornicks than diamonds, but harder to get high prices for them.

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Other authors think they do pretty well, when, in the last chapter, "she gets him," and Uncle John dies and leaves the pair a million dollars. But a moment's thought will show that such novelists are unprofitable servants. They dodge the question. What have they to say about the other girls in the world that don't "get him," and the sad fate of Uncle John, who must die and leave behind him all that money? What about the starving multitudes that have no Uncle John? If everybody had a million, then our hero and heroine were as poor as the poorest. No. We shut the book, and realize, with a sigh, that this is still the same old tragic world, conducted on strictly business principles.

Mrs. Eddy does not so deceive us for a little while, making life seem all the sadder afterward. She permanently proves that nobody, except by willful self-delusion, can possibly be unhappy. Does the approach of the King of Terrors cause affright? Are there bodily aches or ails? Or — ah! hardest of all fates! — does a guilty conscience burn with unquenchable fire? Sin, sickness, and death are all put to flight by this book, and it costs only $3.00.

It is enough to point out to the young author that the public will reward richly any one that drives dull care away. Mrs. Eddy's book sells because it makes everybody cheerful that reads it. Those who believe in its teachings cannot choose but be happy. Those who do not believe have the choice of being actively happy with laughter or passively happy with sleep: one or the other result is sure to be the skeptic's portion.

But in Mrs. Eddy's style as well as in her matter there is a lesson for the young author to learn. There is none of that so offensive assumption of superiority that manifests itself in words not in common use, compelling the reader to guess at their meaning, or be humiliated by having to turn to the dictionary. It is true that she frequently says "brainology," which is somewhat rare, but any one would know at once what that means, *I* should think. What she has to say is set forth "just as a body would talk that never had no college education." To be sure, her *magnum opus*, Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures, bears traces of having been ironed out smooth by some one possessing a nodding acquaintance with the English grammar. There is, I admit, some work in it yet for an editor to do; though, if I had the job, I should draw but one blue-pencil mark, beginning on page 1 and ending on page 651.

To get the pure and unsophisticated flavor of Mrs. Eddy's style, it is necessary to turn to Miscellaneous Writings, 1883–1896. It is not my purpose here to cull out large excerpts from it and set them before you. A discriminating public, such as that to which I now address myself, will ask no more than a thin slice, delicately shaved off and allowed to dissolve upon the tongue. To get a taste of that which has enchanted a million readers, take this conclusion of a sentence: "For it is a Delilah who would lead him into the toils of the enemy where Cerberus (the apt symbol of Animal Magnetism) waits to devour the self-deceived." The allusion to an anthropophagous foe might lead one to suppose that our author had in mind "an allegory on the banks of the Nile;" but I am morally certain that Mrs. Eddy would never dream of plagiarizing from the works of that other celebrated literary character, Mrs. Malaprop. Mrs. Eddy is, as she so often says, "hopelessly original." She meant Cerberus, no doubt, for classical allusions are frequent in her writings, as witness this testimonial of her deep learning: "The parable of the Ten Virgins is derived from the pathetic tale of little Vesta, condemned at the tender age of eight years to a life of celibacy under the penalty of severe torture."

But mythology and classical allusion

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are not the only flowers with which the authoress adorns her pages. Figures of speech are strewed upon them with no sparing hand. Metaphors she does not scorn, not even mixed metaphors. This concluding paragraph of the preface to Miscellaneous Writings is, in fact, as fine a selection of mixed metaphor as I have ever seen: "With armor on I continue the march, command and counter-command, meanwhile interluding with loving thought this afterpiece of battle. Supported, cheered, I take my pen and pruning hook to learn war no more, and with strong wing to lift my readers above the smoke of conflict into life and liberty."

I dismiss the pettifogging criticism that there is no such word in the dictionary as "counter-command," and pass on to the contemplation of the splendid picture here presented. I would I were a painter, that I might limn it. I would spread upon the canvas the rolling cloud of battle smoke, and in the middle foreground set the aged figure of the Discoveress and Foundress, clad in breastplate, casque, and iron petticoats, commanding and counter-commanding; provided with some musical instrument to interlude upon (an accordion seems about the thing); supported I know not how, unless by crutches, since one hand holds the pen, and the other the pruning hook; cheered, I doubt not, by the contents of her canteen, for she is on the march; and pinnated, with at least one strong wing on which to lift her readers somewhat lopsidedly "into life and liberty." Mr. Howells, no doubt, would give her rubbers as a further panoply against all ills that might befall her, — supposing, for the sake of argument, that there were such things as ills.

Though Goethe was a philosopher, and, in a way, the forerunner of the Evolution theory, it is as a poet he is known to fame. It is the other way round with Mrs. Eddy. Her philosophy tends to obscure the fact that she is a poetess of the first rank. (The word "poetess" is used advisedly.)

It is quite apropos of Goethe and Evolution that the first lines to which I turn should happen to be these: —

"If worlds were formed by matter
And mankind from the dust,
Till Time shall end more timely
There 's nothing here to trust.

"Thenceforth to Evolution's
Geology we say —
Nothing have we gained thereby,
And nothing have to pay.

"My world has sprung from spirit
In everlasting day;
Whereof I 've more to glory,
Whereof have much to pay."

Having much to pay has always been a strong point with Mrs. Eddy.

Here is part of a poem addressed to Love: —

"Brood o'er us with Thy shelt'ring wing
'Neath which our spirits blend
Like brother birds that soar and sing
And on the same branch bend.
The arrow that doth wound the dove
Darts not from those that watch and love."

That about the birds bending is nice. The too literal mind might say it was the branch that bent, but she is evidently using that familiar figure of speech called — er — called — er — What 's its name, now? Funny I can't think of it! You know what I mean, — that about the church-going bell.

From the poem called The Isle of Wight I extract these lines: —

"Soul sublime 'mid human débris
Paints the limner's work I ween,
Art and Science all unweary
Lighting up this mortal dream.

"Work ill-done within the misty
Mine of human thoughts we see;
Soon abandoned when the Master
Crowns life's cliff for such as we.

"Students wise He maketh now thus
Those who fish in waters deep,
When the buried Master hails us
From the shores afar complete."

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I think I am safe in saying that the above is as fine a specimen of cryptic verse as is known to English literature, if we except Dodgson's immortal lines, read by the White Rabbit, in Alice in Wonderland, beginning: —

> "They told me you had been to her
> And mentioned me to him.
> She gave me a good character,
> But said I could not swim."

In defense of the charge that Mrs. Eddy is often as obscure as Browning, her friends are wont to cite Mother's Evening Prayer as being at once clear and beautiful. It is such a favorite that it has been set to music, and may be had for the extremely low price of one dollar per copy; nothing off to music teachers. I quote a stanza: —

> "Oh, gentle presence, peace and joy and power,
> Oh, life divine that owns each waiting hour!
> Thou Love, that guards the nestling's fal-t'ring flight,
> Keep thou thy child on upward wing to-night."

Parse? Certainly not. Gracious Heaven! Is poetry made to be *parsed*, enslaved to petty man-made rules, like "Verbs must agree with their subjects in number and person"? Never.

Again: —

> "The lark's shrill song doth wake the dawn,
> The eve bird's forest flute
> Gives back some maiden melody
> Too pure for aught so mute."

So mute as what? It were an impertinence to inquire.

Our gifted authoress is quite as much of a Discoveress and Foundress in her verse as in her prose, as this from a familiar hymn of hers will show: —

> "Strangers on a barren shore,
> Lab'ring long and lone;
> We would enter by the door
> And thou know'st Thine own."

So far as my reading informs me, she is the first poet to establish the great advantage of a door in a barren shore, thus taking rank with the man that, chased by hostile Indians on the boundless prairie, escaped by running up an alley. I am no poet myself, but it seems to me that the obvious rhyme of "shore" and "door" would have long ago suggested it. I wonder nobody ever thought of it before.

Probably the finest single poem of this popular authoress is that written after the laying of the corner stone of the Mother Church in Boston. For haunting melody and profundity of thought she has never excelled it. Incidentally, the stanza here given settles forever the vexed question of the correct pronunciation of the word "stone:" —

> "Laus Deo, it is done.
> Rolled away from loving heart
> Is a stone.
> Lifted higher, we depart
> Having one."

The expression "having one" may strike one as being somewhat unattached, lonely and remote, at first; but as one reads on he will soon cease to be affected by any such slight variations upon grammar.

But I forbear to quote further. Surely I have made it plain to the dullest what it is the public wants in style and matter, what it will pay double prices to obtain, — the cloying sweetness of optimism enlivened with the peppermint of such sayings as that the man that relies on both prayer and drugs to cure him "divides his faith between Catnip and Christ." This, young author, is your model, this your guide. If there be those that say to me, "Physician, heal thyself," to them I make the answer of a hanging head, and the plea, "I am too old a dog to learn new tricks."

Eugene Wood.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Mr. W. J. Stillman's Honesty.

In reading the essay on Beauty, contributed to the September Atlantic by the late W. J. Stillman, I was singularly conscious of one quality of its author. I recall the same impression, several years ago, upon reading his Atlantic essays upon Journalism and Literature and The Revival of Art, and it was renewed last spring, when his remarkable Autobiography was published. I mean Mr. Stillman's intellectual integrity. It is difficult for a layman to assess the value of his philosophy of art, or to follow in the Autobiography all the intricate politics of the Cretan and Herzegovinian insurrections. But both the Autobiography and the essays have left me wondering whether honesty is not, after all, one of the rarest equipments of a writer. "As honest as old Joe Stillman" was a proverb in the younger Stillman's native town, and it is pleasant to think that, however far the son wandered "on the track of Ulysses," however varied were his excursions into the fields of art and thought and personal converse in many countries, he always kept this best inheritance from the upright but unlucky mechanic of Schenectady. It satisfies one's sense of the fitness of things thus to find W. J. Stillman his father's son to the very last; to recognize even in his argument for an intuitive sense of Beauty the born woodsman's instinct for striking across country, confident of reaching his goal. It was an endowment, I suppose, of a sort of primitive candor and faith, a matter of character rather than of capacity. He was on good terms with his own conscience, whatever ill fortune he may have suffered in his brave adventures in a fast-changing world; sure-footed in traversing the Adirondack wilderness and the maze of European revolutions and the unblazed paths of intuitive philosophy, because he was first of all sure of himself.

A Plea for the Unimaginative.

There are days in which even a Northerner knows the delight of wasted hours. When the New England woman smiles at the call of duty, and turns on her side in the moss, then is the triumph of June complete.

It was on such a day in June that I lay among the cedars, while the hours drifted over me; or were they moments, or years? Above were the branches, and beyond huge silver clouds loitering through the blue. Suddenly I remembered to have read that in these moments one entered into "the consciousness of a race life," and I began straightway to study my consciousness, but could make nothing of it.

A breeze from over the mountain ruffled a leaf of my book, and I read from Maurice de Guérin, where the page lay open: "An innumerable generation actually hangs on the branches of all these trees, — like babes on the mother's breast."

This profoundly ingenious suggestion troubled me. I looked up, and there was sunlight in the branches; but sunlight and branches were not enough, it seemed. I read on, and learned that "all these germs" (the babes, presumably) "are suspended in their cradle between heaven and earth, and given over to the winds, whose charge it is to rock these beings."

And now I was puzzled, and oppressed with a sense of unworthiness; for the thought of this true poet and lover of nature was beyond me.

Sunlight, filtering through the cedars, rested on a bank of green moss, and that was good. The carpet of pine needles was warm and fragrant, and that also was good. But being a New England

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woman, in spite of June, I turned resolutely in search of the best.

From my much-beloved copy of Mr. Mabie I read that, to one of imagination, the woods are peopled with dryads and fauns, who retire to their coverts at the approach of a human being; and that such an one should start at the notes of a hermit thrush, since haply it may be a signal for revelry.

The pages were turned listlessly, and at last the book slipped from my fingers. It was too evident that I belonged among the smug and self-sufficient beings who are glad to read of outdoor things — in the house; but who, when in presence of Nature, must interpret her for themselves. We have no wish to feel that the woods are peopled with the creatures of Greek folklore, or that the notes of the hermit thrush are signals for revelry. It is enough that there is sunlight and shadow, and something of solemn mystery; enough that the song of the thrush, sweet, serene, unearthly, comes from remote and sacred places in the woods; enough to lie on the pine needles while the hours drift over us, to wonder and worship, content that the mystery of creation should remain veiled; enough that through the warm stillness a bird sings on, and that there are strange and solemn whispers in the trees — But how can one tell of these things?

The Successful Jack Rabbit Sonneteer.

THE editor of the Club was rash enough to print in the July number the first eight lines of a sonnet by a Wyoming shepherd. The shepherd's Muse was interrupted, it will be remembered, by the untimely appearance of a jack rabbit; for after the shepherd-poet had paused to shoot, clean, and cook the rabbit, he found it impossible to complete the sonnet satisfactorily. "My inspiration had departed," he wrote mournfully. "Here is the uncompleted sonnet. You finish it!"

In this kindly task the coöperation of other poets was invited by the Club. The promptness of their response was gratifying, and a good deal of light has been thrown upon the vexed question of the geographical distribution of American poets. In regard to the number of competitors, Pennsylvania heads the list! Pennsylvania is getting a great many harsh things said about her nowadays, even by Pennsylvanians themselves. And here she is revealed as a very "nest of singing birds," with Nebraska and Massachusetts tied for a poor second place!

But the highest excellence, as Matthew Arnold was wont to remind us, is often in inverse proportion to numbers, and there seems to be some rift within the lute of even the best Pennsylvania poet. We alluded in the August Atlantic to one of these poets, a venerable Quaker, whose sestet begins with the painful but deliberately chosen words, —

"Damn that jack rabbit!"

Obviously, "this will never do." Another Pennsylvanian portrays

"The nimble rabbit darting from the gorse."

The line is sprightly, but the word "gorse" is sadly un-American. We believe that Mr. Roosevelt, that sportsman without fear and without reproach, never uses it. Errors in natural history, too, abound in many of the competing sonnets. A Michigan poetess describes the dead jack rabbit as

"God's creature, once athrill with gratitude,"

whereas experts know that, next to a dogfish and a blue jay, the jack rabbit is the most ungrateful of God's creatures. Here is a Minnesota competitor, who insists that the rabbit is caught by an eagle,

"Who falls like lightning, and the quarry dies."

But the only time we ever saw an eagle attempt this feat, he fell, indeed, like lightning (in accordance with all the best traditions of English poetry); but by the

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time he struck the sagebrush ("gorse") "the quarry" was about eighty yards away, traveling like one of Harry Vardon's brassy shots.

Yet to err in such matters of detail is surely better than to leave the rabbit quite out of the picture, as do many of the sonneteers. Listen to a Nebraska poet, who remarks that, "as the octave is the work of a Westerner, it seems but proper that the sestet also should be supplied by one who breathes the same pure atmosphere. . . . I wanted to close with the suggestion that a reaction of public feeling here, with a corresponding political change, would yet give the Filipinos the freedom they seek, but I was unable to find room for the thought within the required limits." Then follows his effort: —

"'For five long days and nights the driving snow
Fled ever onward 'fore the angry blast
From out the icy north; no shadow cast
By sun or moon in all that time. But lo!
A new day dawns. The distant mountains show
Their broad, majestic brows; the storm has passed:
The sun in glory shines, and now at last,
Its fury o'er, the wind breathes soft and low.'
Thus, in the storm of death o'erwhelmed and dazed,
Her new-lit flame of freedom glimmering low,
Sits fair Luzon, still reeking with the stains
Of blood of martyred children; sits amazed,
And waits the only boon that tyrants know, —
The calm imposed by fetters and by chains."

This is good verse, and for all we know may be good politics; and yet it seems to us that "fair Luzon" is made to pop up not so much after the fashion of a jack rabbit as of Mr. Dick's head of Charles I.

But if irreconcilable differences in politics and natural history are betrayed here and there in these curious sonnets, what shall be said of differences in philosophy? An uncle and a nephew in Lynn, sending their contributions in the same envelope, begin their sestets respectively, "*So man*" and "*Not so with man*"! When members of one family differ thus vitally on all-important questions, it would be "temerious," as Kentuckians say, to judge between them.

Like most judges in prize contests, however, we are taking quite too much time in announcing the winner, on the theory that the more prolix the preliminary compliments, the greater will be the suspense among the audience. We approach with diffidence, and by way of quotation, the question of the winner's sex. Says a Pennsylvanian contestant: "I, with one thousand others, try my hand at the six lines of the sonnet. I have quoted 'So man,' and brought in 'Brer Rabbit,' but left out the 'jack.' Having no doubt the prize will be given to the best man, — or woman, although some one says a woman cannot write a sonnet, which I don't believe, — I am," etc. His sestet reads: —

"'So man, the child of trouble' and of strife,
Swift as the hunted rabbit flees away:
Here in the sunshine, there in the storms of life;
Here when the wintry blasts around him play,
There when the air with balm and warmth is rife,
Until his journey end in perfect day."

This is tolerably soothing, upon the whole, and yet what seeds of discord lurk in that remark about a woman not being able to write a sonnet!

A woman not write a sonnet? Dear Pennsylvanian, take the word of one who sorrowfully knows! There are thousands of women who do nothing else but write sonnets, attach stamps to them (sometimes), and send them to the magazines. Or is it meant that a woman cannot write a good sonnet? The judge of the Jack Rabbit contest is now getting very "warm," as the children say; the patient audience need listen but a moment longer. Yes, a woman can write not only a good sonnet, but a good Jack Rabbit sonnet, and, what is more, she can write five just as easily as she can write one!

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Here they are, with her letter. Alas that her signature must be withheld, in deference to that strict anonymity upon which the freedom of the Club depends!

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

EDITOR OF THE CLUB, — I have read Enter the Jack Rabbit, and it induced a protracted spell of Uncle Remus's "dry grins." No doubt you will bitterly regret your rash invitation to the "chaffering swallows" to complete the roundelay of the "holy lark." It is an irresistible temptation, and the mischief is, it is impossible to stop with one trial. I've done five, and could have made it an even half dozen as well as not!

Here in the West one figures so perfectly to one's self the situation of the shepherd, the wide stillness, the solitude inviting to poesy, the sportsman's instinct elbowing the Muse, and, finally, the stern necessity of embracing the means of bodily sustenance, however inopportunely proffered. One is reminded of Stevenson leaving David Balfour to help Fanny build a pigsty. Oh, it is all too delicious!

So here are my efforts, in different styles, and with varying degrees of explicitness as regards their reference to the intruder.

You have brought them on your own head, and I have n't had so much fun for an age.

SESTET FOR THE SHEPHERD'S SONNET.

No. 1.

Reader, excuse my leaving this unfinished.
Think not my inspiration is diminished:
Life's sordid needs intrude. Remuneration
Arrives too slowly, for the soul's oblation.
At any rate, if I've not wholly done it,
I've come within a hare's breadth of a sonnet.

No. 2.

But stop! Excuse me, listening world (a rabbit
Looms on my ken); when a substantial dinner
Presents itself, 't is common sense to nab it.
(A sizy jack, and fat, as I'm a sinner!)
Art 's long, and I am short (he 's on that hummock!
Lord! what a shot!), and rhymes fill no man's stomach.

No. 3.

Here with my gun, as quick as I could snatch it,
I shot a hare. (You know the rule, "First catch it.")
I chopped his head off with my little hatchet,
Cleaned, cooked, and ate; for, you must know, I "bach it."
Thus was my sonnet most untimely ended,
As long ere this the Muse had fled, offended.

No. 4.

"So man, the child of trouble," for a season
Endures distress, privation, beyond reason.
When sudden something happens at this juncture
With stars of hope the threatening sky to puncture;
Man takes fresh aim, and, if he does not miss,
Achieves his mark, — success, *full-fill-ment*, bliss!

No. 5.

"So man, the child of trouble," for a season
Bows him in anguish 'neath inclement fate;
Alone, in pain, privation, till his reason
Must totter, dreaming not what bliss may wait,
When lo! the scene is changed in every feature,
And joy leaps toward him like some fleet wild creature!

Why not on Boston Common?

IT must be confessed that Boston is not what she used to be. Her literary primacy is passing to Indianapolis, while her commercial enterprise no longer keeps pace with that of Omaha. But the saddest symptom of her decline is the fact that she has abdicated higher functions still. She has allowed mushroom towns, of which no one had heard a few years ago, to usurp her historic position of moral and political influence. For instance, until quite recently, who was aware of the existence of Pierce City, Missouri? But to-day, among those who keep in touch with the latest ethical and philanthropic developments, that hitherto obscure place has gained a reputation which it will take Boston some effort to rival. The city associated with the names of

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Garrison and Phillips and Lowell must look to her laurels.

There is one simple expedient that would do more than anything else to restore this lost prestige, — the burning of a live negro on Boston Common. To the superficial observer, such an incident might appear inconsistent with the distinctive note of Bostonian history; just as, superficially, peace appears to be a more desirable condition than war. But as the more profound philosophy of our own time has discerned that war is, in its essence and ultimate intention, humane, so the truly penetrating mind is aware that torture and lynching, while abhorrent to the conventional and sentimental, really indicate a high order of spirituality, inasmuch as they exhibit the supremacy of that stoical view of life which regards physical sensations as indifferent.

From a political as well as a moral point of view, there is urgent need of such an object lesson as I have suggested above. At the time of the Revolution, what Boston did was certain to be expressive of characteristic Americanism. It was in Boston, as everybody knows, that the national protest against the injustice of the British government came to a head. But as the principle of evolution carries on its fruitful work, the type of characteristic Americanism is modified with every succeeding generation. To-day it is represented in forms to which slowly moving New England is as yet a stranger. A few years ago, the combustion of negroes was not regularized to the point of becoming a normal indication of the enlightened public opinion of the country at large. The practice was local and provincial: like other minority judgments, it was slowly fighting its way to national recognition. But when an innovating custom of this seriousness has taken root in Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, and Indiana, as well as in Georgia and Tennessee, it is evidently too late to pooh-pooh it as of merely sectional application. Indeed, it has acquired, in a sort, official sanction; for did not a Texas sheriff, the other day, issue a formal certificate testifying that the best people in the United States had been present at the festival of which he was a patron?

If, then, Massachusetts means to vindicate her right to be included in the up-to-date American commonwealth, it is high time for her to make up for her past deficiencies. Mere declarations of sympathy with her more progressive sister states will not suffice: what is needed is a conspicuous object lesson. For this, Boston offers exceptional advantages. There is Faneuil Hall ready at hand as a meeting place for the committee that makes the preliminary arrangements, and the head of the Common, just below the Shaw monument, as an unrivaled scene for the actual celebration. It may be urged that there will be some difficulty in supplying a *corpus vile*, as the negroes of the neighborhood are not sufficiently numerous or turbulent for it to be easy to discover among them one worthy of serving as the sport of the power that is greater than the law. But the study of precedent suggests a practicable way of escape. From the statistics collected by the Chicago Tribune, it appears that only sixteen per cent of the persons lynched during 1900 were thus punished for rape. The list is completed by a remarkable variety of offenses, including arson, suspicion of arson, threats to kill, and suspected robbery. In one instance the alleged crime was "unpopularity." Surely, if this is a sufficient gravamen, it will be possible to find a suitable victim, when the honor of the state is, in a double sense, at stake!

Pusillanimous counsels will most likely be heard in opposition to my suggestion. But the question is, Shall Boston prove herself to be in the advance line of civilization, or shall she, faint-hearted, cower in the rear of the onward march of progress?

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